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OF THE TRAINING OF BLACK MEN.

FROM the shimmering swirl of waters where many, many thoughts ago the slave-ship first saw the square tower of Jamestown have flowed down to our day three streams of thinking: one from the larger world here and over-seas, saying, the multiplying of human wants in culture lands calls for the world-wide co-operation of men in satisfying them. Hence arises a new human unity, pulling the ends of earth nearer, and all men, black, yellow, and white. The larger humanity strives to feel in this contact of living nations and sleeping hordes a thrill of new life in the world, crying, If the contact of Life and Sleep be Death, shame on such Life. To be sure, behind this thought lurks the afterthought of force and dominion, — the making of brown men to delve when the temptation of beads and red calico cloys.

The second thought streaming from the death-ship and the curving river is the thought of the older South: the sincere and passionate belief that somewhere between men and cattle God created a *tertium quid*, and called it a Negro, — a clownish, simple creature, at times even lovable within its limitations, but straitly foreordained to walk within the Veil. To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought, — some of them with favoring chance might become men, but in sheer self-defense we dare not let them, and build about them walls so high, and hang between them and the light a veil so thick, that

they shall not even think of breaking through.

And last of all there trickles down that third and darker thought, the thought of the things themselves, the confused half-conscious mutter of men who are black and whitened, crying Liberty, Freedom, Opportunity — vouchsafe to us, O boastful World, the chance of living men! To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought: suppose, after all, the World is right and we are less than men? Suppose this mad impulse within is all wrong, some mock mirage from the untrue?

So here we stand among thoughts of human unity, even through conquest and slavery; the inferiority of black men, even if forced by fraud; a shriek in the night for the freedom of men who themselves are not yet sure of their right to demand it. This is the tangle of thought and afterthought wherein we are called to solve the problem of training men for life.

Behind all its curiousness, so attractive alike to sage and dilettante, lie its dim dangers, throwing across us shadows at once grotesque and awful. Plain it is to us that what the world seeks through desert and wild we have within our threshold, — a stalwart laboring force, suited to the semi-tropics; if, deaf to the voice of the *Zeitgeist*, we refuse to use and develop these men, we risk poverty and loss. If, on the other hand, seized by the brutal afterthought, we debauch the race thus caught

in our talons, selfishly sucking their blood and brains in the future as in the past, what shall save us from national decadence? Only that saner selfishness which, Education teaches men, can find the rights of all in the whirl of work.

Again, we may decry the color prejudice of the South, yet it remains a heavy fact. Such curious kinks of the human mind exist and must be reckoned with soberly. They cannot be laughed away, nor always successfully stormed at, nor easily abolished by act of legislature. And yet they cannot be encouraged by being let alone. They must be recognized as facts, but unpleasant facts; things that stand in the way of civilization and religion and common decency. They can be met in but one way: by the breadth and broadening of human reason, by catholicity of taste and culture. And so, too, the native ambition and aspiration of men, even though they be black, backward, and ungraceful, must not lightly be dealt with. To stimulate wildly weak and untrained minds is to play with mighty fires; to flout their striving idly is to welcome a harvest of brutish crime and shameless lethargy in our very laps. The guiding of thought and the deft coördination of deed is at once the path of honor and humanity.

And so, in this great question of reconciling three vast and partially contradictory streams of thought, the one panacea of Education leaps to the lips of all: such human training as will best use the labor of all men without enslaving or brutalizing; such training as will give us poise to encourage the prejudices that bulwark society, and stamp out those that in sheer barbarity deafen us to the wail of prisoned souls within the Veil, and the mounting fury of shackled men.

But when we have vaguely said Education will set this tangle straight, what have we uttered but a truism? Training for life teaches living; but what training for the profitable living to-

gether of black men and white? Two hundred years ago our task would have seemed easier. Then Dr. Johnson blandly assured us that education was needful solely for the embellishments of life, and was useless for ordinary vermin. To-day we have climbed to heights where we would open at least the outer courts of knowledge to all, display its treasures to many, and select the few to whom its mystery of Truth is revealed, not wholly by truth or the accidents of the stock market, but at least in part according to deftness and aim, talent and character. This programme, however, we are sorely puzzled in carrying out through that part of the land where the blight of slavery fell hardest, and where we are dealing with two backward peoples. To make here in human education that ever necessary combination of the permanent and the contingent — of the ideal and the practical in workable equilibrium — has been there, as it ever must in every age and place, a matter of infinite experiment and frequent mistakes.

In rough approximation we may point out four varying decades of work in Southern education since the Civil War. From the close of the war until 1876 was the period of uncertain groping and temporary relief. There were army schools, mission schools, and schools of the Freedman's Bureau in chaotic disarrangement, seeking system and coöperation. Then followed ten years of constructive definite effort toward the building of complete school systems in the South. Normal schools and colleges were founded for the freedmen, and teachers trained there to man the public schools. There was the inevitable tendency of war to underestimate the prejudices of the master and the ignorance of the slave, and all seemed clear sailing out of the wreckage of the storm. Meantime, starting in this decade yet especially developing from 1885 to 1895, began the industrial revolution of the South. The land saw glimpses

of a new destiny and the stirring of new ideals. The educational system striving to complete itself saw new obstacles and a field of work ever broader and deeper. The Negro colleges, hurriedly founded, were inadequately equipped, illogically distributed, and of varying efficiency and grade; the normal and high schools were doing little more than common school work, and the common schools were training but a third of the children who ought to be in them, and training these too often poorly. At the same time the white South, by reason of its sudden conversion from the slavery ideal, by so much the more became set and strengthened in its racial prejudice, and crystallized it into harsh law and harsher custom; while the marvelous pushing forward of the poor white daily threatened to take even bread and butter from the mouths of the heavily handicapped sons of the freedmen. In the midst, then, of the larger problem of Negro education sprang up the more practical question of work, the inevitable economic quandary that faces a people in the transition from slavery to freedom, and especially those who make that change amid hate and prejudice, lawlessness and ruthless competition.

The industrial school springing to notice in this decade, but coming to full recognition in the decade beginning with 1895, was the proffered answer to this combined educational and economic crisis, and an answer of singular wisdom and timeliness. From the very first in nearly all the schools some attention had been given to training in handiwork, but now was this training first raised to a dignity that brought it in direct touch with the South's magnificent industrial development, and given an emphasis which reminded black folk that before the Temple of Knowledge swing the Gates of Toil.

Yet after all they are but gates, and when turning our eyes from the temporary and the contingent in the Negro

problem to the broader question of the permanent uplifting and civilization of black men in America, we have a right to inquire, as this enthusiasm for material advancement mounts to its height, if after all the industrial school is the final and sufficient answer in the training of the Negro race; and to ask gently, but in all sincerity, the ever recurring query of the ages, Is not life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? And men ask this to-day all the more eagerly because of sinister signs in recent educational movements. The tendency is here, born of slavery and quickened to renewed life by the crazy imperialism of the day, to regard human beings as among the material resources of a land to be trained with an eye single to future dividends. Race prejudices, which keep brown and black men in their "places," we are coming to regard as useful allies with such a theory, no matter how much they may dull the ambition and sicken the hearts of struggling human beings. And above all, we daily hear that an education that encourages aspiration, that sets the loftiest of ideals and seeks as an end culture and character rather than bread-winning, is the privilege of white men and the danger and delusion of black.

Especially has criticism been directed against the former educational efforts to aid the Negro. In the four periods I have mentioned, we find first, boundless, planless enthusiasm and sacrifice; then the preparation of teachers for a vast public school system; then the launching and expansion of that school system amid increasing difficulties; and finally the training of workmen for the new and growing industries. This development has been sharply ridiculed as a logical anomaly and flat reversal of nature. Soothly we have been told that first industrial and manual training should have taught the Negro to work, then simple schools should have taught him to read and write, and finally, after years, high and normal schools could

have completed the system, as intelligence and wealth demanded.

That a system logically so complete was historically impossible, it needs but a little thought to prove. Progress in human affairs is more often a pull than a push, surging forward of the exceptional man, and the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage ground. Thus it was no accident that gave birth to universities centuries before the common schools, that made fair Harvard the first flower of our wilderness. So in the South: the mass of the freedmen at the end of the war lacked the intelligence so necessary to modern workingmen. They must first have the common school to teach them to read, write, and cipher. The white teachers who flocked South went to establish such a common school system. They had no idea of founding colleges; they themselves at first would have laughed at the idea. But they faced, as all men since them have faced, that central paradox of the South, the social separation of the races. Then it was the sudden volcanic rupture of nearly all relations between black and white, in work and government and family life. Since then a new adjustment of relations in economic and political affairs has grown up—an adjustment subtle and difficult to grasp, yet singularly ingenious, which leaves still that frightful chasm at the color line across which men pass at their peril. Thus, then and now, there stand in the South two separate worlds; and separate not simply in the higher realms of social intercourse, but also in church and school, on railway and street car, in hotels and theatres, in streets and city sections, in books and newspapers, in asylums and jails, in hospitals and graveyards. There is still enough of contact for large economic and group coöperation, but the separation is so thorough and deep, that it absolutely precludes for the present between the races anything like that sympathetic and effective group train-

ing and leadership of the one by the other, such as the American Negro and all backward peoples must have for effectual progress.

This the missionaries of '68 soon saw; and if effective industrial and trade schools were impractical before the establishment of a common school system, just as certainly no adequate common schools could be founded until there were teachers to teach them. Southern whites would not teach them; Northern whites in sufficient numbers could not be had. If the Negro was to learn, he must teach himself, and the most effective help that could be given him was the establishment of schools to train Negro teachers. This conclusion was slowly but surely reached by every student of the situation until simultaneously, in widely separated regions, without consultation or systematic plan, there arose a series of institutions designed to furnish teachers for the untaught. Above the sneers of critics at the obvious defects of this procedure must ever stand its one crushing rejoinder: in a single generation they put thirty thousand black teachers in the South; they wiped out the illiteracy of the majority of the black people of the land, and they made Tuskegee possible.

Such higher training schools tended naturally to deepen broader development: at first they were common and grammar schools, then some became high schools. And finally, by 1900, some thirty-four had one year or more of studies of college grade. This development was reached with different degrees of speed in different institutions: Hampton is still a high school, while Fisk University started her college in 1871, and Spelman Seminary about 1896. In all cases the aim was identical: to maintain the standards of the lower training by giving teachers and leaders the best practicable training; and above all to furnish the black world with adequate standards of human culture and lofty ideals of life. It was

not enough that the teachers of teachers should be trained in technical normal methods; they must also, so far as possible, be broad-minded, cultured men and women, to scatter civilization among a people whose ignorance was not simply of letters, but of life itself.

It can thus be seen that the work of education in the South began with higher institutions of training, which threw off as their foliage common schools, and later industrial schools, and at the same time strove to shoot their roots ever deeper toward college and university training. That this was an inevitable and necessary development, sooner or later, goes without saying; but there has been, and still is, a question in many minds if the natural growth was not forced, and if the higher training was not either overdone or done with cheap and unsound methods. Among white Southerners this feeling is widespread and positive. A prominent Southern journal voiced this in a recent editorial:

"The experiment that has been made to give the colored students classical training has not been satisfactory. Even though many were able to pursue the course, most of them did so in a parrot-like way, learning what was taught, but not seeming to appropriate the truth and import of their instruction, and graduating without sensible aim or valuable occupation for their future. The whole scheme has proved a waste of time, efforts, and the money of the state."

While most fair-minded men would recognize this as extreme and overdrawn, still without doubt many are asking, Are there a sufficient number of Negroes ready for college training to warrant the undertaking? Are not too many students prematurely forced into this work? Does it not have the effect of dissatisfying the young Negro with his environment? And do these graduates succeed in real life? Such natural questions cannot be evaded, nor on the other hand must a nation naturally skeptical as to Negro ability assume an

unfavorable answer without careful inquiry and patient openness to conviction. We must not forget that most Americans answer all queries regarding the Negro *a priori*, and that the least that human courtesy can do is to listen to evidence.

The advocates of the higher education of the Negro would be the last to deny the incompleteness and glaring defects of the present system: too many institutions have attempted to do college work, the work in some cases has not been thoroughly done, and quantity rather than quality has sometimes been sought. But all this can be said of higher education throughout the land: it is the almost inevitable incident of educational growth, and leaves the deeper question of the legitimate demand for the higher training of Negroes untouched. And this latter question can be settled in but one way — by a first-hand study of the facts. If we leave out of view all institutions which have not actually graduated students from a course higher than that of a New England high school, even though they be called colleges; if then we take the thirty-four remaining institutions, we may clear up many misapprehensions by asking searchingly, What kind of institutions are they, what do they teach, and what sort of men do they graduate?

And first we may say that this type of college, including Atlanta, Fisk and Howard, Wilberforce and Lincoln, Bidle, Shaw, and the rest, is peculiar, almost unique. Through the shining trees that whisper before me as I write, I catch glimpses of a boulder of New England granite, covering a grave, which graduates of Atlanta University have placed there: —

"IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THEIR
FORMER TEACHER AND FRIEND
AND OF THE UNSELFISH LIFE HE
LIVED, AND THE NOBLE WORK HE
WROUGHT; THAT THEY, THEIR
CHILDREN, AND THEIR CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN MIGHT BE
BLESSED."

This was the gift of New England to the freed Negro: not alms, but a friend; not cash, but character. It was not and is not money these seething millions want, but love and sympathy, the pulse of hearts beating with red blood; a gift which to-day only their own kindred and race can bring to the masses, but which once saintly souls brought to their favored children in the crusade of the sixties, that finest thing in American history, and one of the few things untainted by sordid greed and cheap vainglory. The teachers in these institutions came not to keep the Negroes in their place, but to raise them out of their places where the filth of slavery had wallowed them. The colleges they founded were social settlements; homes where the best of the sons of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studied and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was the contact of living souls.

From such schools about two thousand Negroes have gone forth with the bachelor's degree. The number in itself is enough to put at rest the argument that too large a proportion of Negroes are receiving higher training. If the ratio to population of all Negro students throughout the land, in both college and secondary training, be counted, Commissioner Harris assures us "it must be increased to five times its present average" to equal the average of the land.

Fifty years ago the ability of Negro students in any appreciable numbers to master a modern college course would have been difficult to prove. To-day it is proved by the fact that four hundred Negroes, many of whom have been reported as brilliant students, have received the bachelor's degree from Harvard, Yale, Oberlin, and seventy other

leading colleges. Here we have, then, nearly twenty-five hundred Negro graduates, of whom the crucial query must be made, How far did their training fit them for life? It is of course extremely difficult to collect satisfactory data on such a point, — difficult to reach the men, to get trustworthy testimony, and to gauge that testimony by any generally acceptable criterion of success. In 1900, the Conference at Atlanta University undertook to study these graduates, and published the results. First they sought to know what these graduates were doing, and succeeded in getting answers from nearly two thirds of the living. The direct testimony was in almost all cases corroborated by the reports of the colleges where they graduated, so that in the main the reports were worthy of credence. Fifty-three per cent of these graduates were teachers, — presidents of institutions, heads of normal schools, principals of city school systems, and the like. Seventeen per cent were clergymen; another seventeen per cent were in the professions, chiefly as physicians. Over six per cent were merchants, farmers, and artisans, and four per cent were in the government civil service. Granting even that a considerable proportion of the third unheard from are unsuccessful, this is a record of usefulness. Personally I know many hundreds of these graduates, and have corresponded with more than a thousand; through others I have followed carefully the life-work of scores; I have taught some of them and some of the pupils whom they have taught, lived in homes which they have builded, and looked at life through their eyes. Comparing them as a class with my fellow students in New England and in Europe, I cannot hesitate in saying that nowhere have I met men and women with a broader spirit of helpfulness, with deeper devotion to their life-work, or with more consecrated determination to succeed in the face of bitter difficulties than among Negro college-bred men.

They have, to be sure, their proportion of ne'er-do-weels, their pedants and lettered fools, but they have a surprisingly small proportion of them; they have not that culture of manner which we instinctively associate with university men, forgetting that in reality it is the heritage from cultured homes, and that no people a generation removed from slavery can escape a certain unpleasant rawness and *gaucherie*, despite the best of training.

With all their larger vision and deeper sensibility, these men have usually been conservative, careful leaders. They have seldom been agitators, have withstood the temptation to head the mob, and have worked steadily and faithfully in a thousand communities in the South. As teachers they have given the South a commendable system of city schools and large numbers of private normal schools and academies. Colored college-bred men have worked side by side with white college graduates at Hampton; almost from the beginning the backbone of Tuskegee's teaching force has been formed of graduates from Fisk and Atlanta. And to-day the institute is filled with college graduates, from the energetic wife of the principal down to the teacher of agriculture, including nearly half of the executive council and a majority of the heads of departments. In the professions, college men are slowly but surely leavening the Negro church, are healing and preventing the devastations of disease, and beginning to furnish legal protection for the liberty and property of the toiling masses. All this is needful work. Who would do it if Negroes did not? How could Negroes do it if they were not trained carefully for it? If white people need colleges to furnish teachers, ministers, lawyers, and doctors, do black people need nothing of the sort?

If it be true that there are an appreciable number of Negro youth in the land capable by character and talent to receive that higher training, the end of

which is culture, and if the two and a half thousand who have had something of this training in the past have in the main proved themselves useful to their race and generation, the question then comes, What place in the future development of the South ought the Negro college and college-bred man to occupy? That the present social separation and acute race sensitiveness must eventually yield to the influences of culture as the South grows civilized is clear. But such transformation calls for singular wisdom and patience. If, while the healing of this vast sore is progressing, the races are to live for many years side by side, united in economic effort, obeying a common government, sensitive to mutual thought and feeling, yet subtly and silently separate in many matters of deeper human intimacy — if this unusual and dangerous development is to progress amid peace and order, mutual respect and growing intelligence, it will call for social surgery at once the delicatest and nicest in modern history. It will demand broad-minded, upright men both white and black, and in its final accomplishment American civilization will triumph. So far as white men are concerned, this fact is to-day being recognized in the South, and a happy renaissance of university education seems imminent. But the very voices that cry Hail! to this good work are, strange to relate, largely silent or antagonistic to the higher education of the Negro.

Strange to relate! for this is certain, no secure civilization can be built in the South with the Negro as an ignorant, turbulent proletariat. Suppose we seek to remedy this by making them laborers and nothing more: they are not fools, they have tasted of the Tree of Life, and they will not cease to think, will not cease attempting to read the riddle of the world. By taking away their best equipped teachers and leaders, by slamming the door of opportunity in the faces of their bolder and brighter minds, will you make them satisfied with their

lot? or will you not rather transfer their leading from the hands of men taught to think to the hands of untrained demagogues? We ought not to forget that despite the pressure of poverty, and despite the active discouragement and even ridicule of friends, the demand for higher training steadily increases among Negro youth: there were, in the years from 1875 to 1880, twenty-two Negro graduates from Northern colleges; from 1885 to 1890 there were forty-three, and from 1895 to 1900, nearly 100 graduates. From Southern Negro colleges there were, in the same three periods, 143, 413, and over 500 graduates. Here, then, is the plain thirst for training; by refusing to give this Talented Tenth the key to knowledge can any sane man imagine that they will lightly lay aside their yearning and contentedly become hewers of wood and drawers of water?

No. The dangerously clear logic of the Negro's position will more and more loudly assert itself in that day when increasing wealth and more intricate social organization preclude the South from being, as it so largely is, simply an armed camp for intimidating black folk. Such waste of energy cannot be spared if the South is to catch up with civilization. And as the black third of the land grows in thrift and skill, unless skillfully guided in its larger philosophy, it must more and more brood over the red past and the creeping, crooked present, until it grasps a gospel of revolt and revenge and throws its new-found energies athwart the current of advance. Even to-day the masses of the Negroes see all too clearly the anomalies of their position and the moral crookedness of yours. You may marshal strong indictments against them, but their counter-cries, lacking though they be in formal logic, have burning truths within them which you may not wholly ignore. O Southern Gentlemen! If you deplore their presence here, they ask, Who brought us? When you shriek, Deliver

us from the vision of intermarriage, they answer, that legal marriage is infinitely better than systematic concubinage and prostitution. And if in just fury you accuse their vagabonds of violating women, they also in fury quite as just may wail: the rape which your gentlemen have done against helpless black women in defiance of your own laws is written on the foreheads of two millions of mulattoes, and written in ineffaceable blood. And finally, when you fasten crime upon this race as its peculiar trait, they answer that slavery was the arch-crime, and lynching and lawlessness its twin abortion; that color and race are not crimes, and yet they it is which in this land receive most unceasing condemnation, North, East, South, and West.

I will not say such arguments are wholly justified — I will not insist that there is no other side to the shield; but I do say that of the nine millions of Negroes in this nation, there is scarcely one out of the cradle to whom these arguments do not daily present themselves in the guise of terrible truth. I insist that the question of the future is how best to keep these millions from brooding over the wrongs of the past and the difficulties of the present, so that all their energies may be bent toward a cheerful striving and coöperation with their white neighbors toward a larger, juster, and fuller future. That one wise method of doing this lies in the closer knitting of the Negro to the great industrial possibilities of the South is a great truth. And this the common schools and the manual training and trade schools are working to accomplish. But these alone are not enough. The foundations of knowledge in this race, as in others, must be sunk deep in the college and university if we would build a solid, permanent structure. Internal problems of social advance must inevitably come, — problems of work and wages, of families and homes, of morals and the true valuing of the things

of life; and all these and other inevitable problems of civilization the Negro must meet and solve largely for himself, by reason of his isolation; and can there be any possible solution other than by study and thought and an appeal to the rich experience of the past? Is there not, with such a group and in such a crisis, infinitely more danger to be apprehended from half-trained minds and shallow thinking than from over-education and over-refinement? Surely we have wit enough to found a Negro college so manned and equipped as to steer successfully between the dilettante and the fool. We shall hardly induce black men to believe that if their bellies be full it matters little about their brains. They already dimly perceive that the paths of peace winding between honest toil and dignified manhood call for the guidance of skilled thinkers, the loving, reverent comradeship between the black lowly and black men emancipated by training and culture.

The function of the Negro college then is clear: it must maintain the standards of popular education, it must seek the social regeneration of the Negro, and it must help in the solution of problems of race contact and coöperation. And finally, beyond all this, it must develop men. Above our modern socialism, and out of the worship of the mass, must persist and evolve that higher individualism which the centres of culture protect; there must come a loftier respect for the sovereign human soul that seeks to know itself and the world about

it; that seeks a freedom for expansion and self-development; that will love and hate and labor in its own way, untrammelled alike by old and new. Such souls aforesaid have inspired and guided worlds, and if we be not wholly bewitched by our Rhine-gold, they shall again. Herein the longing of black men must have respect: the rich and bitter depth of their experience, the unknown treasures of their inner life, the strange renderings of nature they have seen, may give the world new points of view and make their loving, living, and doing precious to all human hearts. And to themselves in these the days that try their souls the chance to soar in the dim blue air above the smoke is to their finer spirits boon and guerdon for what they lose on earth by being black.

I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of Evening that swing between the stronglimbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil. Is this the life you grudge us, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pisgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

IN the Thousand and One Nights the vizier's daughter, Shahrazád, told all the stories; but in our single séance the tales were told by five men, gathered round the hearthstone of a New England roadside tavern, in which they had sought shelter from a blizzard and were snow-bound for the night. The sleighing party thus circumstanced found themselves, after supper, in a comfortable sitting-room with a blazing fire of hemlock logs in front of them, and for lack of more original entertainment fell to story-telling. Though each of the five narratives which then took shape in the firelight had its own proper *raison d'être*, I shall reproduce only one of them here. The narrative so specialized owes its consequence, such as it is, to the fact that the narrator — nearly a personal stranger to me — was obliged to leave it in a manner unfinished, and that I, by singular chance, was able to supply what might be called the sequel.

This story, which I have named The White Feather, was related by a Massachusetts veteran of the Civil War, who had left one arm behind him on the field and in the record of his regiment a reputation for great bravery. The Major, as I subsequently learned, had received a military education at a period when the army held out but scant inducements, and had turned aside from it to study law. At the beginning of hostilities in '61 he offered his services to the Federal government, and was placed upon the staff of General —, with the rank of captain. The grade of major was afterward won in a Massachusetts regiment. Severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, and permanently disabled, he resigned his commission, and, after a long invalidism, took to the law again.

With the fullest claim to the later title of judge, he prefers to be thought of and addressed as the Major. Today, his sinewy, erect figure and clear blue eyes, gentle and resolute by turns behind their abattis of gray eyebrow, give no hint of his threescore years and ten, especially when he is speaking.

"Some men," began the Major, setting his half emptied tumbler a little farther back from the edge of the table, "some men have a way of impressing us at sight as persons of indomitable will, or dauntless courage, or sterling integrity — in short, as embodiments of this or that latent quality, although they may have given no evidence whatever of possessing the particular attribute in question. We unhesitatingly assume how they would act under certain imaginable circumstances and conditions. A gesture, a glance of the eye, a something in the intonation of the voice, hypnotizes us, and we at once accept as real what may be only a figment of our own creating. My story, if it's what you would call a story, deals incidentally with one of these curious prepossessions."

The Major paused a moment, and beat a soft tattoo with two fingers on the arm of the chair, as if he were waiting for his thoughts to fall into line.

"At the outbreak of the war, Jefferson Kane was in his senior year at West Point. The smoke of that first gun fired in Charleston harbor had hardly blown away when he withdrew from the Academy — to cast his lot, it was surmised, with that of his native state, as many another Southron in like circumstances was doing; for Kane belonged to an old Southland family. On the contrary, he applied for service in the

army of the North — in the then nebulous Army of the Potomac. Men of his training were sorely needed at the moment, and his application was immediately granted.

"Kane was commissioned first lieutenant and provisionally assigned for duty in a camp of instruction somewhere in Massachusetts, at Readville, if I recollect. There he remained until the early part of '62, doing important work, for the recruits that passed through his hands came out finished soldiers, so far as drill was involved. Then Kane was ordered to the front, and there I fell in with him — a tall, slender young man, with gray eyes and black hair, which he wore rather long, unlike the rest of us, who went closely cropped, Zouave fashion. I ought to say here that though I saw a great deal of him at this time, I am now aware that the impression he produced upon me was somewhat vague. His taking sides with the North presumably gave mortal offense to his family; but he never talked of himself or of the life he had left behind him in the South. Without seeming to do so, he always avoided the topic.

"From the day Kane joined our regiment, which formed part of Stahl's brigade, he was looked upon as a young fellow destined to distinguish himself above the common. It was no ordinary regiment into which he had drifted. Several of the companies comprising it were made up of the flower of New England youth — college seniors, professional men, men of wealth and social rating. But Kane was singled out from the throng, and stood a shining figure.

"I cannot quite define what it was that inspired this instant acceptance of him. Perhaps it was a blending of several things — his judicial coolness, his soldierly carriage, the quiet skill and tact with which he handled men drawn from peaceful pursuits and new to the constraints of discipline; men who a brief space before were persons of consideration in their respective towns and

villages, but were now become mere pawns on the great chessboard of war. At times they had to be handled gingerly, for even a pawn will turn. Kane's ready efficiency, and the modesty of it — the modesty that always hitches on to the higher gifts — naturally stimulated confidence in him. His magnetic Southern ways drew friends from right and left. Then he had the prestige of the West Pointer. But allowing for all this, it is not wholly clear what it was that made him, within the space of a month, the favorite of the entire regiment and the idol of Company A, his own company. That was the position he attained with apparently no effort on his part. Company A would have died for him, to a man. Among themselves, round the mess table, they did n't hide their opinion of Jeff Kane, or their views on the situation at large. The chief command would have been his could the question have been put to vote. 'I would n't like to lose the kid out of the company,' observed Sergeant Berwick one day, 'but it would be a blessed good thing if he could change shoulder straps with the colonel.'"

Here the Major suddenly remembered the unfinished Bourbon and Apollinaris in his glass and reached out for it.

"The colonel alluded to," he resumed, "was a colonel of politics, and ought to have stuck to his glue factory down East. In those days we had a good many generals and colonels, and things, with political pulls. I think there were more than a few of that kidney in our recent little scrimmage with Spain. I don't believe in putting protégés and hangers-on out of employment over the heads of men who have been trained to the profession of arms. Some fine day we'll be convinced of the expediency of stowing the politicians. We ought to have a National Cold Storage Warehouse on purpose. But that's another story, as our friend Kipling remarks — too frequently."

The Major flicked off a flake of cigar ash from the looped-up empty sleeve that constantly gave him the oratorical air of having one hand thrust into his shirt-bosom, and went on with his narrative.

"We were as yet on only the outer edge of that lurid battle-summer which no man who lived through it, and still lives, can ever forget. Meanwhile vast preparations were making for another attempt upon Richmond. The inertia of camp-life with no enemy within reach tells on the nerves after a while. It appeared to be telling on young Kane's. Like the regiment, which hitherto had done nothing but garrison duty in forts around Washington, he had seen no active service, and was ready for it. He was champing on the bits, as the boys said. His impatience impressed his comrades, in whose estimation he had long since become a hero — with all the heroism purely potential.

"For months the monotony of our existence had been enlivened only by occasional reconnaissances, with no result beyond a stray minié ball now and then from some outlying sharpshooter. So there was widespread enthusiasm, one night, when the report came in that a large Confederate force, supposed to be Fitz-Hugh Lee, was in movement somewhere on our left. In the second report, which immediately telescoped the first, this large force dwindled down to a small squad thrown forward — from an Alabama regiment, as we found out later — to establish an advanced picket line. A portion of Company A was selected to look into the move, and dislodge or capture the post. I got leave to accompany Lieutenant Kane and the thirty-five men detailed for duty.

"We started from camp at about four o'clock of an ugly April morning, with just enough light in the sky to make a ghastly outline of everything, and a wind from the foothills that pricked like needles. Insignificant

and scarcely noticed details, when they chance to precede some startling event, have an odd fashion of storing themselves away in one's memory. It all seems like something that happened yesterday, that tramp through a landscape that would have done credit to a nightmare — the smell of the earth thick with strange flowering shrubs; the over-leaning branches that dashed handfuls of wet into our faces; the squirrel that barked at us from a persimmon tree, and how private Duffy raised a laugh by singing out, 'Shut up, ye young rebel!' and brought down upon himself a curt reprimand from Kane; for we were then beyond our own lines, and silence was wholesome. The gayety gradually died out of us as we advanced into the *terra incognita* of the enemy, and we became a file of phantoms stealing through the gloaming.

"Owing to a stretch of swamp and a small stream that tried to head us off in a valley, it was close upon sunrise when we reached the point aimed at. The dawn was already getting in its purple work behind the mountain ranges; very soon the daylight would betray us — and we had planned to take the picket by surprise. For five or ten minutes the plan seemed a dead failure; but presently we saw that we had them. Our approach had evidently not been discovered. The advantages were still in our favor, in spite of the daybreak having overtaken us.

"A coil of wet-wood smoke rising above the treetops, where it was blown into threads by the wind, showed us our nearness to the enemy. Their exact position was ascertained by one of our scouts who crawled through the underbrush and got within a hundred feet of the unsuspecting bivouac.

"On the flattened crest of a little knoll, shut in by dwarf cedars and with a sharp declivity on the side opposite us, an infantry officer and twelve or fifteen men were preparing to breakfast. In front of a hut built of boughs and at

some distance from the spot where the rifles were stacked, a group in half undress was sniffing the morning air. A sentinel, with his gun leaning against a stump, was drinking something out of a gourd as unconcernedly as thank you. Such lack of discipline and utter disregard of possible danger were common enough in both armies in the early days of the war. 'The idea of burning damp wood on a warpath!' growled the scout. 'If them tenderfoots was in the Indian country their scalps would n't be on their empty heads a quarter of an hour.'

"We did n't waste a moment preparing to rush the little post. A whispered order was passed along not to fire before we sprang from cover, and then the word would be given. There was a deathly stillness, except that the birds began to set up a clatter, as they always do at dawn. I remember one shrill little cuss that seemed for all the world to be trying to sound a note of alarm. We scarcely dared draw breath as we moved stealthily forward and up the incline. The attacking party, on the right, was led by Kane and comprised about two thirds of the detachment; the remainder was to be held in reserve under me. The row of cedars hung with creeper hid us until we were within forty or fifty yards of the encampment, and then the assaulting column charged.

"What happened then — I mean the dark and fatal thing that happened — I did n't witness; but twenty pairs of eyes witnessed it, and a score of tongues afterward bore testimony. I did not see Lieutenant Kane until the affair was over.

"Though the Confederates were taken wholly unawares, the first shot was fired by them, for just as our men came into the open the sentinel chanced to pick up his musket. A scattering volley followed from our side, and a dozen gray figures, seen for a moment scuttling here and there, seemed to melt into the smoke which had instantly blotted out nearly

everything. When the air cleared a little, Kane's men were standing around in disorder on the deserted plateau. A stack of arms lay sprawling on the ground and an iron kettle of soup or coffee, suspended from a wooden tripod, was simmering over the blaze of newly lighted fagots. How in the devil, I wondered, had the picket-guard managed to slip through their hands? What had gone wrong?

"It was only on the return march that I was told, in broken words, what had taken place. Lieutenant Kane had botched the business — he had shown the white feather! The incredible story took only a few words in the telling.

"Kane had led the charge with seeming dash and valor, far in advance of the boys, but when the Confederate officer, who was pluckily covering the flight of the picket, suddenly wheeled and with sweeping sabre rushed toward Kane, the West Pointer broke his stride, faltered, and squarely fell back upon the line hurrying up the slope to his support. The action was so unexpected and amazing that the men came to a dead halt, as if they had been paralyzed in their tracks, and two priceless minutes were lost. When the ranks recovered from their stupor not a gray blouse was anywhere to be seen, save that of the sentry lying dead at the foot of the oak stump.

"That was the substance of the hurried account given me by Sergeant Berwick. It explained a thing which had puzzled me not a little. When I reached the plateau myself, immediately after the occurrence of the incident, Kane's men were standing there indecisive, each staring into his comrade's face in a dazed manner. Then their eyes had turned with one accord upon Lieutenant Kane. That combined glance was as swift, precise, and relentless as a volley from a platoon. Kane stood confronting them, erect, a trifle flushed, but perfectly cool, with the point of his sabre resting on the toe of one boot. He could n't have

appeared cooler on a dress-parade. Something odd and dramatic in the whole situation set me wondering. The actors in the scene preserved their hesitating attitude for only twenty seconds or so, and then the living picture vanished in a flash, like a picture thrown from the kinetoscope, and was replaced by another. Kane stepped forward two paces, and as his sword cut a swift half circle in the air, the command rang out in the old resonant, bell-like tones, 'Fall in, men!' I shall never forget how he looked every inch the soldier at that moment. But they — they knew!

"There was no thought of pursuing the escaped picket with the chances of bringing up against an entire regiment, probably somewhere in the neighborhood. The men silently formed into line, a guard was detailed to protect the rear of the column, and we began our homeward march.

"That march back to Camp Blenker was a solemn business. Excepting for the fact that we were on the double-quick and the drum taps were lacking, it might have been a burial. Not a loud word was spoken in the ranks, but there was a deal of vigorous thinking. I noticed that Second Lieutenant Rollins and three or four others never took their eyes off of Jefferson Kane. If he had made a motion to get away, I rather fancy it would have gone hard with him.

"We got into camp on schedule time, and in less than fifteen minutes afterward Jefferson Kane's name was burning on every lip. Marconi's wireless telegraph was anticipated that forenoon in Camp Blenker. On a hundred intersecting currents of air the story of the lieutenant's disgrace sped from tent to tent throughout the brigade.

"At first nobody would believe it — it was some sell the boys had put up. Then the truth began to gain ground; incredulous faces grew serious; it was a grim matter. The shadow of it gathered and hung over the whole encamp-

ment. A heavy gloom settled down upon the members of Company A, for the stigma was especially theirs. There were a few who would not admit that their lieutenant had been guilty of cowardice, and loyally held out to the end. While conceding the surface facts in the case, they contended that the lieutenant had had a sudden faint, or an attack of momentary delirium. Similar instances were recalled. They had happened time and again. Anybody who doubted the boy's pluck was an idiot. A braver fellow than Jeff Kane never buckled a sword-belt. That vertigo idea, however, did n't cut much ice, as you youngsters of to-day would phrase it. There were men who did not hesitate to accuse Lieutenant Kane with the intention of betraying the detachment into the hands of the Confederates. Possibly he did n't start out with that purpose, it might have occurred to him on the spot; the opportunity had suggested it; if there had been more than a picket-guard on hand he would have succeeded. But the dominant opinion was summed up by Corporal Simms: 'He just showed the white feather, and that's all there is about it. He did n't mean nothing, he was just scared silly.'

"In the meantime Kane had shut himself in his tent on the slant of a hill, and was not seen again, excepting for half a moment when he flung back the flap and looked down upon the parade ground with its radiating white-walled streets. What report he had made of the expedition, if he had made any report, did not transpire. Within an hour after our return to camp a significant meeting of the captains of the regiment had been convened at headquarters. Of course a court-martial was inevitable. Though Lieutenant Kane had not as yet been placed under actual arrest, he was known to be under surveillance. At noon that day, just as the bugle was sounding, Jefferson Kane shot himself."

The Major made an abrupt gesture

with his one hand, as if to brush away the shadow of the tragedy.

"That was over forty years ago," he continued, meditatively, "but the problem discussed then has been discussed at odd intervals ever since. In a sort of spectral way, the dispute has outlasted nine tenths of those who survived the war. Differences of opinion hang on like old pensioners or the rheumatism. Whenever four or five graybeards of our regiment get together, boring one another with 'Don't you remember,' the subject is pretty sure to crop up. Some regard Kane's suicide as a confession of guilt, others as corroborative proof of the mental derangement which first showed itself in his otherwise inexplicable default before a mere handful of the enemy — a West Pointer! So we have it, hot and heavy, over a man who nearly half a century ago ceased to be of any importance."

"What is your own diagnosis of the case, Major?" asked young Dr. Atwood, who always carried the shop about with him.

"Personally," returned the Major, "I acquit Kane of disloyalty, and I don't believe that he was exactly a coward. He had n't the temperament. I will confess that I'm a little mixed. Sometimes I imagine that that first glimpse of his own people somehow rattled him for an instant, and the thing was done. But whether that man was a coward or a traitor, or neither, is a question which has never definitely been settled."

"Major," I said, hesitating a little, "I think I can, in a way, settle it — or, at least, throw some light upon it."

"You?" — and the Major with a half amused air looked up at me from under his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. "Why, you were not born when all this happened."

"No, I was not born then. My knowledge in the matter is something

very recent. While wintering in the South, two or three years ago, I became acquainted, rather intimately acquainted, with the family of Jefferson Kane — that is, with his brother and sister."

"So?"

"It was not until after the surrender of Lee that Jefferson's death was known as a certainty to his family — the manner of it is probably not known to them to this hour. Indeed, I am positive of it. They have always supposed that he died on the field or in the hospital."

"The records at the War Department could have enlightened them," said the Major.

"They did not care to inquire. He had passed out of their lives; his defection never was forgiven. The Confederate officer before whose sword Lieutenant Kane recoiled that day was his father."

"So!"

"Captain Peyton Kane was a broken man after that meeting. He never spoke of it to a living soul, save one — his wife, and to her but once. Captain Peyton Kane was killed in the second day's battle at Gettysburg."

My words were followed by a long silence. The room was so still that we could hear the soft pelting of the snow against the window-panes.

Then the old Major slowly rose from the chair and took up the empty glass beside him, not noticing that it was empty until he had lifted it part way to his lips. "Boys," he said, very gently, "only blank cartridges are fired over soldiers' graves. Here's to their memory — the father and the son!"

Other stories, mirthful and serious, were told later on; but the Major did not speak again. He sat there in the dying glow of the firelight, inattentive, seemingly remote in an atmosphere of his own, brooding, doubtless, on

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

WHEN I SLEEP.

WHEN I sleep I do not know
 Where my soul makes haste to go
 Through wide spaces faring forth,
 To the South or to the North,
 Faring East or faring West,
 Or on what mysterious quest.

When I sleep my sealed eyes
 Ope to marvels of surprise!
 Buried hopes come back to me,
 Long-lost loves again I see,
 Present, past and future seem
 But as one, the while I dream.

When I sleep I wake again,
 Wake to love and joy and pain;
 Wake with quickened sense to share
 Earth's beatitude of prayer;
 Wake to know that night is done
 And a new, glad day begun!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE DOVE.

O BIRD that seems't in solitude
 O'er tearful memories to brood
 What sorrow hast thou known?
 Or is thy voice an oracle
 Interpreting the souls that tell
 No vision of their own?

Thy life, alas, is loneliness
 Wherein, with shadowy caress,
 Soft preludings of pain
 Tell that some captive of the heart
 Is preening, ready to depart
 And ne'er to come again.

John B. Tabb.

MEMORIES OF A HOSPITAL MATRON.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

WHEN the war broke out, we were living in Fairfax County, Virginia. We boasted of fifteen families of "cousins" with whom we were in constant and most affectionate intercourse. This the neighborhood of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia is renowned for its delightful society. Besides our kinsfolk, we had as neighbors the families of the professors at the seminary, the family of Bishop Johns, the Fairfaxes of Vacluse, Captain Forrest, U. S. N. and C. S. N., Mrs. Scott of Bush Hill, and others. Through President Pierce our older boy (the son of my widowed sister) received an appointment to West Point. He had been there but two years, and the other boy had just received his warrant for the navy, when the war came to break up our home and drive us forth wanderers for four long years. I heard in Congress the impassioned and sorrowful appeals of Mr. Davis, General Breckinridge, Mr. Pendleton, and others in the interests of peace, and saw the bitterness and anger of our foes. But it was impossible for us who had never seen war to realize what would be the invasion of our country. And who could believe that armed men (Americans like ourselves) could be brought to enter our beloved Virginia with hostile intent, — that "Old Virginia" which all professed to honor?

I was in Washington the night that the troops crossed the Potomac. Never can I forget the dull, heavy tramp of the armed men as they passed under my window. Each foot seemed to fall upon my heart, while tears rained from my eyes. Next day I bade adieu to the city I was not to see again for twenty-five years. Already I found sentries stationed along our roads, and before evening we were prisoners in our own house. My sister

had a few hundred dollars in Mr. Corcoran's bank. How to get this money before we were entirely cut off from the North was the question. Already our "West Pointer" had gone to join the Virginia forces, and our neighbors and friends who had sons and husbands were following them South. My sister and her family were anxious to go. Our younger boy, a lad of sixteen, volunteered to find his way on foot through the woods, to cross the Potomac above Georgetown, get to the bank in Washington, and bring safely the money which would be so much needed. This was a fit beginning for his after adventures. Chased by soldiers, fired upon by sentinels, he managed to conceal himself in the woods, and came in after dark, weary and footsore, after twenty-five miles of travel, with the money concealed in his bosom, — the last United States money we saw for four years.

I resolved to remain at home and take care of my property. Having been much associated with the army, I was sure to find old friends among the officers to protect us. We were non-combatants, and in modern warfare it was never known that women had been disturbed in their homes. To our anxious friends I quoted how, in the late Italian and Austrian war, the women stood on the balconies of the Italian villas and looked down upon the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino. But the French and Italians had no "Billy Wilson's men," recruited from the purlieus of New York, no raw levies, ignorant and prejudiced, who thought to do their country service by insulting "Secesh" women. Our houses were entered with pretense to search for arms; in reality to steal thimbles and jewelry, and even to take ear-

rings from the women's ears. Trees were cut down, gardens rifled, store-rooms invaded. In vain was complaint made to the commandant in Alexandria. He said he had no power over such men, and advised our retreating (where it was possible) to the security of our own "lines," then about Manassas; but I held out a little longer. Barricading, at night, windows and doors with tables, piano, and bookcases, we were alarmed by thumps upon the doors and threats to break in; and at mealtimes soldiers would enter and devour everything which was set before us. They robbed the henroost and the cellar, burned our fences, and insulted us in every way. My sister resolved to take refuge, with her daughters, at a friend's house just within our lines. She was not allowed to take her own vehicle, but was forced to pay thirty dollars to the military authorities for a carriage to convey the party of four (including the son, who was eager to enter the army) about ten miles. Only one trunk was allowed for all of this family, who were leaving their home never to enter it again! How often, in the after days of the Confederacy, had they reason to regret the warm flannels, furs, and silk gowns left behind! Our house, occupied at first by friends from Alexandria, was not allowed to remain long out of the enemy's hands. General Phil Kearny, commanding the New Jersey troops, soon took forcible possession of house and furniture. Happily, I was spared the distress of witnessing these things. My niece and adopted daughter, living in New Jersey, and married to an officer of General Scott's staff, became ill, and I was asked to come to her; her husband feeling certain that he had it in his power to send me home when my presence should be no longer needed. Alas, he little knew how impossible would be what he so confidently promised, and I so confidently believed! Advising with the officer in command at Alexandria, I turned my back upon my dear home, and

went to the North; not, however, before I had seen how rapidly the work of destruction was going on in our neighborhood. The glass of our greenhouse was wantonly broken by muskets, our roses were trampled down, and the carriage was cut into bits; a neighbor's piano sharing the same fate. In my last walk in the neighborhood, for which I was obliged to get a permit (as well as for the cow to go to pasture, and the man to go to the market), I saw a party of rude soldiers sitting on the porch of one of our clergyman friends, reading and tearing up his correspondence! I wonder how they liked mine, which they had soon after?

No sooner did I reach New Jersey than I found myself an object of interest and suspicion. Only those who lived through that terrible time can understand the excited state of the public mind, North and South. I saw myself announced in the papers as a "Secesh spy," sent by General Beauregard to arouse the Catholics of the North, and by Mr. James M. Mason to stir up the Democrats. A full description of my person was given, and my "qualifications" for such a task. These were infinitely flattering to my abilities; for it was confidently asserted that I was clever enough to take in every detail of "fortifications," and ingenious enough to establish an underground system of communication with the "Rebels"! My letters were intercepted, and the people were so clamorous to read them at the post office that the mayor of the town was obliged to take them out and bring them to me, which he did with every apology. He behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner. But my position became every day more painful and embarrassing, especially as it involved the peace and security of the family with whom I was staying, who were naturally regarded as my "accomplices." They besought me not to go out, or speak to any one. It was not difficult to obey in this last point, for no-

body would speak to me. A leper could not have been avoided with surer signs of horror and aversion. Having gone to early church to ease my anxious heart, I read in the paper that I went at that early hour to meet my "confederates," and threats were made that a few days would see me safe in Fort Lafayette!

To give an idea of the extraordinary system of espionage carried on at this time, I must relate the following incident. Being a Catholic, and never having seen Archbishop Hughes, who was famed for his eloquence, I yielded to the suggestion of a friend of mine in New York, a Protestant lady, and a firm "Republican," who offered to introduce me. She came for me and took me to New York, and we went in the street omnibus to the archbishop's door, were most amiably received, and had a pleasant talk, all of us carefully avoiding a subject on which we could not agree,—the war. Both going and coming, I remarked a man who sat near the door of the omnibus and often looked at us, got out where we did, and even accompanied us to the ferry on our return. After this I received a most anxious letter from an officer in Washington, a friend, telling me he had been at a dinner at Mr. Seward's with Archbishop Hughes and others, and Mr. Seward was called out on business of importance. Presently the archbishop was sent for. When he returned he said to this officer: "What a curious thing has happened, showing the state of the public mind! A Catholic lady, Miss Mason, calls upon me, as does every Catholic coming to my diocese. She is followed and watched, and here comes a telegram to Mr. Seward telling him that I have received this 'spy.' He calls me out, and I tell him the lady is no more a spy than I am." Fancy the feelings of my friend! He was ready to fall from his chair with alarm. And no sooner was he at home than he wrote to beseech me not to leave the house again, lest something befall me.

This incident determined me to get away, if possible. I was distracted about my people. Six months had elapsed; I could get no letters, and the newspapers were filled with the most exaggerated accounts of the suffering in the South. I was told that if I attempted to leave the North I would be arrested. But I resolved to risk this rather than suffer, and make my friends suffer, such anxiety. First I wrote to some Sisters of Charity, who were announced to be going South, to ask if I might go with them in any capacity. Then I prayed the bishop, who was full of concern for me, to send me off "some way." In vain. He said that if I were found with these Sisters it would injure their mission; that I could never escape the vigilance of the government; and he advised me to be patient. But *that* I could not be. Some Sisters from New York came to see me soon after, to say that they were sure I would get through "somehow," and to beg me to take some letters with which they were charged, from agonized wives and mothers whose husbands and sons had been taken prisoners at the battle of Manassas, and were now in the military prisons of Richmond. I could not carry the letters, but I promised to learn them by heart, take the names of the men, and, if I ever reached Richmond, find the prisoners, and repeat the news and messages from their families,—which I really did, as much to my own satisfaction as to theirs.

After many plans revolved, and dismissed as impracticable, some friends living at Easton, Pennsylvania, came to spend a week with us, and it was arranged that one of these ladies' trunks should be left behind, at her departure, and mine taken in its stead; and that when an opportunity arrived, I should slip away, go to Easton, take up my luggage, and go to Kentucky via Philadelphia. Once in Kentucky, I was sure I could be concealed for a time, and find a way to get into the Confederacy

through Western Virginia, where General Rosecrans was in command of a division of the Union army. Months before I set out I wrote to Newport, Kentucky, to my cousins there, that I should make the attempt to see them "on or about the 2d of November." And this message, couched in most ambiguous terms and without signature, received an equally ambiguous answer, — "Ready to hunt with you at time specified." To have money for this undertaking, I must go to New York, to a bank in which my brother-in-law had some money and North Carolina bonds which I might use. Hardly had I entered the ferry when I saw the same man who had accompanied me on my visit to the archbishop, weeks before. He kept his eye upon me till I entered my friend's house on Second Avenue. To her I told my fears and my errand. She assured me I should dodge my persecutor, and after a time led me through the back yard to the stable, where we entered her carriage, drove out by the alley far away to Bloomingdale, and then, by circuitous streets, to the bank, where my friend's husband brought me my moneys. We concealed them in the puffings of my sleeves, and at the ferry we bade good-by with many tears.

I mingled with the crowd, and thought myself safe, when somebody touched me upon the arm. Looking round, expecting to see my detective, I found the face of one of my childhood friends from Kentucky, who, reading in the papers of my peril, came to see if he could aid me, being a "good Union man." He had not the courage of a Caesar, but he had the heart of a Kentuckian, and he told me how for days he had been watching and waiting for an opportunity to communicate with me. It was agreed that I should make my attempt the next day. He would go on to Philadelphia, and wait for me till the following midnight. Driving out with my invalid niece the next morning, I left her for a moment,

ostensibly, but I took the first train for Reading, in fear and trembling, picked up my luggage, and, under the escort of a stout journalist whose paper had been burned the day before for sympathizing with my side, I reached Philadelphia at the appointed hour. I drew a long sigh of relief when once on the railway, bound for the West. Arrived at Newport, I found my young cousins on the ferry-boat, armed and equipped as for a "hunt," bade good-by to my old friend, and went to consult as to what should be my next move.

It was resolved that my best chance would be to throw myself upon the charity of the old Archbishop of Cincinnati, an ardent Union man, who had known my family, and whom I had known, in other days. To his door I went, shut in a close carriage, to find him out of town. Turning to go away, his brother appeared in the hall, and said: "Miss Mason! My brother has been expecting you for some days." "Expecting me?" I rejoined. "Impossible! I have just run away from the North, and am concealing myself near here." "Yes," said he, "my brother saw your name at the custom house in a list of a thousand 'suspected,' and opposite your name was, 'Dangerous. To be watched.'" I dropped into a chair, exclaiming: "I wish the earth would open and swallow me! It is plain I shall never get away to my people, with whom I have not communicated in six months." He consoled me with the assurance that if I got into prison his brother would be able to get me out, since he knew I had done nothing against "the government." I explained that I had come to pray him to find means to get me home, and he promised to inform me when his brother should return and be able to see me. Anxious days passed while I lay *perdue*, afraid to go out. Yet among the "initiated" my presence was known, for I had offers of aid from many quarters. A poor little priest and

some poorer Sisters offered me their tiny all, to help me on my perilous way. At last came a note from the good bishop, to whom I went with my tale of woe. "God bless my soul!" said he. "I have already thirteen women on my hands, some of them French Sisters, who are trying to get to New Orleans." I prayed him to get me off first, as I had been his old friend. And having eaten of the stale cakes and drunk of the sour wine which he offered me, I was ready to go. He then pulled from his pocket a long, lean purse, from which, after much searching, he drew forth a gold piece, the only one, and pressed it upon me, saying, "You will want it for some poor soul, if not for yourself." God rest his soul, and reward his charity a thousand-fold, in that country where there is no North, no South, no Catholic, no Protestant, but all are as the children of God!

In an article published in the *Charleston News and Courier*, some years ago, I gave an account of my journey through the lines, by Western Virginia, and this appeared afterwards in a book, *Our Women of the War*. But as this book was little known, and is now quite rare, the story may well be repeated here. Armed with a letter from the bishop, I went to a hotel in Cincinnati where were some gentlemen going on a government steamer to carry forage and provisions to the Federal army in Western Virginia. I had a letter to General Rosecrans, whom I had known in happier days, and was sure he would send me into the Confederate lines by flag of truce, if I could reach him before he received communications from Washington. The gentlemen to whom I was recommended were to set out the next morning, and were most kind in offering to take me with them. So behold me on board, with two well-bred men, — one a volunteer officer, the other his brother-in-law, a physician, and both from Boston. They were too polite to ask my errand, and I was too prudent

to disclose it. If they assumed that I was going to the Union army to nurse soldiers, it was not necessary to disclaim it. We discussed everything but politics on that journey of three weeks, and became fast friends. We traveled by day only, as both sides of the river were said to be infested by Rebel scouts, ready to fire upon us at any moment; and I was not allowed to go upon the guards of the boat, lest I should be a mark for their bullets. Longingly I looked for the Rebel cavalry, and prayed they would come and take us, and thus end my difficulties. But they did not come, and one day we ran upon a snag, and to save our steamer we were obliged to give to the waters all our grain and forage. My trunk only was saved from the wreck, and empty-handed we proceeded to our destination. When about ten or twelve miles from "headquarters" my gentlemen left me, to report the disaster, and by them I sent my letter of introduction to the commanding general, with one of my own, reminding him of our former acquaintance, and stating the circumstances which had brought me to his camp; saying that I waited at a respectful distance, not to see what he would wish concealed from my people, and assuring him, if he would let me pass through his hosts and send me to my own lines, I would not in any way make use of any knowledge I might obtain, to his disadvantage. In a few hours came a telegram, saying that a flag of truce would go out at daylight next morning, and that his own servant and ambulance would be sent for me during the night.

While awaiting an answer, I had observed that the steamer was being loaded with great bundles discharged from wagons on the high bluff above us, and that these bundles came sliding down from the banks on a plankway, falling heavily upon the lower deck.

"What are you loading?" I asked one of the boatmen.

"These are sick men come in from camp," he replied.

"An outrage upon humanity!" I exclaimed, and ran down the companion way to examine the live bundles, which were coughing, groaning, and moaning. Here were men in all stages of measles, pneumonia, camp fever, and other disorders incident to camp life, sent in wagons over thirteen miles of mountain road, on a December evening, without nurses, without physician, and with no other covering than the blanket in which each man was enveloped. They assured me they had been sent out in the early morning, without food or medicine, and were expected to remain without any attention till the sailing of the steamer to a hospital twenty miles below. In spite of the remonstrances of the boatmen, who declared the "company" had let the boat to the government to transport horse feed, and not men, I had the poor fellows taken into the cabin and placed in the berths, denuded of mattresses and bed covers, and then proceeded to physic and feed them as best I could. No entreaties could prevail upon the steward of this "loyal" company to give me anything for them to eat. I had tea, however, in my stateroom, and some crackers. The doctor had a box of Seidlitz powders, a great lump of asafœtida, and a jug of whiskey. There were thirty men to be doctored. To the chilly ones I gave hot whiskey and water, the most popular of my remedies; to those who wailed the loudest the pills of asafœtida proved calming; and the Seidlitz powders were given to the fever patients, whose tongues and pulses I examined with great care; and where there was doubt, and fear of doing harm, the tea was safely given. Hardly was the jug emptied and the last pill and powder administered, when the captain and the doctor returned from camp, and announced that the ambulance waited for me. The doctor was not a little indignant at my having appropriated

his whole medical supply, but was kind enough to go around the group of patients, examine them, and tell me their real condition: so that I left them in his hands, and departed with their thanks and blessings. And this was the beginning of my ministrations amongst soldiers, which lasted to the end of the war, and which became the life of my life.

It was midnight when I left the steamer, with a thankful adieu to my kind hosts. Once more on my native heath, though seated upon my trunk, with rain and sleet beating in my face, I felt neither cold nor fatigue, for at last I saw home and friends before me. After crossing a mountain, over the worst road imaginable, we reached the camp at daylight, through miles of white tents and formidable-looking outposts. We drove to the general's tent, and his orderly came to say that I must go to a lady whose house was within the camp: and there I should rest, get breakfast, and be ready to set out at eight o'clock. By this time my strength had given out; want of sleep, fatigue, and excitement had made me really ill. I had to be lifted from the ambulance, put to bed, and fortified by sundry cups of strong coffee, to prepare me for an interview with the general and for my departure. I have had the opportunity many times since to thank this lady for her kindness, and to talk over with her the strange fortune which brought us together at this juncture. The camp was upon her plantation, and on the top of the mountain above us was stationed her husband, an artillery officer of the Confederate army, whose guns were pointed toward the camp, but who could not fire without endangering the lives of his wife and children. The kind general came to greet me and give instructions for the journey. He warned me to be careful of my luggage, as he was obliged to employ on escort duty men noted in camp as thieves and freethinkers. But over these men he placed two experienced

officers, to see that the men did their duty and treated me with proper respect. How accomplished his thieves must have been may be inferred from the fact that, though I sat upon my trunk and carried my bag in my hand, not only were my combs and brushes stolen, but my prayer book and my *Thomas à Kempis*, for which they could have had no possible use.

The general further reminded me that I should follow in the path of war, that ruin and desolation would be on every side, and that there was but one house which he could count upon where I might find shelter before I reached the Southern lines. In this house, once the finest in the country, I would find a woman as beautiful as Judith, and as fierce. He declared that she had been a thorn in his side for many months. Driven almost to madness by the depredations of his soldiers, her husband and son in the Confederate lines, her cattle and horses stolen or mutilated, she waged war upon her enemies with relentless fury. Leading his men into ambuscades, she would betray them to the Southern scouts, and, while the fighting went on, would sit upon her horse and pick off his men with her pistol. She had been summoned to his camp to answer these charges, but always defied him, bidding him "come and fetch her." In vain had he tried to appease her. As she lived in this fine house at the foot of a great mountain, he counseled me to force myself upon her, if necessary, and demand shelter for a night; if I should be ill, to stop there, and send on the flag of truce for succor.

I parted with tears from this the last friend of "the other side;" and though I invited the general to come to Richmond, and he promised to do so, he never got so far! My friend loaded me with messages for her husband and family, begging them to come and release her from her forced sojourn with the enemy, and at the last moment gave me a package of clothing for a poor woman

on the mountain side, whose house had been burned the previous day, and whose loom, her sole means of support, had been destroyed by the soldiers. As we drove off, the general dropped a gold piece into my lap, saying, "That's for the poor woman on the mountain," and before I could thank him the escort "closed up," and we were off to Dixie's Land.

We found the poor woman sitting amidst her ruins, the snow making more hideous the scene of desolation. The road on every side was marked by burned houses and barns, and torn and disordered fences. Now and then a half-starved dog or a ragged negro would peer from some ruins, and then hide from us. Crossing over mountains and fording streams, we reached at last the inhospitable mansion at which the general had recommended me to knock so loudly. In answer to our summons appeared a tall, dark woman, with flashing eyes and jet-black hair, behind whom peeped a fair girl, in contrast to our virago. The latter, without waiting for us to speak, waved us off with a most imperious gesture. "Go on," she said; "this is no place for you. You have done me harm enough. There is nothing more for you to steal."

Leaning from the ambulance, I implored her to take me in for the night. Half dead with cold and fatigue, I could go no farther. I assured her that I was a Southern woman-trying to get to my family, of whom I had had no news in six long months.

"You are in very bad company for a Southern woman," she rejoined, "yet as you are a woman I will let you come in; but these men shall not enter my doors."

After explaining that we had a flag of truce, and that if they abandoned me I could never get on, as she had neither horse nor wagon to give me, she consented to admit the two officers, and to allow the men to sleep in an outhouse. By a blazing fire she told me the story

of their sufferings, gave me a good supper and bed, and next morning I took my last taste of real coffee for many a long day. But the officers did not find the coffee so good, as the pretty blonde daughter vented her spite upon them by withholding the sugar, and they were too much afraid of her to ask for it.

The next evening brought us to our lines. As we approached these the escort became unwilling to go on, and declared they were afraid of "bushwhackers." It was necessary to use blows and drawn swords to get them on. How my heart bounded when I saw the first "man in gray"! I soon found that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, he was well armed, well dressed, and looked well fed. We fell upon the pickets from a South Carolina regiment, and I was proud to show to my escort that the men were all gentlemen of refinement and elegance. It was impossible for me to get to the Confederate camp that night, and impossible to allow the flag of truce to approach nearer. I was forced to sleep in one of the two log huts belonging to the pickets, while the other was allotted to the Ohio officer who had me in charge and his Confederate host. They had but one bed. What was to be done? I was informed next day by the Ohioan that there was a long struggle between the representatives of the contending armies as to who should occupy the bed. At last it was determined they should sleep together. "I had no objection to sleep with a South Carolinian," said the Northern officer, "but I can imagine what it cost him to sleep with a Yankee!" The flag of truce went back next morning, with a letter of thanks from me to the general. Then came from the Confederate camp a carriage exhumed from some long-disused coach house. It was driven by a little Irishman, who announced that he had heard a "Yankee lady" had come through the lines, and he wanted to see how she looked. So far already

had the two countries drifted apart that the people spoke as if the separation had endured years instead of months. Mounting the ladder-like steps of this primitive vehicle, I drove through a camp of thousands without finding one familiar face, though every man came to stare at the unwonted sight of a carriage and a woman. As my courage was about to give way, I was greeted by the familiar voice of a young physician, — a family connection, — who hurried to my assistance, got into the carriage, and promised to find me shelter and set me on to Richmond. Alas, shelter was not easy to find. Every house near the camp, every barn, every cabin, was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. There was no town within twelve miles, and the stage to Richmond passed only twice a week. I must wait somewhere two days. We drove from house to house. The poor people either had their rooms filled, or they had suffered so much from disease, resulting from their hospitality, that they were afraid to take any one in. I was fainting with fatigue, when, at the door of a neat-looking house, a young girl, who heard her father's refusal, cried: "Father, let the lady come in! I will give her my bed!" Upon the assurance of the doctor that I had no disease, and was ill only from fatigue, they admitted me to a delicious feather bed, from which I emerged the next day for dinner.

At the table I observed the mistress of the house preparing Sunday messes of "bacon and greens" to send to some sick men in one of her outhouses. I followed the servant, to find seven East Tennesseans lying on dirty straw, in every stage of camp fever. The air was stifling; the men were suffering in every way, especially for medicine and for clean beds and clothing. With the aid of the one least ill, we brought in clean straw, had water heated in the big iron pot standing in the chimney corner, while bits of rag served for towels and toothbrushes,

and we soon changed the atmosphere and the aspect of things. The water of boiled rice made them a drink, and when the doctor came to see me he prescribed, and agreed to come out from the camp every day and visit them. "Do not be afraid of losing them," he added. "You cannot kill an East Tennessean." I did not feel so sure of this. So before parting we prayed together (they were good Baptists), and begged that God would spare us to meet again. I promised to come back in a week or ten days, armed with power to open a hospital and bring them into it; and here I will add that at the end of a fortnight I had the happiness to see my East Tennesseans drive up to the hospital, waving their caps to me, — not one of the seven missing.

The night before the anxiously expected stage arrived, I saw drive to our door a wagon, which deposited a fine-looking young officer. He walked feebly, and I went to meet him. He was looking for the coach to take him to his family in Richmond. I saw that he was very ill, and found that he had been six weeks in camp with fever. He begged that I would not let the people of the house know it, or they would refuse him a lodging. We took into our confidence the young girl whose kindness had secured me entrance, and soon we helped our patient up the steep ladder stairs, and saw him fall heavily upon the bed. While she went for hot water, I drew off, with difficulty, the heavy spurs and wet boots, rubbed the cold feet and bathed them, washed the fevered mouth, and administered hot tea. When fairly in bed, and after I had promised under no circumstances to leave him behind, he exclaimed, "This is heaven!" And heaven sent him refreshing sleep.

Next morning we left our kind hosts, the sick man resting his weary head on my shoulder; and so we jolted over the rough way till we reached the neighboring town, Lewisburg, and drove to the

office of the medical director to ask what should be done with our precious burden, by this time delirious and unable to proceed farther. After some delay (for the town was filled with the sick and dying) we found a good lady who agreed to take him, though every room in the house was full. I saw the poor fellow comfortably disposed in her drawing-room, where he was as carefully tended as by the mother who was soon summoned to his aid.

This was the first campaign of a terrible winter, which proved so fatal to Southern men, called from luxurious homes, where they had never known ice and snow, to die amidst these cruel mountains, with every disease incident to cold and exposure. In this town all the women opened their houses and gave their services. The churches and courthouse were turned into hospitals. I went through one of the former to aid in giving food and medicine. In every pew lay a patient, cheerful sufferer, and into the inclosure round the altar they were constantly carrying the dead, wrapped in a single blanket. Side by side lay master and servant, rich and poor. War, like death, is a great leveler. I saw come in from the camps ambulance after ambulance with their sad loads, the dead and dying in the same vehicle, and tried in vain to stay many a parting breath. How could I leave such scenes, where there was so much to do? Impelled by the hope of coming back with aid and comfort, I hurried away.

There was no way of communicating with my family to tell them of my escape, and arriving in Richmond alone and at night, I did not know how to find any one. At last, as I was passing along one of the main streets, I saw through an open window, seated by a bright fire, my cousin Mrs. Sidney Smith Lee. Entering unannounced, I was informed that they all thought me in a "Yankee prison." It was not long before I found all my dear ones, and I told them of my resolve to leave them again, after a few

days' preparation, to return to the mountains, gather up my patients, and go to work. The President said to me at parting: "God bless your work! Remember, if you save the lives of a hundred men, you will have done more for your country than if you had fought a hundred battles." From him and from the Surgeon general I had *carte blanche*, free transportation wherever I should go, hospital stores, and nurses *ad libitum*, could I have found any of these willing to encounter the winter's snow on the mountains, where were defeat and disaster, sickness and suffering. With one faithful man servant I set out, so full of enthusiasm as not to feel cold and fatigue, everywhere encountering that sympathy and kindness from our people which never failed me in all my wanderings. We slept at Staunton; and when I asked for my bill, the landlord said that he had none for a woman who went to nurse soldiers: and so it befell me everywhere.

"Jim" was my protector on my journey; and when we opened the hospital at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, he was my cook, nurse, maid, sympathizer, everything, and he did all things well. He slept in the room adjoining mine, and I would often wake in the night and cry out: "Jim, I am frightened! I cannot sleep! I see the faces of the men who died to-day!" "Go 'long, Miss Embly," he would grumble out, "dead men ain't agwine to hurt you. You was good to them. Go 'long to sleep." My fears thus quieted, I slept.

We had our own little troubles. Looked upon as an interloper, I was also viewed with suspicion as having recently come from "Yankeedom." But my kind chief surgeon, Dr. Hunter, stood by me, and soon stilled the evil spirits. Also the neighbors, the Caldwell family, to whom the springs belonged, were most kind. With the family of Mr. Cowardin

of Beauregard — near by — I formed an intimacy, cemented by our mutual trials, which has continued ever since. Thrown together again in Richmond (where Mr. Cowardin was editor of the *Despatch*), we saw the last act of our great drama; and my association with the younger generation through all changes and chances has never been interrupted. In the summer of 1889 I saw again, for the first time since the war, the scene of my early hospital experiences. With what emotion I found myself upon the spot sacred to such memories! Every room had its own story; and saddest of all was the place where we had laid the dead, unmarked by a single stone! I had difficulty in finding the spot. Oh, my poor fellows! Was it for this you left your Southern homes, the "land of flowers," Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Carolina, — to die amidst these cold mountains, and be forgotten?¹ In the ballroom, in the dining room, where now the gay world assembled, I saw a sight they could not see, I heard a voice they could not hear. Yonder were sixty typhoid cases, there sixty wounded men. Every cottage had its quota of the eighteen hundred men we gathered in. "Carolina Row" held the diphtheria patients, and here, in one room, on a bright, sunshiny winter's day, died four men at the same hour, while I ran in vain from one to the other, trying to tear with my fingers the white, leathery substance which spread over the mouth, and even came out upon the lips. Up to the time of the war I had seldom seen death. A merciful Providence had spared me the sight of it in my own family, in the cases of my parents. And now, in this great family, I saw eighteen die daily, and could not go fast enough from one to the other, to say a last prayer and hear a "last word."

Both the North and the South soon found that it was necessary not only to this sacred duty now in charge, — the care of Confederate graves.

¹ The Daughters of the Confederacy, in West Virginia, as throughout the whole South, have

have love and devotion, to nurse well, but also that successful nursing required knowledge and experience, which few of us had. The Sisters of Mercy of Charleston, South Carolina, were offered by the bishop of that state to go wherever they were needed, and I was the happy person to secure their aid. They arrived at midnight Christmas Eve, in a blinding snowstorm; but they soon cleared the sky about them. Our labors were systematized, and I learned much from their teachings. The men were shy of them at first, few of them having ever seen a Catholic, much less a "Sister." But very soon my pet patients hesitatingly confessed: "You see, captain" (as I was called), "they are more used to it than you are. They know how to handle a fellow when he's sick, and don't mind a bit how bad a wound smells." It was not that they loved me less, but they loved the Sisters more — and I forgave them.

Here we labored until the spring brought a "Yankee raid" from the west, and we "fell back" to Charlottesville, where we were under the supervision of the famous Dr. Cabell. But soon came the Seven Days' Fight before Richmond, and I was sent to Lynchburg to open the Methodist College building and prepare for the wounded, who already filled Richmond to overflowing, and polluted the air with the odor of blood and wounds. At Lynchburg we had also a camp of Federal prisoners, which I visited with the priest. But there were no wounded, and few sick. Here, as elsewhere, we met with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Mr. McDaniel's carriage met me at the station, and to his house I was taken while we made ready the new hospital, which the McDaniels helped to stock with dainties from their own stores. My sister, Mrs. Rowland, who had been nursing soldiers, since the battle of Manassas, at Warrenton Springs, joined me at Charlottesville, and together we labored to the end. The Sisters of Mercy

had been called away to another field of duty. At Lynchburg arrived, day after day, hundreds of mutilated bodies, with unbroken spirits, and many to whom fatigue and exposure brought pneumonia and fever.

I frequently visited the camp of Federal prisoners, who had been captured by Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, carried dainties to their sick, and wrote many letters for them to their homes. Then I became ill, the only time during the war that I lost a day from "duty." The odor of wounds poisoned me, and for a fortnight I gave orders from my bed. It was here that I met Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart. She lost a lovely little girl of ten or twelve years, who vainly asked to see her father, then far away with the army. The skill of our chief surgeon, Dr. Owings, and the pure mountain air brought healing to us all, and we were sorry when the investiture of Richmond obliged us to leave this beautiful region to open the great Camp Winder Hospital, near Richmond, where my sister and I took charge of the Georgia Division, numbering about eight hundred men.

What stories of heroism I might relate, of faith and endurance, amongst men the most illiterate and the most uninteresting in exterior; of sufferings from fevers, of agonies from wounds and amputations; arms and legs with gangrene, the flesh all sloughed off or burned off with caustic, leaving only the bone, the blue veins, and muscle visible! I must put cotton wet with camphor in my nostrils, to stand by these cases. Man after man I have seen carried to the amputating room, singing a Baptist or Methodist hymn as he passed on his stretcher. As I walked beside him, holding his hand, he would say: "Tell my mother I am not afraid to die. God knows I die in a just cause. He will forgive my sins." Standing by the table upon which lay a man to be operated upon for an enormous aneurism, whose chances for life were small (this must

have been in Lynchburg), I wrote down his last words to his family, while he coolly surveyed the instruments, the surgeons with bared arms, and the great tub prepared to catch his blood. The doctor held his pulse, and assured me that, with all these preparations in view, it never quickened its march. His courage saved him; but he was so weak, after so great a loss of blood, we could not move him from the table, nor even put a pillow under his head. He was one of the "tar-heels" of North Carolina, who are hard to beat.

It was after the battle of Fredericksburg, or perhaps the Wilderness, that we were ordered to have ready eight hundred beds; for so many our great field hospital accommodated. The convalescents, and the "old soldiers" with rheumatism and chronic disorders who would not get well, were sent to town hospitals, and we made ready for the night when should come in the eight hundred. The Balaklava charge was nothing to it! They came so fast it was impossible to dress and examine them. So upon the floor of the receiving wards (long, low buildings, hastily put up) the men nurses placed in rows on each side their ghastly burdens, covered with blood and dirt, stiff with mud and gravel from the little streams into which they often fell. The women nurses, armed with pails of toddy or milk, passed up and down, giving to each man a reviving drink to prepare him for the examination of the surgeons; others, with water and sponges, wet the stiff bandages. As I passed around, looking to see who was most in need of help and should first be washed and borne to his bed, I was especially attracted by one group. A young officer lay with his head upon the lap of another equally distinguished-looking man, while a negro man servant stood by in great distress. I offered a drink to the wounded man, saying, "You are badly hurt, I fear." "Oh no," he replied. "Do not mind me, but help the poor

fellow next me, who is groaning and crying. He is wounded in the wrist. There is nothing so painful as that. Besides, you see, I have my friend, a young physician, with me, and a servant to ask for what I need."

So passing on to the man with the wounded wrist, I stopped to wet it again and again, to loosen the tight bandage, and to say a comforting word; and then on and on, till I lost sight of this interesting group, where there was so much to absorb my attention, and forgot it till in the early morning I saw the same persons. The handsome young officer was being borne on a litter to the amputating room, between his two friends. His going first of all the wounded heroes proved that his was the most urgent case. Rushing to his side, I reproached him for having deceived me with his cheerful face. "Only a leg to be taken off," he said, — "an everyday affair."

I followed to see him laid upon the terrible table which had proved fatal to so many. Not only was his leg to be taken off at the thigh, an operation from which few recovered, but he had two wounds beside. From this moment I rarely lost sight of the doomed man. He was of a Louisiana regiment (the Washington Artillery, I think, for he came from Washington, on the Red River). One could see that he was of a refined and cultivated family; that he was the darling of the parents of whom he constantly spoke. Yet he never complained of his rude straw couch, or seemed to miss the comforts which we would fain have given him; nor did he lament his untimely fate, or utter a murmur over pangs which would have moved the stoutest heart. He could not lie upon his back, for a gaping wound extended from his shoulder far down upon it, nor could he get upon one side, for his arm was crushed. We were forced to swing him from the ceiling. Soon the mutilated leg became covered with

the fatal gangrene, and all the burning of this "proud flesh" could not keep death from the door. Even in his burning fevers, in his wild delirium, every word betrayed a pure and noble heart, full of love to God, to country, and to home. He could be quieted only by the sound of music. We took turns, my sister and I, to sit beside him and sing plaintive hymns, when he would be still, and murmur: "Sing. Pray, pray." Thus we sung and prayed for three long weeks, till we saw the end draw near, and lowered him into his bed, that his "dull ear" might hear our words, and his cold hand feel our warm touch. One evening he had been lying so still that we could hardly feel his pulse, and the rough men of the ward had gathered about the bed, still and solemn. Suddenly the pale face lighted with a lovely glow, the dim eyes shone brilliantly, and rising in his bed with outstretched arms, as if to clasp some visible being, his voice, clear and cheerful, rang out, "Come down, beautiful ladies, come!" "He sees a vision of angels!" cried the awestricken men. We all knelt. The young soldier fell back, dead!

In another ward lay upon the floor two young men just taken from an ambulance, — dead, as was supposed. Their heads were enveloped in bloody bandages, and the little clothing they had was glued to their bodies with mud and gravel. Hastily examining them, the surgeon gave the order, "To the dead-house." I prayed that they might be left till morning, and bent over them, with my ear upon the heart, to try and detect a faint pulsation, but in vain. Yet neither of them had the rigidity of death in his limbs, as I heard the surgeon remark. Turning them over, he pointed to the wounds below the ear, the jaws shattered, and one or both eyes put out, and reminded me that even could they be brought to life, it would be an existence worse than death, — blind, deaf, perhaps unable to eat; and he muttered

something about "wasting time on the dead which was needed for the living."

"Life is sweet," I replied, "even to the blind and the deaf and dumb, and these men may be the darlings of some fond hearts who will love them more in their helplessness than in their sunniest hours."

And so I kept my "dead men;" and the more I examined the younger one, the more was my interest excited. His hands, small and well formed, betokened the gentleman. His bare feet were of the same type, though cut by stones and covered with sand and gravel. After searching for a mouth to these bundles of rags, we forced a small tube between the lips with a drop of milk punch, and had the satisfaction to perceive that it did not ooze out, but disappeared somewhere; and all night long, in making our rounds and passing the "dead men," we pursued the same process. At last, with the morning, the great pressure was over, and we found a surgeon ready to examine and dress again the wounds, and we were permitted to cut away by bits the stiff rags from their bodies, wash and dress them, pick out the gravel from their torn feet, and wrap them in greased linen. With what joy we heard the first faint sigh and felt the first weak pulsation! Hour after hour, day after day, these men lay side by side, and were fed, drop by drop, from a tube, lest we should strangle them. The one least wounded never recovered his mind, which had been shattered with his body, and he afterwards died. The younger one, though he could neither speak nor see, and could hear but imperfectly, showed in a thousand ways, though his mind wandered at times, that he was aware of what went on about him, and he was gentle and grateful to all who served him. As he had come in without cap or knapsack, and there was no clue to his identity, over his bed we wrote, "Name and regiment unknown."

In the meanwhile, by flag of truce

from the North, had come newspapers and letters making inquiries for a young man who, in a fervor of enthusiasm, had run away from school in England to fight the battles of the South. His mother having been a South Carolinian, he wrote his father he had gone to fight for his mother's country and for his mother's grave. Traced to Charleston, he was known to have gone to the Army of Northern Virginia, and to have entered the battle of the Wilderness as color bearer to his regiment, in bare feet. As nothing had been heard of him since the battle, he was reported dead; but his distracted friends begged that the hospitals about Richmond might be examined, to learn if any trace of him could be found. We perceived instantly that this runaway boy was our patient. Informed of our convictions, the assistant surgeon general came to see and examine him, being himself a Carolinian and a friend of the mother's family. But the boy either would not or could not understand the questions addressed to him. Many weeks and months passed in the dimly lighted room to which he was consigned, before we could lift the bandage from the one eye, before he could hear with the one ear and eat with the wounded mouth. Fed with soups

and milk, he grew strong and cheerful, and was suspected of seeing a little before he confessed it, as I often noticed his head elevated to an angle which enabled him to watch the pretty girls who came from the city to read to him and bring him dainties. These, moved by compassion for his youth and romantic history, came to help us nurse him, and risked daily choking him in their well-meant endeavors to feed him. At last all the bandages were removed, save a ribbon over the lost eye, and our "dead man" came forth, a handsome youth of eighteen or nineteen, graceful and elegant. Now the surgeon general claiming him for his father, with much regret we gave him up to the flag-of-truce boat, and he was lost to us till the end of the war. He had a new eye made in England, and came to see us after the fall of Richmond, bringing me a fine present, his enthusiasm and his gratitude nothing damped by time and change. Even with the two eyes, he saw so imperfectly that he was soon obliged to seek for a life companion to guide his uncertain steps. In Charleston he fell in love with one of his own family connection, and, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, "they were married, and lived happy ever after."

Emily V. Mason.

(To be continued.)

GOING INTO THE WOODS.

EVERY man of culture and intelligence feels at times the need of a recurrence to nature and to primitive life. These times are usually about the summer solstice or the autumnal equinox. The desire to break away from his surroundings becomes irresistible; he yearns for space, for solitude, for desolation, and he flies to the forest, the ocean, or

the desert. Such a man should dwell in a world-city or a university town, and these spots should alternate with the waste places of earth; for, though he may find recreation in the former, it is in the latter only that he meets with re-creation. There is no halfway house between the metropolis and the desert for the man of imagination, of

ideality and spirituality. He must live in each: in one to sustain his intellectual force by association with man and art, in the other to deepen and make broad his spiritual life by fellowship with simple nature. The forest, the ocean, the desert, these are where exhausted Antæus renews his strength at the touch of mother earth: the sky, the winds, the waters, the trees, the rocks, the stars, these are counselors that feelingly persuade him what he is.

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

Think of it, ye atoms of crowds and cities, ye have cut yourselves off from the most soulful source of inspiration, solitude; ye have turned your backs upon simplicity, and are bending your heads to the gutter, indifferent to the sublimest spectacle of the world, the vast dome of stars. Simplicity, the first of man's conditions when he enters life, but which wanes constantly as he advances to his prime, has its fastnesses in the woods, on the waters, and among the rocks and sands.

It is singular how little admiration of wild scenery and fondness for wild life have come down to us from the ancients. There is more of these in a week's publications of to-day than remains in the literature of Greece and Rome taken together. Of the waste places as sources of introspection and inspiration, the Greeks and Romans seem to have had no conception whatever: and as with them, so with their descendants. We know where the institutions of these races came from; they came from the cities and towns: but of the Teutonic institutions, it is just as certain that they came out of the woods. Equally inspiring were the deserts of the East. Let it not be forgotten that the Decalogue itself was given to man from the heights of a savage mountain, and that it was from the wilderness that the prophets and leaders, like John the Baptist and Mahomet, emerged after their long discipline to realize by their deeds the

visions of the desert. Solitude is a stern creator and taskmaster, but to him who has the will to endure it is bounteous, filling his soul with deep feeling and lofty aspirations, hardening his fibre and enduing him with great thoughts and the force to express them. When it has done these things, when it has fed him on locusts and wild honey, it sends him forth to subdue men. Forty years in the desert were not deemed by the God of Israel too long, nor their privations too great, to weld the Jews into a chosen people; and when Jesus of Nazareth felt the need of inspiration, he withdrew from the crowd and went up into a mountain to pray. The whole history of the Jews, the most poetic and prophetic of all mankind, is alive with their sensitiveness to the spiritual uses of the desert. It was a realm where reigned a brooding mother to them, solitude; a place in which great souls sought the forces and the development that could not else be found, but where little men were crushed under the weight of the awful silence they had not the strength to break. The Jew and the Arab found solitude in the desert, and drew from it inspiration; the Egyptians found there solitude also, and typified it with one solitary Sphinx; they perpetuated an impression but no inspiration. The Greeks and Romans were no friends to solitude; they feared it, and they drove it away before hordes of fauns, satyrs, and bacchanals.

Of all the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake like unto the English-speaking people; nor has any ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of to-day. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and, buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha. Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their

adventure; they have embodied it in their literature. They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes, and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the oak openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big-horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River, to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogallalas, has endowed history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams. The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, all have worshiped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the present President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office, while President Harrison, the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain. These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for rest, recreation, observation, and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jaques de Boys said of the forest of Arden: "Every day men of great worth resorted to this forest."

Is this tendency to revert to primitive life a survival of latent savageness inherited by us, or is it an outcome of culture and of healthy aspiration that has sprung up out of the dust of ages?

Happily we can reach our goal with no great effort, and it is due to this fact that the annual migration is partly accountable: for from the latitude of 44° north to the barrens of Labrador and the Great Lone Land extends a vast forest from the Atlantic to the western prairies. Stretching southward from Northern Pennsylvania to Georgia, another clothes the Appalachian range of mountains; the Rocky Mountains have their woods and parks, and the Coast Range, with its wonderful growth, runs from Alaska to Mexico. East of the Mississippi, this northern belt of woodland is drained by streams and broad rivers, and is broken by innumerable lakes of every size, and all are glacial lakes. Steamboats on the rivers and lakes, and railroads on the land, provide speedy and easy access. There is everything to tempt the adventurer: he "must to the greenwood go," but not in banishment.

We are prone to regard things from the standpoint of our own personality, and we limit the application of the word "new" to what relates to ourselves. The word "ancient," for the same reason, is apt to be restricted to what belongs to humankind; the Pyramids and the Rig-Veda are ancient, and even the Greeks and Romans are now the ancients: but this forest south of 41° latitude is older than man, for it must have existed ages before the Neanderthal man was born. North of 41°, it sprang up in the wake of the retreating ice-cap. Forests there have been far back in the palæozoic age, but this northern forest must have sprung up since the glacial epoch. Even from its latest origin, then, it has the prestige of prehistoric antiquity, for, when the melting ice-cap had left behind the lakes it had scooped out and dammed up, these very woods speedily clothed their banks, and not even the floods of the Champlain epoch could wash them from the uplands. This is what the forest primeval means.

All of the land covered by the Adirondacks, and all north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, has a still higher claim to antiquity, for it is the oldest geological formation known to man, and it was the sole land washed by the boundless seas. It was so old when it rose above the waters that not a living thing, not even a sponge, existed upon it. Animal life had not yet visited the earth: the age was azoic. Of this land, the example best known to our people is that of the Adirondacks; and these mountains are the most accessible and are nearest to the densest population. They are exquisitely picturesque, they inclose the most charming lakes and ponds, and they are covered by a dense growth. It is true that they are now despoiled, and that their solitude has been broken or can be found only in the farthest recesses; but the beauty of the mountains will endure forever, and somewhere will be always

"Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves."

Of a character quite different from the Adirondacks, though of the same geological formation, are the Laurentides, which extend from Lake Superior to Labrador, and, after passing Lac St. Pierre, are in full sight of the voyager down the St. Lawrence. They rise in elevation as they run northward, and are not grouped nor massed like the Adirondacks, but constitute a long drawn-out range of hills, never lofty, but of height exceedingly illusory to the distant observer. This range is all that is left of mighty mountains whose bases once withstood the shock of palæozoic oceans, and they have been likened by Joseph Le Conte, in homely phrase, to the wornout and ground down teeth in the jaw of an old and decayed animal. Should you wish to see them in their best estate, seek on a clear evening the northern end of the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec, or mount the glacis of the Citadel, and look nearly due north at

the break in their outline. You will then be looking up the valley of the Montmorenci and into the heart of the Laurentides. As the sun stoops to his bed, the beautiful and changing lights and colors of the hour play along the range, and the forms of the mountains through which the Montmorenci has broken on its way to its final leap into the St. Lawrence are softened by haze, but are still perfectly discernible. You cannot fail to be struck with a character new to one who views them for the first time; they seem to be tumbling in upon each other. They are exquisitely beautiful, and the eye dwells upon them until the crimson has deepened into purple, and the purple into darkness.

Take the Saguenay steamer and descend the St. Lawrence. One gets a nearer view as the mountains come to the water's edge and are under a morning light. They continue to rise in height, — a feature perfectly apparent from the Terrace, — and become bold and savage: at Tadousac the ascent of the Saguenay is begun, and one passes through the chain. The grandeur of the passage is too well known for description here, but it will add interest to the scene to recall that in gazing upon the Laurentides one is looking at the most ancient objects in the world; hills to which the Andes and the Himalaya are but things of yesterday.

At the bases of these worn-down mountains are charming lakes, all glacial, of which Lac Beauport and Lac St. Joseph are well-known examples, and all lakes, ponds, and streams are trout waters. The largest lakes are at the sources of the mountain torrents, away up near the watershed which runs between the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, such as Lac des Neiges, or Snow Lake, at the head of the Montmorenci, Grand Lac Jacques Cartier, at the head of the river of this name, and Lac Edouard, or Lake Edward, the source of the Batiscan.

Far otherwise than beautiful is the

southern shore of the St. Lawrence. The geological formation is a different one; the lower Silurian stretches from the foot of the Laurentian chain to the Atlantic, and the character of the landscape has altered at once; it is flat, inane, and barren to the eye, but none the less inviting to the hunter, and, with the New Brunswick and Baie des Chaleurs salmon rivers, to the angler.

He, therefore, whose inclination to the woods has a root in sentiment and in love of the picturesque, will start from the foundation and look to his geology before setting forth. He will be sure of the picturesque and ancient if he hie to the Laurentian formation, wherever it may be. Next to this, let him seek the less savage but ever beautiful Devonian.

The character of the Laurentian rivers, such as the Ste. Anne *en haut*, the Ste. Anne *en bas*, the Montmorenci, the Jacques Cartier, and the Batiscan, differs widely from that of the rivers of Maine and of the Adirondack country; they are torrential. From Ste. Anne de Beaupré, near where the Laurentides touch the St. Lawrence, to the St. Maurice, their courses are short and precipitate, and they rush down the mountain slopes broken by falls and rapids. Canoeing on them is difficult and toilsome, and is done by poling; the portages are numerous. Not so the Moose River of Maine or the Raquette of the Adirondacks. These flow through alluvial soil in curves and ox-bows; the banks are clothed with dense vegetation, and the streams are fed by copious outlets of back-lying lakes and ponds; lake-like expanses are more common, but, in comparison with the Laurentian rivers, rapids are few and falls still fewer.

The Jacques Cartier is one of the most picturesque of the Quebec streams, which may be described as mountain torrents broken by numerous rapids, the water even in the pools being "quick;" but I am better acquainted with the upper Montmorenci, which I have ascend-

ed and descended many times. Always has my heart leaped up, when, the Flat rapid passed, and poling up the reach, the murmur of the Paquet rapid has broken upon my ear. The scene is wild and savage. The valley — but there is none; the mountains on either side and ahead (for they seem to bar the way) rise from the shores of the stream, and have been stripped of their growth of timber by fire, by landslides, and by the lumberman. The rapid comes in sight as we painfully round a bend. If it is a clear day, with a bright sun, the river is intensely blue and crossed by a line of white water: it is the rapid tossing its mane in the air. We pole into the pool at its foot, where there is a portage to be taken by the angler. This portage is a short one and cuts across a bend to the head of the rapid. The canoe-man, at low water, poles upstream, leaving one to follow the path alone. The transition from the roar of the waters to the stillness of the woods is abrupt, and never has been wanting the momentary impression of being deserted and lost in the woods. The further end of the portage reached, one throws himself upon a patch of grass and waits for the canoe, which at last appears, the pole of the toiling canoe-man ringing against the rocks. We are now on the *pêche* Ste. Anne, a trout pool famous for generations as one of big scores of heavy weights.

These torrents rise and fall quickly. Two years ago I came down the Paquet on a flood, and the descent was an exhilarating one. There is just enough danger in running rapids to quicken the nerves, but it is at low water that the greatest danger lies, for the sunken rocks are then most apt to be those upon which the canoe may split: at high water the canoe runs over everything. Often have I ascended rapids. This is done by hugging the shore and taking advantage of the back water; and, when the canoe-man stops to take a rest, pleasant it is to lie in the canoe, with the

water a few feet off rushing and roaring, and smoke a pipe. In fishing on the rapids, one makes his way up or down midstream, anchors, and casts in the back waters and edges of the current. We push on to the camp, which is surrounded by scarred and tempest-beaten ridges, some still having crests of pyramidal firs on their sharp outlines, while others, like the Snow River range, are absolutely bare. Below us is the Paquet rapid; above us is the Meeting of the Waters, immediately beyond which is the Rapide Noire or Black rapid; and still further beyond is the Snow River pool, above which the river of that name falls in, with its wealth of water pouring in multitudinous streams.

The little lakes that lie at the feet of the Laurentides in the vicinity of Quebec are mostly isolated, though here and there are small systems; but these systems do not compare with those of the Adirondacks or of Maine, where one can start from the Lower Saranac and go to the head of Fish Creek, through twenty lakes and ponds, or to Blue Mountain or to the Tupper lakes and beyond; or, leaving Jackman, go around the Bow up river, or down river by way of Moosehead to the St. John or lower Penobscot and tidewater. Nevertheless, the Quebec lakes exceed these in beauty, for the reason that the Laurentides are at their very heads; one is always sure of changing lights and colors such as mountains only can afford, and in stormy weather of shower after shower chasing along the hills. One tempestuous day, when caught at the first sand beach in the upper part of Lake St. Joseph, we counted five of these gusts scurrying in ghostly flight one after another. For the reason that the lakes at the feet of the Laurentides are so beautiful, — the fact that the hills rise from them in full height, — the larger lakes up on the divide are not so impressive in scenic effect: the relief of the background is not so high, the observer being near the summit of the

range and not at its foot. One gets a glimpse, though, from Lake Edward, of the Bostonnais chain, which, in the full glory of autumnal color and under a bright sun, is very striking. There are beaches on the Quebec lakes, but few good landing places on the rivers, and the whole Laurentian formation, be it in the Adirondacks, in Maine, or in Canada, is lacking in springs, such as there are being impregnated with lime or iron. The best water is that which flows from alder swamps on the hillsides; this is rain water which has percolated through moss, and, descending in the shade of dense growth, comes to one's lips, clear, sweet, and cold.

There is a note of warning to be given concerning the flies that swarm in the woods, and which are a veritable curse during their period of existence. The Jesuit Le Jeune, in his *Relation* of 1632, enumerates the various kinds, from the house fly to the fire fly, dwelling with sanguinary particularity upon those that bite and sting. He says that he had seen men whose cheeks were so swollen from the stings that one could not distinguish their eyes; and adds that they draw blood from whomsoever they light upon, — an experience few have escaped who have ventured into the woods in "fly-time." He says, further, that they attack some in preference to others, a discrimination confirmed to this day by the claim of the habitant to immunity from their assaults. Thoreau, also, in his article on *The Allegash and East Branch*, gives his enumeration under the headings, first, second, third, and fourth, putting mosquitoes first, then the black flies, next moose flies, and lastly the No-see-ums, or sand flies.

I have never been molested by the moose or deer fly, but there are three places that will remain always in my recollection in connection with mosquitoes, and these are Barnegat, on the Jersey coast, Lac aux Ecorces, and Lake Edward; these last localities be-

ing in the Laurentides. Those at Bar-negat were plentiful and vigorous, but it seems that the further north we go the worse they get, for a member of Hayes's party told me that he had never seen a swarm denser than one which was hovering over a snow bank in the harbor of Upernavik, Greenland. At Lac aux Ecorces I learned why the Indian sleeps with his head buried in his blanket, — he has to do so, or be devoured. Of them all, the bruleau, or sand fly (Thoreau's No-see-ums), is the worst. The black fly goes to rest with the sun, the mosquito at midnight, but the sand fly stays at its work all night. Once established in the cabin, it gets into the clothing, and, as a capping climax, into one's blankets. The mosquito and sand fly puncture, but the black fly bites, and bites a piece out; this makes a bad and slow-healing wound; the sand fly pierces the skin with a red-hot needle, and hence its name, the burner. The angler is driven off the pools by sudden irruption of bruleaux, and in the daytime I have seen the inside of a cabin's windows yellowish green with them. There are palliatives against these pests, but little prevention. The bruleaux will fly into a fire, but those that have got into the clothing of man or bed remain. When once the tormentors have taken possession of the voyager and his hut there is but one of two things to do, — change camp, or return to the settlements until the pest has abated. From the middle of June until August, the woods of that vicinity are not friendly to the intruder, and he had better give them a wide berth.

When may a man go into the woods? Leaving winter out of the question, the lover of the forest has from the middle of May to the middle of June, when the foliage is fast expanding to perfection, the wild flowers are in bloom, the streams are full, and the trout are jumping; and from the middle of August to November, when the wind blows fresh and bracing, when the woods are masses

of color sharply contrasted with dark evergreens, and when the stags are leaping.

We lose much, however, if we leave winter out of the question, for yearly I meet caribou hunters, among whom are true lovers of nature, who tell me that to their minds the woods are in their glory during the subarctic winter. I recall one of these who was famous for his woodcraft, his love of adventure, his hardihood, his powers of observation, and his skill; and for his gentle disposition withal. He had held a responsible position for years in a noted line of steamers whose fleet plies between our ports and the tropics; but he had never made a voyage. His love for the woods was a passion. "Where," said he to me one day, "do you suppose I shall go, should I ever tear myself away for a winter?" "To the tropics," I answered. "No; I detest their very name." "To Europe." "No." "Around the world." "No; I shall take my axe, my snowshoes, my rifle, some provisions and books, and go into the wilderness north of the Saguenay, and there, with no neighbors but Montagnais Indians, and they fifty miles away, I shall build a cabin, and pass the livelong winter reading, studying the trees, the weather, and the snow-birds, and be happy in absolute solitude and contact with nature." His was a voice for the woods in winter!

The latest picture of John Burroughs represents him standing in the snow, on the verge of a thicket, gazing intently at the tracks left by a roving animal.

Who should go into the woods? All who would seek them for the woods' sake. If I could have my way, none others should go. I should bar out every one and all who seek them merely to slaughter four-footed game; merely to kill fish or to kill time; merely to say, when they return home, that they have been there. These are sweeping restrictions, but my tyranny would be a beneficent one. How shocking, the vulgar

incongruities of the Adirondacks! Take the train from Greenville to Bangor during the open season for moose and deer, and hear the loud-voiced narrations of the "good times" the swashbucklers have been having up Penobscot way, or down the Allegash. The good times have been due, not to what the woods have given them, but to what they took into the woods with them; times which they might have had more fully and more appropriately at a fish-house on Coney Island than in a camp on Cautcomgomoc Lake. These men are intruders into "God's first temple" as much as they would be were they to pitch their tents in a church. They bring back nothing worth having; not even a pair of horns. For them the stars have twinkled to blind eyes, and the music of the wind through the pines and of the wash of the waves on the shore has fallen on deaf ears; nor has the silence of the woods aroused awe in their bosoms, nor has their misspent energy produced an aspiration hitherto unfelt: they have exerted powers other than the power of an endless life. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

He should go, on the contrary, who is open to that influence of nature which the forest alone exerts, and which can be had nowhere else than in its depths; who would see "how the pine lives and grows and spires, lifting its evergreen arms to the light;" what the streams are working at, now building up, now sweeping away their own work; what the rushes, struggling for life on a sandbar, are doing; what the winds of heaven, and the mosses, the lichens, the trees and the mould under them are achieving, and how they perform their tasks. He who delights in the sighing of the evergreens, the rustle of leaves, the murmur of ripples, the roar of rapids and falls, and of the gale lashing the chafed bosom of the lake, or bending the tops of trees before its blast; he who can find tongues in trees,

books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything, he should go, must go, to the woods.

To catch fish and to shoot deer and ruffed grouse are perfectly legitimate acts, like all true sport, when they are incidental to higher purposes: but there are other and better things, touching the soul of man, which the woods offer and which imperious nature insists shall be first in his regard, to the subordination of everything else except sustenance, which is a need. This none know better than the sportsmen, who have ever contended that sport ceases to be sport when the pursuit is not founded on something higher than greed or labor, or when its enjoyment involves the sacrifice of higher things.

To competent skill in angling or hunting there should be added that in woodcraft. In these days of professional guides, it is true that one could live out his time in the woods without either knowledge or skill in the sylvan arts; but, apart from a possible need of such attributes, much pleasure is lost by not having them. The chase is natural to all animals, and he is wise who indulges in it within the limitations of true sport. As for woodcraft, there should be some knowledge, if only to understand what is going on before one's eyes, to favor self-reliance, and to feel that one is not standing in jeopardy every hour.

Should one be interested in subjects for which the woods offer opportunity to study, great is the gain, for mere sensuous enjoyment of the forest, the waters, and the sky, or, on the other hand, mere idealization of them, is not enough: there should be acquisition of knowledge and reasoning thereon. A taste for geology, mineralogy, meteorology, botany, ornithology, or star-gazing, will meet with many an occasion for exercise on the lakes, in the woods, and in the clearings. Let it not be carried, though, to the sacrifice of higher delights. Once I met at my resting place in a remote corner of Canada a

famous botanist, who, on the rumor of a high prize in plant life, had traveled eight hundred miles with the hope of winning it. We fished out of a quiet tarn, to his great joy, a long, snaky, and slimy water-weed, specimens of which, a day or two after, were labeled with the addresses of all the great universities and collections in Christendom. On our way back, I took note that he kept his eyes bent on the trees, bushes, and grasses that lined the road. "I suppose," said I, "that you know every leaf, flower, and blade that you see." There was real regret in his response: "Sometimes I wish that I did not know them so well as I do, and that I were not so possessed with plant hunger; for I should see many a beautiful thing that I am now blind to, and should be the better for."

The woods offer a busy life to him who will lead it, but one tempered with sweet restfulness. What with the pursuit of some subject of natural science, with a pair of glasses for star-gazing, and a judicious exercise of woodcraft and angling or hunting, there is plenty to do, and we should come back to camp healthily tired, to a good book, and, not least, to a good meal and a good bed. It is a great mistake to go into the woods with the vulgar notion of "roughing it;" a term commonly expressive of hard toil and squalid living. There need not be and should not be anything of the kind. Gentle living is easily managed in these days of delicate supply and clean camp-keepers, and there is no excuse for subjecting one's self to the labor and squalor of aboriginal savagery. Cabins can be made weather-proof and comfortable, and be kept kempt and tidy. Men should seek the woods to enjoy rest and tranquillity, and not to toil and worry; and, so far from roughing it, they should smooth it. We hie to the greenwood to escape the stress and rudeness of daily life in the world at home; it would be a downright failure to exchange one asperity

for another. A change of mental labor may be mental rest, but no change of care can make one glad. The wise man will betake himself where no daily paper can reach him: it is essential to the success of his adventure that he cut himself off from the world. He who would carry his care and worry with him has no business in these still recesses: let him be wise in time and stay at home, for, if he will not be spiritually minded, he shall not have life and peace. "Man's goings are of the Lord; when he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

I once saw a noted poet, tired and dusty after a day's journey, alight on the shore of the Lower Saranac. At the sight of the well-remembered lake and woods he broke forth in recitation of Fletcher's Ode to Melancholy. "Hence, all you vain delights!" was at once his rejection of the world's frivolities, upon which he had turned his back, and his salutation to the beloved wilds which then were clasping him to their bosom.

The man that goes into the woods ungoaded by the furies of trout killing or deer killing, but who is content to take these woods as he finds them, will so apportion his time as to have his nooning a long and restful one. Bird, beast, and fish unite in permitting him repose for several hours. This is the period that he can give to reading. There is no better place in the world than the camp to refresh one's memory, to recall passages long ago familiar, but now growing dim; and no better time than when the body is resting, and resting on a bed of balsam boughs. Particularly is this the case with poetry. One does not wish in these surroundings to enter on the serious work of mastering an epic, or of familiarizing one's self with a new poet; but there are times when it becomes fitting to brush up past readings, and the camp is a capital place for a task of this kind, and, for the hour, there is none better. Short poems or

well-thumbed lyrical collections are what is wanted. There is nothing to distract the attention, and it is astonishing how speedily a dulled memory brightens up and sets to work to revive the old favorites, and to renew in activity as lively as ever the half-forgotten lines that once had stirred the blood and had become elements of the intellectual forces. Go back to the ancient lyrics, the favorites of your youth: they will renew a right spirit within you. If you are old, they will make you young again: if you are young and they are strange, you will take home with you friends that you had not when you entered the woodland, and friends they will be for a lifetime. Take one of the old odes and learn it by heart: you will be amazed at the rapidity with which it comes back; it runs to meet you, or, rather, you will discover that all along it has been a part of you, but that, to your confusion, you have neglected it. Now you are making amends: a recovered force is a new force, you have lost and have found, and your joy is great. One can hardly imagine a busy man subtracting hours from the daily life of a city to get back his poetry, a task long ago primitive to him: but the woods themselves are primitive, life there is primitive, and there, if anywhere, is the place to renew the lore of one's youth, or to equip a young man with noble thoughts. They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts, said Sir Philip Sidney. Observe, O ancient and O youth! that you do not go into the woods for intellectual work, but to rest from such work, and that the task here set you is a gentle one, requiring no greater exertion of the memory than that which exercised your body when you cast your fly in the morning's angling, — and thus the inward man is renewed day by day.

There is no place where the imagination is appealed to more effectively than the woods. Who has ever stumbled upon the merest hunter's camp, perhaps

the resting place for a single night only, and not felt a thrill? The charred chunks of wood, where the fire had blazed and lighted up the trees around, and had sent its beams into the cavernous darkness; the red, rusty, flattened balsam beds, where tired men had slept; a few tent pegs; these are worthless things, but they move deeply our social sense, and, mere vestiges though they be, remind us that we are indifferent to nothing that once has had the touch of a human being. It is the man's footprint on the desert shore, and, as it affected Crusoe, so it affects us. A few months since I turned aside from my course to see what was left of a cabin in which I had passed some days a long time ago. As I neared the spot the canoe grazed a rock and I exclaimed, "How thoughtless in me! I should have remembered that fellow;" for we had been careful of old, in leaving or returning to camp, to steer clear of this obstruction. This came back to me with startling stress, and I thought I could now recognize every stone at the landing place. I found the scene a picture of desolation. Parts of one end and of a side were all that was left of the cabin. The blackened marks of fires on the ground showed that the logs which had composed it had been burnt by passing anglers, probably, who had made it a nooning place. Bushes and tall weeds were growing rank inside, where the stove, table, and bunks had stood. The place, which had been one of the model camps of my wood life, and which had kept its hold on my memory as the tidiest habitation I had ever been in during my forest wanderings, was unkempt and dirty. Trees, wantonly cut, had fallen over against others, and literally had died in their neighbors' arms. The scene was forlorn, repulsive, and I was sorry that I had become a victim to my desire to revisit an ancient resting place. I had survived one of my habitations and one of the episodes that had made up my life. Decay without new

growth, desecration by humankind, — the wreck was complete, and we paddled sadly away.

Let me impress upon the voyager an underlying truth: the pursuits that flow from one's intellectual tastes, and the cultivation of special subjects, by no means constitute the main occupation of a sojourn in the wilds; like hunting and fishing, they are incidental only. The real study that is ever constant and enduring, the real study of the woods, is the woods themselves; what they are, how they are born, grow up, pass their days, and die; what is over them, in them, and under them; to see intelligently, to observe, this is the true study of the woods. When the power of observation has been developed, one of the great steps has been taken toward knowing and enjoying the processes of creation; for creation is ever going on. This gained, one at last is face to face with nature, and not until then can we reap the harvest of our surroundings. Further knowledge of sylvan life is acquired almost unconsciously, so easy is the advance into the field. Nature, indeed, takes her disciple by the hand and leads him on. The faculty to observe is as dirigible and expansive as any other faculty, and when it has been well started on its course, when it has been directed aright and has been faithfully sustained, it is as susceptible to development as are the rest of our faculties. Men saw this long ago and gave the seer a high place in their estimation. To see correctly, to observe intelligently, is a difficult task; but once gained, the power becomes a possession for eternity. Observation is not a mere accomplishment; it is an art.

So much for what a man can make of himself in observing. What he can derive from the woods depends on himself and his own volition. To this point he has been a seer, and the woods have been the object of his endeavor, and all this endeavor has been that of his mind. His action has been limited by his in-

tellekt, which alone has been called into play. Quite different are the relations between man and nature, when Nature exerts her influence upon the man of imagination, of ideality, of feeling, and of aspiration. This influence is of the loftiest character, and has the soul of man for its field of action; not the mind only, but the very soul itself. Consider what led the prophets and leaders of old to the solitudes of the desert, and why the shrines of Great Pan were placed in thickets. It was not to study plant, beast, or bird, nor to recall the enthusiasms of youth: it was to pray, to commune with the infinite, to exert self-discipline, to invigorate and expand the soul. The seekers after God sought these wilds to subdue the lusts of the flesh and to beat down Satan under their feet: it was soul-need that took them to the waste places. Away from the distractions of the world, from its waywardness, its perversity, its brutality, its pollution; away from their false selves, they sought their true selves, and concentrated all the forces of their being on the contemplation of the highest and best.

Thoreau exemplifies the distinction between action of the mind and expansion of the soul when in the woods; the difference between the mental activity and the spiritual life called forth by his surroundings. He was a naturalist, and, as he pursued his way, studied trees and plants, birds and butterflies, four-footed beasts and waterfowl: he was indifferent to nothing that he could see and observe, and he carried his book with him, but, likewise, he was an idealist, and he possessed spirituality. Read, then, his apostrophe to Matter evoked by his passage over a tract of burnt lands in his descent from the summit of Ktaadn: "And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus drear and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at

the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. . . . Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific, — not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in, — no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there — the home, this, of Necessity and

Fate.” How responsive is he also to the sights and sounds of the forest; the thunder storm, the falling of a tree, the death of a moose, the laughter of a loon, the plaint of the white-throated sparrow, the chatter of a jay! All these things call forth the soul that is in him, and this it is that appeals to us from the pages of Burroughs and Muir more than do their lore or their science, for we feel that, when in the woods, “they dwell with the King for his work.”

Eben Greenough Scott.

A NATIONAL STANDARD IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

It is generally agreed that there are already too many universities in America. That is the reason why one more is urgently needed.

The greater the number of banks in a city, the more necessary is a clearing-house. It is the multiplicity, not the paucity, of magazines that has brought into existence a Review of Reviews. In like manner, the very energy which America has shown in the establishment of places of higher education requires that these institutions be supplemented. The rapidity of their growth and extension is the strongest reason for devising a scheme to coördinate and systematize the miscellaneous educational forces of the country.

The necessity of simplification is especially evident when an attempt is made to appraise the value of a university degree. As long as degree-giving bodies were few, it meant something to be a graduate. To-day the mere statement that a man is an A. B. gives scarcely any indication of his intellectual quality. A distinct value is of course attached to a degree won at a university which possesses a national reputation, but it would be difficult for even the Commissioner of Education himself to gauge accurately the comparative worth of the

degrees granted by all the institutions which he admits to his list of colleges and universities. It is absolutely impossible for an average member of a board of trustees or of any kind of appointing committee to tell whether a graduate of a college in one latitude and longitude is likely to be a better scholar than one whose *alma mater* is to be discovered on another part of the map. In England no such difficulty confronts those who have the task of making appointments to educational posts. The universities likely to be represented among candidates for a position may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and it does not take much pains to become acquainted with their various requirements for honors and degrees. The appointing board is therefore able, by merely noting the university record of various applicants, to gauge exactly their respective qualifications on the score of ability and scholarship. I can see no reason why such estimates should not become at least as easy in America as they are at present in England. The one thing needed is the establishment of a common standard, by reference to which it will be possible to fix the academic position of individual students,

whether they come from Walla Walla or from Tallahassee, and indirectly to estimate the comparative value of the training given in the colleges which send them out.

Such a standard could be provided without dislocating whatever educational system exists already, and without requiring such an outlay as to compel an appeal to the benevolent millionaire for another check. The first step would be the creation of a new university or degree-giving body on the following lines. (My suggestions are of course tentative, and are open to considerable modifications in detail if the general principle is accepted.)

(1.) The nucleus of the new university would be a board of experts, representing the most authoritative educational opinion of the country. These would constitute a senate. The senate would draw up the curriculum for degrees, and would appoint examiners in various subjects. In due time the alumni of the university would naturally be admitted to a share in its government.

(2.) All candidates for a degree, in whatever faculty, would be required to have first passed an entrance or matriculation examination, to which no one would be admitted who had not completed his sixteenth year. This examination would not be of an advanced nature, but would be thorough as far as it went, and would include in its range all the necessary elements of a liberal education. Certain options would be allowed, as, for instance, between one modern language and another, and between one branch of science and another, but the syllabus would be so drawn up that a candidate whose strong point was science could not escape a test in language and literature, and *vice versa*.

(3.) Having matriculated, each student would have to decide in what faculty — for example, arts, science, laws, etc. — he would take his degree. In each faculty it would be necessary, for

the bachelor's degree, to have passed two examinations subsequent to matriculation. These might be called respectively junior and senior, or intermediate and final. In the event of his selecting the faculty of arts, he would pursue the study of classics, modern languages, and literature (including English), history, mathematics, and philosophy. In science the curriculum, except for mathematics and philosophy, would be entirely different from the course in arts, it being presumed that success at the matriculation examination was evidence of the possession of a sufficient basis of literary knowledge. It would have to be considered whether, in the curriculum for these degrees, an honors examination in individual subjects should be added to the pass examination for the benefit of specialists.

(4.) The degrees of master and doctor would be conferred on graduates who had given satisfactory evidence of having successfully pursued specialist studies after taking the bachelor's degree. In higher work of this kind the presentation of a thesis might be required to supplement an examination as the test of proficiency.

(5.) An interval of at least one year would be required between any examination and the next above it. There would be no limitation on the other side. A successful candidate at the intermediate examination might allow five years to elapse, if circumstances made it necessary or desirable, before entering for his final. An unsuccessful candidate at any examination might repeat his attempts to pass it year after year, until his perseverance was either rewarded or exhausted. But no piecemeal system of "conditioning" would be allowed. A candidate who could not pass his examination as a whole would be counted as having failed.

(6.) Except in the case of candidates for medical degrees, from whom some practical acquaintance with hospital work

would be demanded, there would be no requirement of previous study at a college. A candidate for a degree might have been educated at any college in America or out of it, or at no college at all; he might have to his credit a million recitations or none; it would not make the least difference to his eligibility for a degree. He would be judged by his examination, and by that alone. The university would require, however, from each applicant — at any rate in the lower examinations — a certificate of good character signed by a responsible person.

(7.) No degree or other certificate from an outside authority would be recognized as giving exemption from any examination, in whole or in part. The university would thus be entirely freed from the invidious duty of putting its own estimate upon the character of the education given either in colleges or in academies and preparatory schools. It would pass its verdict upon each candidate by direct inspection.

(8.) No honorary degrees would be conferred, on any conditions.

(9.) The university would have its offices in the national capital, but its examinations would be conducted simultaneously, according to uniform regulations, but under the direction of local supervisors, at a large number of centres in all parts of the country. The names and fees of all candidates would be sent a few weeks previously to the registrar, who would compile a list of entries and number them in alphabetical order. Each candidate would be informed of his allotted number, with which he would label his papers, without mention of his name or residence or place of education. When the batch of papers was collected and sent to the examiners via Washington, they would have no clue to the identity of any candidate.

(10.) Candidates would be admitted to all examinations without any limitations of sex, or race, or creed.

It may be well to anticipate some objections that will be raised against any such scheme as that which I have just outlined. It will probably be urged in the first place that the establishment of a university of this kind would interfere with the autonomy of existing colleges, and impair academic freedom to a far greater extent than in the most arbitrary silencing of a heterodox professor. There is no real ground for this apprehension. It would be within the power of any college either to send its students up for these examinations or to refrain from sending them. Colleges whose reputation was already more than local would not expect any profit from contributing to the examination lists of the new university, and would accordingly ignore it, though after a few years some of their students might find it worth while, on their own account, to obtain its degrees. Those colleges which took advantage of the scheme would be affected by it to the extent of the influence exerted by its curriculum upon their own. If they pleased, they might adopt the examinations of the new university as their own graduating tests, in which case they could still add whatever conditions might seem desirable in the way of residence, attendance at recitations, etc. Each college would retain its present powers of self-government in respect to such matters as the appointment of its staff, its conditions of entrance, its methods of teaching, its disciplinary regulations, and the administration of its revenues. As far as the examinations of the new university were concerned, a college might, of course, require all its own undergraduates to sit for them, or leave it to the choice of individual students.

It will doubtless be objected further that examinations are an insufficient test, and tend to encourage cramming rather than true education. The fact is, however, that an examination is both the only uniform test that is possible, — every one knows that the value of

recitation credits differs not only in adjacent colleges, but even in adjacent classrooms, — and the only real test that can be devised at all. A man who has been studying the classics for years either can or cannot write a good piece of Latin prose; if he cannot, he does not acquire a greater claim to be called a Latin scholar from the fact that for so many hours he occupied a certain bench in a certain college. In all departments of human activity the competent man is he who knows and can do. Society, especially in America, does not trouble to inquire how he came to know or learnt to do; the fact that the results are indisputably good is accepted as proof that the processes leading to them cannot have been very far wrong. After all, the flower is the best evidence alike of seed, soil, and climate. Except in subjects the study of which consists mainly in the acquisition of a body of facts by memory, there is no ground for the suspicion that a capable examiner may be outwitted by a crammer. No trick of unintelligent rote learning has yet been invented that will communicate the power of turning an extract from Burke into Ciceronian Latin, or of solving a problem in the higher mathematics.

Again, it will be said that the true university is much more than a degree-giving body; it must at least provide teaching and encourage research. Indirectly a university such as I have proposed would promote both teaching and research. It must be admitted, however, that neither of these objects would be its main function. Accordingly, it would not be an ideal university; not the type to which educational institutions all the world over should endeavor to approximate. Yet there is high classical authority for the principle that we should seek, not what is absolutely the best, but what is the best for us; and the fact remains that in America, in the beginning of the twentieth century, higher education would be further advanced by such

an agency than by the founding of several universities of the more usual kind. We have to consider not so much what is the dictionary definition or the historical tradition of the word "university" as what reform is most urgent at the present stage of the educational development of this country. If, however, our academical jurists are shocked by the suggestion that the name "university" shall be given to a body which does not profess to teach, but which, nevertheless, carries out thoroughly the examinations it undertakes, — though it is thought no degradation that the name should be flaunted by institutions whose teaching and examination are so ideal as to cease to be actual, — an alternative may be suggested. It would answer the purpose equally well for the board to be known simply by the name of the *Senatus Academicus*. A degree of A. B. (*Senat. Acad.*) would be intelligible from the first, and would in a few years acquire its own connotation.

Over against these objections, which I have tried to show are not by any means vital, may be set the following distinct advantages in favor of my proposal: —

(1.) It would provide a new opportunity for ambitious youths of narrow means. As things are, the private student, remote and unfriended, if not melancholy and slow, cannot obtain any adequate academic recognition of such self-educational work as he may have done, however deserving it may be. Unless he can raise money for his support while at college, or is willing to endanger his health for life by pursuing some money-getting occupation simultaneously with his college course, he can never expect to gain the coveted degree. The opening of a new avenue to intellectual distinction would communicate a fresh stimulus to many whose pursuit of knowledge is now hampered by poverty or physical weakness. At no expense but that of their examination fees, they would have within reach a hall-mark which the

graduate of the most famous seat of learning need not disdain to bear.

(2.) It would furnish an intelligible standard of proficiency in the case of graduates seeking posts as teachers. The certificates of this truly national university would make it possible to compare the merits, as regards scholarship, of men coming from all parts of the country and educated in different institutions. The practical convenience of such a simplification need not be emphasized.

(3.) It would give the smaller colleges a chance. At present, a new or otherwise unknown college cannot hope to win a name except by its wealth or by the distinction of individual members of its faculty. Neither of these things necessarily implies efficient teaching. A college, however, whose students acquitted themselves honorably for a succession of years in the examinations of the new university would gain a reputation extending far beyond the boundaries of its own state. No slight contribution would be made to the soundness of higher education if it were rendered possible for a professor to do as much for the credit of his college by giving himself diligently to teaching as by writing a book or sending articles to the learned reviews. Under the new conditions well qualified men would be much more ready than they are now to begin their educational career by taking comparatively obscure posts, knowing that if the true light were shining within them there would be no bushel to hide it.

(4.) Within a few years it would sensibly raise the standards of colleges which have hitherto been content with low aims and still lower performances. A board constituted in the way I have suggested would not tolerate any scamped or slovenly work. And by persistent refusals to set its seal upon "knowledge falsely so called" it would gradually banish pretense and superficiality from the higher education of America. Its stringent matriculation examination

could not fail to raise the quality of the teaching, not only in colleges but also in academies and high schools. This examination would in itself come to be regarded as a creditable distinction for a youth of from sixteen to eighteen, and would probably be taken by many who did not intend to pursue later studies with a view to graduation. A considerable outcry might be heard at first from colleges which fared badly in such examinations, and they might be faced with the alternatives of improvement or disappearance. But such as are really places of sound learning and instruction would have reason to welcome the severity of the ordeal. For we may apply to educational reform what Thomas Carlyle said of a far more revolutionary movement: "Sans-culottism will burn many things; but what is incombustible it will not burn."

It is not unlikely, however, that some readers of this article, while admitting that my project, as it appears on paper, seems to offer real advantages, will doubt whether, after all, it would work. My answer is that it has actually stood the test of experience, for in essentials it is identical with a system that has already been in successful operation for nearly half a century. It is to be regretted that the work of the University of London is not better known in America, for the history of that institution is full of suggestion for educational reformers in this country. It was established in 1828, mainly in the interests of Nonconformists, who at that time were prevented by theological restrictions from graduating at Oxford or Cambridge. At first it imposed upon applicants for its degrees the condition of previous study in one of a number of affiliated colleges, but in 1858 its examinations were thrown open to all comers, with the exception of women. Twenty years later this restriction was removed, the University of London being the first academic body in Great Britain to ignore the distinction of sex. It also

deserves the credit of a pioneer for its introduction of modern science into its curriculum when the older universities were still hesitating to admit such an innovation. One of its most notable features has been the severity of its examinations, which has naturally made its degrees eagerly coveted. It has been by no means unusual for fifty per cent of the candidates to be rejected at an examination. The result is that a B. A. pass degree at London is everywhere regarded as a much better evidence of ability and education than a similar degree at Oxford or Cambridge. The London M. A. has also a value of its own, for it is earned by an examination in which none but specialists have any chance of success, instead of being conferred, as in the case of the Oxford or Cambridge M. A., upon all bachelors of arts who have kept their names upon the books and paid their dues for a prescribed period.

The very difficulty of obtaining a London degree made the ambition to gain it attractive, from the first, to many able men. Among those who, but for the existence of this university, would never have had an opportunity of wearing any academic distinction at all — except, of course, for the honorary degrees conferred upon some of them when they had already made their reputation — may be mentioned such men as Lord Herschell and Sir George Jessel, among lawyers; Lord Lister, Sir Richard Quain, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir J. Russell Reynolds, Sir William Jenner, and Sir W. W. Gull, among surgeons and physicians; R. W. Dale, A. Maclaren, and W. F. Moulton, among theologians; Walter Bagehot and W. Stanley Jevons, among economists; and Richard Holt Hutton among journalists. Some others, such as Dean Farrar, were encouraged by successes at the University of London to proceed later to a residential university. Others, again, have thought it worth while to add a London degree to honors previously or simultaneously won

at Oxford or Cambridge. High Cambridge wranglers have in particular shown a great appetite for the gold medal offered annually to the highest candidate in mathematics at the London M. A., though even the senior wrangler himself is not excused by his Cambridge successes from passing through the preliminary stages of the matriculation and intermediate and final B. A. examinations. The fact that London distinctions should have become to so great an extent an object of ambition indicates how faithfully the university has maintained its standard. But the greatest service that the University of London has rendered to English education has been in the effect it has had in improving the quality of the teaching given in those places of higher education which were not closely in touch with Oxford or Cambridge. Although it has been for most of its history nothing but an examining body, it has exerted an incalculable indirect influence upon all such institutions. Inefficient schools either have been compelled to make themselves efficient, or have suffered in reputation from the public evidence of their inefficiency. Quite recently this university has been made the nucleus of a scheme for the coördination of higher education in London, and has thus become to some extent a teaching university, but it will continue to render, concurrently, its special service as a national institution to private students and small colleges in all parts of the country.

There is good reason to believe that a university of this type is just now the chief need of American higher education. The scheme with which Mr. Carnegie's name has recently been connected is, as an ideal scheme, wholly admirable. The provision of greater opportunities for post-graduate study naturally appears to be one of the most wholesome methods possible for the absorption of surplus wealth. In certain circumstances this would be so. But I am not sure that this is precisely the direction in which

the next advance may most profitably be made. In the present condition of things an increase of the facilities for post-graduate study might even aggravate one of the most serious dangers now threatening the educational system of America. For the principal trouble with American education to-day is that it is top-heavy. The ultimate stage is reached too early. Men are attempting the work of specialists in post-graduate classes when they are still freshmen in everything except the name. The consequence is that this excess of zeal for

original production defeats its own end, and that what are supposed to be finished products show painful signs of crude workmanship. The remedy is to be found — if one may compare the educational system to a building — not in putting additional masonry into the highest story, but in laying more substantial foundations and strengthening the main structure. And this most necessary reform would, I believe, be accomplished to a considerable degree by the execution of such a scheme as has been outlined in this paper.

Herbert W. Horwill.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

II.

"GOOD-MORNING, DR. SAXE!"

Saxe started up from the pine needles on which he had been lying flat on his back. She stood at a little distance, slim and cool-looking in a violet linen dress, with a sailor hat that cast a shadow on her face, leaving in the light only her beautiful mouth and rosy, cleft chin.

"I was afraid you were asleep, and it would have been a pity to waken you."

Not a trace of embarrassment about her. He remembered the hesitancy in his voice the night before, and wondered.

"I was not asleep. I was merely dreaming" —

He touched her proffered hand lightly, and joined her as she took the way to the camp.

"Dreaming?" She was n't even afraid to ask him that, it appeared.

"Yes. Dreaming about a half invent-anæsthetic that occupies my thoughts most of the time, even here in the woods."

"If I were a man I should be a doctor," she answered, picking up a pine cone and sniffing at it.

"I have not practiced for years, however."

"No? What a strange thing! I should think — However, no doubt you do more real good in your laboratory."

Saxe turned and looked at her. "How do you know I have a laboratory?" he asked.

"Every one has heard of Richard Saxe and his discoveries." Her momentary hesitation was hardly noticeable, and she went on with the leisurely calm of the clever woman of the world. "I read the other day that your new book is the success of the year. That must be very gratifying?"

"It is gratifying. You have not read it?"

She turned her clear brown eyes full on him, as devoid of expression as two pools of woodland water.

"No, I fear I should understand very little of it. Ah, here we are. I wonder whether you could give me a glass of water?"

Saxe took a dipper and a cup and went to the spring. So that was how it was to be. Very good. If she could keep it up, — and she evidently could, —

he would be able to, also. It would be very amusing. He dipped up the cool water and filled the cup. It annoyed him to remember his agitation of the night before. It always annoys a man to find a woman unembarrassed in a situation that he himself is unable to carry off with ease. So be it. Not a word or a hint to recall any former acquaintance. He frowned savagely as he went back to the mossy path. It had been more than an acquaintance, it had been a friendship, but as she chose to ignore it, it should be ignored.

She drank the water with a delightful childlike graciousness, holding out the cup to be refilled.

"I haven't seen a tin dipper since I was a small child," she said, watching it flash in the sun as he shook it free of the last drops of water.

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes. But I have lived in Europe for many years. As a matter of fact this is my first visit since I married!"

She said it as she would have to an utter stranger. Then, with a change of tone: "What a perfectly beautiful place you have chosen for your camp! Have you been here long?"

"Just a week. I was at Bar Harbor, but it grew too gay to suit me, so I wired Leduc, with whom I have camped before, and came on at a day's notice. He is a charming old scamp, and will amuse you."

"He was always a scamp, and always charming. I remember as a wee child having a decided and unabashed preference for him, somewhat to Annette's disgust."

Annette appeared in the doorway of the cabin as she spoke, a pair of brown velvet trousers over her arm.

"Lucien!" she called.

"Leduc is skulking behind the bushes there by the lake," said Saxe in an undertone, "but he might as well give up; his day of reckoning has come."

"Lucien! Mademoiselle, have you seen him?"

The young woman turned. "Yes, I have seen him, but I am not going to betray him."

"Betray him! His clothes are in a state, — and the key of his chest is not in the pocket as he said. I can at least darn his socks if I can get at them."

She called again, and then went reluctantly back into the cabin.

"I confess to an unregenerate feeling of sympathy for Leduc," remarked Saxe, looking toward the place where the old man had disappeared.

"So do I! Oh, so do I! If he does n't want his socks darned, why darn them? By the way, Dr. Saxe, are you going to ask us to stay to breakfast, — I mean dinner?"

"It had not occurred to me to ask, 'Mademoiselle,' — I had taken it for granted. Leduc has a fine menu arranged, — fried fish as chief attraction, I believe, only — By Jove, I was to catch the fish!" He looked at his watch. "After eleven. Dinner is at twelve. Would you care to go with me? The boat is perfectly dry, and it will not be very warm."

She rose. "Of course I care to go, and I shall also fish."

"I doubt it. I bait with worms."

"Do you? Then I, too, bait with worms."

He laughed. "I don't believe you ever baited a hook in your life. Now did you? — 'cross your heart.'"

"No. But to-day I bait — with worms."

They walked to the lake, and found Leduc busily digging, a tin box beside him on a fallen log.

"Worms?"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"What's in the bundle?" asked Saxe curiously, poking with his foot an uncouth newspaper package that lay near the hole. The old man looked up, his face quivering with laughter.

"M'sieu will not betray me? Nor Mademoiselle?"

"No," she answered for them both.

Leduc unrolled the paper and displayed a collection of brown and gray knitted socks, heelless and toeless for the most part, as well as faded and shabby.

"I've had holes in my socks for twenty years and more," he explained in French; "I'm used to 'em, I like 'em, and I mean to have 'em. She's a good woman, Annette, and I'm very fond of her, but she is as obstinate as a mule, and" — He broke off, finishing his sentence by rolling the bundle together again, and driving it with a kick firmly into the end of a hollow log.

Still laughing, Saxe and his companion got into the boat and pushed off.

"She is the gentlest and tenderest of women as a rule; this is an entirely new phase to me."

"The effect of Leduc's 'shadow' on her," commented Saxe absently, rowing out into the brilliant water.

She looked at him sharply, and then set to work disentangling her fishing line. She had long white hands with rather square-tipped fingers, and supple wrists. He noticed that she wore only one ring, a ruby, besides her wedding-ring. She baited her hook without flinching, or any offer of help from him, and silence fell as the fish began to bite. Saxe, absent-minded, lost several big fellows, but she pulled in one after the other with childish delight, expressed only by a heightened color and a trembling of pleasure on her lips.

At length Leduc came down to the shore and hailed them. "Time to come back if you want to eat them fish to-day," he called. "Especially if all their heads has to be cut off first."

"What does he mean?" she asked, as Saxe obediently pulled up the big stone that served as anchor.

"He is laughing at me, the cheeky old beggar. I cleaned one for my supper last night" —

"The one that burnt?"

"The one that burnt. And I cut off its head, — a great mistake, it seems. How many are there?"

She bent over, poking the gasping things with one finger. "Two — three — five — seven!"

The scent of the pines was strong in the noon sun as they landed; the darkness of the thick boughs pleasant and cool. Leduc put the fish in a net, and went up to the cabin by a short cut.

Saxe took off his hat. "It is very warm; are you tired?"

"Not a bit. I live a good deal in the country, and often am hours tramping about in much rougher places than this."

"Ah! Then you will rather enjoy a few days spent in this way."

"Yes. But Annette and Lucien will be off to-morrow, and I shall bore myself to death on the veranda of the Wind-sor House."

"That must be rather bad. Are your fellow victims quite impossible, or can you amuse yourself with any of them?"

"There are only two. One an old lady from Dover, who is perfectly deaf, the other a young man of the shop-keeping class, — very ill, poor boy. He told me, with pride, that one of his lungs is entirely gone."

"Then let us hope that the grave of Le Mioche is not too far. Leduc is such a slow-moving creature that but for fear of being de trop, I should go with them to urge him on, that your martyrdom may not be too long."

She looked at him, a smile twitching the corners of her mouth. "What *have* I done?"

"What have you done?" He stared back relentlessly.

"I am not a bit afraid of you, you know! Come, don't be cross any more."

With a sudden access of perfectly frank coquetry, she held out her hand to him. "Are you nice again? Remember you have sworn allegiance to" —

He smiled as he took her hand, but his eyes were grave.

"To Our Lady of the Beeches."

III.

Leduc, pressed by his wife for information as to the whereabouts of the little grave, was vague. "It was off to the northwest," he said. "The trees he had planted around it were big now."

Then, urged to greater explicitness, he subsided into a ruminating silence, which Annette apparently knew of old, for she made no effort to break it, but sat with folded hands watching the afternoon sun on the trees. She was a handsome old woman, with a fine aquiline profile and a velvety brown mole on one cheek. Saxe liked her face, and decided, looking at it with the thoughtful eye of the student, that after all she had done well in leaving her husband, so much her inferior, and developing her character in her own way.

The two women had stayed on at the camp all day with a matter-of-factness that he knew must have originated in the younger of them. She chose to stay, and chose to stay in her own way, without discussion, without fuss. It was she who had, without any mention of the missing socks, persuaded Annette that her husband's habits, fixed for over twenty years, need not be disturbed, and the old woman had followed her back to the fire without protest.

They sat for two hours, Saxe and the women, talking little, drowsy with the aroma of the woods, and full each of his or her own thoughts. Saxe would not have offered to move till night. All initiation he had determined, perhaps with a touch of malice, should come from her. His malice, however, failed, for toward sundown she turned to him, and in the sweetest voice in the world, asked whether there was no place near from which they might see the sunset.

"Yes, if you are good for a rather rough tramp of a quarter of an hour."

"I am. Will you take me?"

He rose. "With pleasure."

She gave a few directions to the old woman, and then, joining him, they went in silence through the trees. After a few minutes the ground, slippery with dead leaves and rough with hidden stones, rose abruptly. She looked down suddenly, and up, and then, still without speaking, into Saxe's face, which remained perfectly stolid. The trees were beeches.

"Beeches are my favorite trees," she said calmly, pausing and breaking off a tuft of the fresh green leaves.

"Are they? We are just on the edge of a rather large tract of them. Be careful, the ruts are very deep. There used to be a logging-camp about a mile ahead of us, and this is the old road to it."

"I shall not stumble."

The silence, half resentful, senseless as he felt such resentment to be, on his side, was apparently that of great interest on hers. She moved deliberately, with the grace of considerable, well distributed strength, pausing now and then to look at some particular tree, once to pick a long fern which she carried like a wand. When they had reached the height and come out on the narrow ledge, below which a clearing, stretching to the horizon, gave them a full view of the sinking sun, she uttered a little cry of pleasure, and then, sitting down on a stump, was again still.

Just below the ledge ran a thread of a brook in a wide rocky bed; beyond it a broad strip of silver beeches swayed in the light, dying wind, and then came the plain, the stumps of the trees already half covered with a growth of rough grass, young trees, and bracken. Saxe was fond of the place, and, though sunsets made him vaguely unhappy, had often walked up there at that hour.

He leaned against a tree and watched the scene. It was very beautiful, now that the sky was a glare of crimson and

gold, but he had seen it before, and for the first time he could study in safety the face of the woman. Her profile, outlined against a wall of rough rock, was clear-cut and strong; her head, bare in the light, a glow of warm gold divided by a narrow parting from the forehead to the knot at the crown. It was a well-shaped head, and well placed on the broad, sloping shoulders. Her mouth, red and curved, was a little set, the deep-dented corners giving it a look of weary determination. In spite of the radiance of her hair, she looked her full age.

Suddenly she turned and caught his eyes fixed on her.

"A penny" — she said carelessly.

He swooped down on his glasses and took them off. "I was wondering — you mustn't be offended — whether or no your hair was dyed."

"And what did you decide?"

"I had n't decided at all. You interrupted me."

She laughed the little laugh that made her both younger and older: "I am so sorry. Pray — go on considering." And she turned again to the sky.

Her perfect unconcern made him feel like a snubbed schoolboy, but his face only hardened a little as he sat down in the grass near by, and directed his eyes to the banks of purpling clouds that hung, gold-edged, over the horizon.

At last it was over; the light died away; the moon, nearly full, became visible; night had come.

"I think we'd better go down," Saxe observed, rising, and putting on his hat. "It will be dark under the trees, and supper will be ready. I hope you're hungry?"

"I am ravenous. And — thanks, so much, for bringing me up here. It has been the delightful finish to a delightful day." There was a little tone of finality in her voice that hurt him.

"I hope it is n't the last time," he said politely, as they reached the rough road and began the descent.

"I fear it must be, Dr. Saxe. Leduc — I mean Lucien — will surely take her to-morrow, and I can hardly roam about in the woods after nightfall with you, without even their nominal chaperonage, can I?" She smiled at him, as if amused by the absurdity of her own question.

"I suppose not," he returned. "It is a pity, though, for the sunsets are always good, and you seem really to care for such things."

"Yes. I really care for such things."

They neither of them spoke again until they reached the camp, fragrant with the odors of coffee and frying ham.

To Saxe the day had been one of disappointments, he did not quite know why nor how.

It was not that she had kept him at a distance, for he had expected that, and had several times taken a sort of pleasure in doing as much to her. It was not that he was disappointed in her herself; she was beautiful, well-bred, all that he had known she must be. And yet he was dissatisfied and a little sore. He remembered a phrase in one of her letters: "If your eyes happened to be blue instead of brown, or brown instead of gray, I should be disappointed. More — if you had a certain kind of mouth I should be quite unable to like you." He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly as he combed his hair in his tent. "That must be it. She does not like me. She is 'unable to like me.'"

He went back to the fire resolved not to care. During supper he was very gay, almost brilliant, with the brilliance mental pain sometimes gives; he talked of many things, skillfully ignoring any subject that could spoil the mood to which he was grateful. Leduc, never shy, had his full share of the conversation, and also of the whiskey punch which, as the evening was cool, Saxe insisted on making, and made very well. Old Annette, sad and absent, spoke little.

"The boy is coming with the wagon

at nine," the young woman said at last, bending to the firelight to look at her watch. "It is a quarter before, now."

She rose and put on her hat.

"Thank you again," she said, holding out her hand to Saxe, "for a most enchanting day. I shall never forget it."

"You are very kind. The pleasure was mine." Then turning to Leduc, he went on, "You will want a few days' leave, I understand, beginning with to-morrow? How far is the — place you are going to?"

The old man, taken by surprise, hesitated. "Non, non, not to-morrow, M'sieu. It is not so far."

"Then why not to-morrow? Mademoiselle and your wife cannot have much time to devote to you and your caprices. Allons!"

"It is not so far, — but also it is not so near. I — have a very bad knee. A knee to make pity, could you see it, Mademoiselle. Rheumatism, and — a fall I got this morning. I am a lame man."

"He lies, M'sieu," interrupted Annette, her lips shaking. "I know his face when he lies."

"So do I. I'll arrange it for you, Annette. Ah, there is the wagon."

He helped them to it, and saw them off without asking about their plans for the next day. Then he went back to Leduc, whom he found rummaging busily in a box for a bottle of arnica.

"Very foolish of M'sieu to take sides with *her*. She is a silly old woman. And then, when we go, M'sieu will be *all alone*," he observed, as Saxe approached.

"Shut up, Leduc. And either you go to-morrow, or you get no dog. Compris?" Then he went into his tent and let down the flap.

IV.

The next morning Leduc, bringing an armful of wood to the cabin, slipped,

fell, and twisted his ankle. Saxe, missing him, and led by his groans, bent over him with a skeptical smile that disappeared as he saw the old man's face.

"It is a judgment on you," he could not resist saying, when he had half dragged, half carried, the much more helpless than necessary invalid into the cabin and cut off his boot.

Leduc grinned in the midst of his pain. "Bien — how you will, M'sieu. Leduc badly hurt. Leduc lame man. Maintenant il ne s'agira plus des pélerinages."

Unable to guess the reason for the old man's objections to conducting his wife to the child's grave, and unwilling to gratify him by questions, Saxe dressed the foot in silence, and then set off himself to the village to do certain errands and fetch the mail. Mrs. Lounsberry, the postmistress, with whom he was rather a favorite, questioned him, with the delighted curiosity of a lonely woman, about the mysterious guest at the hotel.

"Henry says he drives 'em every day over to your place, and fetches 'em again after sundown. Any relations?"

"Yes. The young lady is my cousin, the elder one the wife of — a friend of mine. Have I no newspapers?"

"Didn't I give 'em to you? Oh, here they are. Well, as the lady's your cousin, I presume you know how to pronounce her name. It does beat all, that name. More than *I* can make out. There's a couple of letters for her, if you happen to be going that way."

"I'll take them," he returned, with a sudden resolve, "but there's no use my telling you how to pronounce her name, — I can hardly manage it myself. Good-morning."

He put the letters in his pocket and went down the straggling village street to the "hotel," a large white house, girdled by a slanting veranda.

"If she is in sight I'll go up. If not, I'll send for Annette. I'll have

to tell her about Leduc, anyway," he decided.

When he turned the corner of the building he saw a small group of rocking-chairs in a shady corner of the veranda, and over the back of one of them a mass of gold-brown hair that he knew. The other chairs were occupied by Annette and a fiddle-headed young man drinking a glass of milk. Annette saw him first, and rose, with a resumption of manner that she had not found it necessary to use toward the milk-drinking youth.

"Bonjour, M'sieu."

"Bonjour, Annette. — Good-morning."

The younger woman looked up from her embroidery and held out her hand. "Good-morning. How kind of you to come."

"I have letters for you" — He handed them to her without a word of explanation or assurance, and she took them as unconcernedly. "Thanks."

She wore a pink gown of a kind that convinced him of her intention of staying at home that day, and rocked her chair slowly with deliberate pappings of a foot in a high-heeled shoe adorned with a large square buckle. Saxe sat down in the chair vacated by the youth, and took off his hat.

"I have bad news for you," he began presently, as she finished reading her letters. "Leduc has hurt his foot and — and cannot possibly go — anywhere — for three or four days."

Annette clasped her hands. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Is it true, M'sieu, or is it only one of his tricks?"

"It is true, Annette."

"Annette, fetch the book that's lying on my table, — and put these letters in my writing-case."

The old woman obeyed, leaving them alone.

"Has Leduc really hurt his foot, Dr. Saxe?"

There was no trace of insolence in her

tone, but he understood, and the question brought the blood to his face.

"Did you not hear me tell Annette that he has?" he answered, his brows knitting.

"Yes, I heard you."

"Then why — tell me why should I take the trouble to lie about such a trifle?"

She bit her lip. "I thought you might possibly let him keep up the pretense of being unable to go" —

"That I might have the pleasure of detaining you here for a few days longer? Believe me, dear lady, I have no fancy for unwilling companionship, even yours."

He had gone farther than he had intended, and stopped, a trifle ashamed of his vehemence. Another second, and he would probably have lost his point by apologizing, when she said, with such unexpected gentleness that he almost gasped: "But you are so wrong! My companionship, such as it is, is anything but unwilling, Dr. Saxe. I enjoyed yesterday so much, and had hoped" —

"You had hoped" — he repeated.

"That you would let us come over to the camp this afternoon again, — in case Leduc was obstinate and refused to go."

Saxe walked to the edge of the veranda and stood looking down at a bed of sprawling nasturtiums at his feet. When he turned, his eyeglasses were in his hand.

"I don't understand you," he said bluntly, "and I might as well own that I don't. Tell me what it is you want, and Heaven knows I'll give it to you if I can."

"Very well. I will be perfectly frank: I like you, I like the camp, and I wish you'd be nice, and just 'begin over,' as you promised the night before last."

"You ask a good deal."

"I know it. But it's the only way. Don't you see, we are strangers, yet we know each other embarrassingly well;

I have told you things that no one else knows, — shown you a side no one else ever saw” — She said it bravely, her face full to the noon sun.

“And now you regret it?” he asked gently.

She paused. “No, I do not regret it, only *you* are not my Pessimist, and I am not your — your Lady of the Beeches.”

“But that is just what you are. My Lady of the Beeches. You are that, and neither you nor I can help it! You told me in those letters not a word that you should not have told, there was not a word of harm in them, and I can’t see why you won’t have me, Richard Saxe, for the friend you yourself declared the Pessimist to be to you. If you would let me, I would be to you the best friend a woman ever had.”

She shook her head. “No, no.”

“You mean that you don’t believe in such friendships? Good! no more do I. But — I love you. You know that. You knew it long ago, yet you let me keep on being your friend. Is not that so?”

She acknowledged his statement with a slow nod, and he went on.

“That can’t hurt you. You know who I am; you know all about me. Surely you can trust me never to make love to you?”

“Yes.”

“And — even if I were a fool and a cad, and a man would have to be both to dare to make love to you — you must know that you are perfectly capable of — keeping me in order.”

She smiled meditatively. “Yes, I think I could.”

“Well, then, don’t you see, — what is the use of trying to pretend that the last year has not existed, — that we do not know each other? What I propose is unconventional, but you surely are not afraid of that — at least up here in the wilderness. Give me your hand and let us be friends until you go away, or until

you choose to send me away. ‘Et puis, bonsoir!’ I do not know your name; you know I will never learn it against your will. Trust me.”

“My name is Winifred Zerdahélyi,” she answered, giving him her hand, “and I do trust you.”

“Thanks.”

He dropped her hand as some one came up the board walk toward them. It was Henry Cobb, the boy who drove the two women to and from the camp. He had come for orders.

“We are going in half an hour, Henry,” Winifred said, “if you can be ready.”

Then she turned in a matter-of-fact way to Saxe. “I must go and put on another gown. Will you wait and drive over with us?”

V.

He noticed when she and old Annette came down a few minutes later that she carried a little green bag with satin strings. It was very warm, and the first part of the drive being through bare fields, she wore a big hat with a wreath of hop-flowers on it, a charming hat that he liked. He sat in front with Cobb, but arranged himself sideways that he might both see and hear her. She was in a merry mood, rattling on carelessly about the scenery, the hotel, and a thousand different things, rather to help him, he realized. For he himself found talking an effort; even thinking bothered him, and his mind hovered aimlessly between the hop-flowers on her hat and the green bag.

For a man of his age and character, the declaration he had made was a very momentous one, and curiously enough it seemed the more momentous in that it must of itself prove absolutely without results of any kind. He knew that she did not care for him, and was glad of it; but the fact of his having blurted

out in that bold way that he loved her had momentarily dazed him. The memory of his one other declaration of the kind came back to him as they jogged over the rough road : the moonlight, the long gravel walk leading up between fragrant rosebushes to the white house, the garden gate on which she had leaned while he talked. Of course he had not been a saint, and like other men he had had his experiences with women, but he had loved twice in his life, and he knew it.

He also felt, his eyes resting on her hands as they held the green bag, that he was not so old as he had fancied himself to be.

"We had a college professor up here once," Cobb was saying, "but we never had no countesses before."

"Countesses are very common in Europe, though," she answered, laughing, "thousands of us."

They had reached the edge of the wood, and leaving the road, drove across a broad tract of hummocky land, the hummocks treacherously hidden by a thick low growth of blueberries and scrub oaks.

"There's a bad bit of broken road down yonder that we avoid, comin' 'raound this way," explained Cobb, urging his horse to a rather reckless gait.

Saxe wondered vaguely whether they would upset.

They reached the camp to find Leduc busy with the fire.

"M'sieu can live on letters, perhaps, but Leduc not. Mon Dieu, les dames!"

He swept off his hat with an ironical smile at his wife. "Desolated to be unable to rise, but my foot is very bad — very bad, as M'sieu will tell you."

Saxe laughed with sudden gayety. "Not very bad, old sinner. Just bad enough, that is all."

There was nothing to eat, and they were hungry. Annette, touched by the look of pain in her husband's face, helped him to a tree, arranged him comfortably,

and with a peremptory gesture forbade his moving. Then she set to work to prepare the dinner. Luckily, Saxe had brought meat and a fresh loaf of bread from the village, so by two o'clock they were eating a very appetizing little meal.

"M'sieu objected very much last year to being so near the village," Leduc, most graceful of invalids, explained in French, as he drank his third cup of coffee; "but Leduc has lived in the woods long enough to know the advantages of civilization and butcher's meat. Leduc's teeth, too, are old for dog-biscuits, such as the young swells from New York eat when out hunting."

"Why do you speak of yourself in the third person? And why do you call yourself Leduc?"

The Countess fixed her direct gaze on him as she asked her questions.

He laughed. "I lived for years with French half-breeds up in the north, — they always use the third person. As to Leduc — they called me 'le duc' because I had a manner. You will admit, Mademoiselle, that the name is prettier than Bonnet, va!"

Saxe tried to reason away his own senseless happiness that expressed itself in what he felt to be a boundless grin. "It will be over in a few days; she will be gone; she will never think of me again," he told himself. But it was in vain. She was there; she knew that he loved her, and she still was there; he could hear her voice, see the sun on her hair; she met his eyes fearlessly, if also indifferently, and life was one great heart-throb of joy.

After dinner he helped Annette carry the dishes into the cabin, and coming back found Leduc stretched out on his face, sound asleep, the Countess, the bag open beside her, working placidly on the big square of embroidery he had seen that morning at the hotel. Saxe's head swam. She looked so comfortable, so much at home. She pointed smilingly at the old man as Saxe sat down. "No

one ever so enjoyed the advantages of a sprained foot before. Just look at him!"

"Ill-mannered old wretch! What are you making?"

He stretched out his hand, and taking the linen by one corner spread it over his knees.

"It is a tea-cloth, of course. Do you like it?"

The design was a conventional one, done in different shades of yellow. Saxe could not honestly say he admired it, and she laughed at his hesitation.

"Would n't — well — flowers be prettier?" he ventured.

"What kind of flowers?"

"M — m — m. I always liked wild roses — pink ones."

She paused while she re-threaded her needle, and then answered gayly, "Would you like a tea-cloth with pink wild roses all over it?"

"Would I like one!"

"I will make you one. Only I am sure that you never drink tea, now do you?"

"No, hang it, I don't! I never drink anything but an occasional whiskey and soda." He passed his brown, slim hand gently over the silks and drew back.

"We'll call it a 'whiskey and soda cloth,' then," she returned.

"Tell me," he began, after a long pause, during which she worked busily, "did you ever get even with that — that beast in London?"

She flushed. "Yes. That is — I told my husband, and he convinced him of his — mistake."

"How, with a bullet?"

"Oh, dear, no! It was n't worth that, was it? I don't quite know what Bela said to him, but it answered the purpose."

"'Bela.' It is a pretty name. Tell me about him."

"What shall I tell you? He is thirty-four, tall, handsome, — what men call a good sort."

Saxe lay down and tilted his hat over his eyes.

"You don't mind my asking about him? It interests me."

"No, I don't mind."

"He must be very proud of you."

She laughed quietly. "Proud? I don't know. He is very fond of me."

"That of course. I meant proud."

But she shook her head. "No, poor fellow, I think he is somewhat ashamed of me, at times. You see, Hungarian women are very brilliant, — very amusing, — and I am rather dull."

"Dull!" Saxe sat up, and took off his eyeglasses. "You!"

"Yes, I. You remember I wrote you of my unfortunate passion for trees, and that kind of thing. Things that other women like bore me to death, and when I am bored I am —"

"Horrid!"

They both laughed. "Then," she went on, laying down her work and leaning against the tree, "I don't know anything about horses, and every one else there is mad about them. Bela runs all over Europe, and I won't go with him. It is not nice of me, but it does bore me so!"

"Tell me more," said Saxe greedily.

"But it is n't interesting! And I don't know what you want to know."

"I want to know all you will tell me," he answered, his voice falling suddenly.

She took up her work and went on without looking at him. "Last year we went to Russia for some bear-hunting. I stayed in St. Petersburg with his uncle, who is Austrian Minister" —

"That was when you supped with an Emperor!"

"Yes. I did n't mean that I sat at his right hand, you know!"

"I know. Tell me, — where *is* the beech forest?"

"It is in Hungary, about two hours from Budapest. Bela hates the place; it is lonely, so I usually go there alone."

"That is one reason why" — he began, and stopped short.

She looked up inquiringly; then her

eyes changed, and she went on. "One reason why I love it so. Yes. You are right. I do love to be alone sometimes."

"If you are awake, Leduc, why don't you say so?" cried Saxe suddenly, with a fierce frown.

Leduc rolled over, blinking helplessly. "Oui, oui, M'sieu, — what time is it? Leduc — Sacristi, mon pied!"

In spite of his anger, Saxe could not refuse to re-dress the swollen ankle, and to his surprise the Countess put away her work, and helped him with something more than mere handiness. He realized, however, with a grim amusement at his own folly, that the bandage would have been better had he done it alone.

VI.

"You will laugh at me, — think me an old fool, — but I am going to tell you anyway," Saxe began, as they left the camp and made their way up the hill toward Sunset Ledge.

She looked at him in silent inquiry, in a way he liked, for her eyes met his with perfect confidence, and he could see the light in their clear depths.

"This tree here," he went on, pausing and laying his hand on a patch of moss on the trunk, "is the Dream Tree."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Yonder, in the little clearing, you can see the Butterfly Tree. The Wisdom Tree, alas, I have not yet found, — and, candidly, I cannot say I am in a fair way of finding it."

She laughed. "I fear you are not. But — do you really love them? You used to laugh at me and call me a dreamer. How you did snub me at first!"

"I was a brute. I *do* really love them, though, and they, through you, have taught me much. Last year, as I wrote you, I was restless and unhappy here; the solitude got on my nerves; I

could n't sleep. This year the beauty of it all came home to me; the quiet quieted me; I lived on from day to day in a sort of dream, — and then you came."

"We interrupted! A charming interruption, of course, but still we *are* one. How small the world is, that we should have come *here*!"

"How good the gods are!"

She stood still, leaning against a tree to rest. "Are they? Are you sure? I mean, we have met, and it has been a pleasure to us both, but we have also lost much." Her face was serious, she spoke slowly.

"What have we lost?"

"I can't just explain, but I feel it. I shall miss the Pessimist!"

"But why not keep him?"

She looked at him absently. "Oh, no. That is over and gone. We never could find each other again, — as we were. Surely you understand that as well as I."

"You mean because of what I told you this morning? But you knew it before I told you."

"Yes, I knew it; it is different now."

Saxe protested. "I don't see why! I'm no boy to lose his head and make scenes. You can trust me, and you know it, or you would n't be here."

She shrugged her shoulders gently, and went on up the difficult way.

"But, when you go away, — you will surely let me write to you, and you will answer?" he insisted, as he followed.

"No."

"But why?"

"Because it is to be *bonsoir*."

"That is not a sufficient reason." His voice was dogged, and she turned.

"But it is! I am the most obstinate woman in the world. I always do as I like."

"And what you 'like' is to throw me over when" —

She turned again, her eyes cold this time. "There is no question of 'throwing over,' Dr. Saxe. I have given way

to you in the matter of staying on here and taking up our — acquaintance where it ended in the letters, but I have not bound myself in any way to write you, or see you again. We will say no more about it, please."

Saxe was silent for a few minutes, then he said briskly, as she stopped again to draw breath: "You are right, Countess, and I beg your pardon. I have grown so used to the pleasure your letters have given me that I shall miss them tremendously at first, but of course I shall get used to it, and I am very grateful to you for giving me these few days."

"I shall miss the letters, too," she returned, with one of the sudden softening that perplexed him. "I'm not saying I shall be *glad* to — to lose you altogether."

"Thanks, you are kind."

They reached the ledge of rock, and sat down. It was early, and they discussed for some time the possibility of Leduc's being able to start off on the pilgrimage in three days, before the spectacle that they had come to see began.

"If the old ruffian would tell me how far the place is, I could judge better, but I can't get a word out of him," Saxe avowed. "He says 'it is n't so far, but then it is n't so near!'"

"It is not charitable of me, but I am inclined to believe that he has himself forgotten where it is!"

"No — no. You wrong him there. He does know." Saxe hesitated for a minute and then told her the story of the thirty-one white stones.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor old man! thirty-one years is a long time."

"Yes. Thirty-one years ago I was eleven years old, and you — did not exist! When you were born, I was already a big boy of thirteen. When is your birthday?"

"The 6th of December."

She sat with one arm around the silvery trunk of a young birch, her cheek pressed to it. Saxe realized that he

would be sure to invent a fantastic name for that tree.

She asked him some questions about his new book, and he launched into an attempted explanation of it, she listening with earnest eyes and what he called, quoting himself with a smile, her "intelligent ignorance." The first shafts of the sunset found him deep in metaphysics, and he broke off short when her upraised hand led his eyes to the sky.

As they went back to the camp, a squirrel darted down a tree and across their way, not two feet in front of them. The Countess gave a little cry of delight, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Look!"

But Saxe looked at her flushed face, and felt suddenly very old and tired. She was so young! He determined never to talk to her of "metaphysics and such stuff" again. He would show her things that made her look like that. He wondered whether there were no late-nesting birds, as there are late-bearing fruit trees. He knew she would love a bird's nest with eggs in it. And then, as the sight of the smoke rising among the trees told them that they were within a stone's throw of the camp, she said suddenly, —

"But all that is materialistic, and you are an idealist!"

Saxe stood still. "I an idealist!"

"Yes. And you have strong principles, which you have no business to have, if you believe all that."

"Then a materialist has no principles?"

"According to Hobbes, no," she answered demurely.

He burst out laughing. "Oh, if you have read Hobbes, I give up. But after all you are wrong; Hobbes says 'a materialist can have no morals.' He does n't mention principles. And then, how many men's principles agree with their actions, Fair Lady? Not many. I mean men who have passed their lives trying to think? Do you know anything of Spinoza's life?"

"No; only that he was a good man."

"He was a good man. We must go to supper, but first let me tell you that his opinions, his avowed principles, were such that he was excommunicated for blasphemy."

She nodded, going slowly down the path, her head bent. "I know, I remember."

"So, while God knows I am no idealist, admit that I may have principles and be a decent sort of fellow, and yet fully believe in my book!"

She smiled at him in the charming way some women have of smiling at a man they like, — as though she knew him much better than he knew himself, — and they went on without speaking.

Bettina von Hutten.

(To be continued.)

THE END OF THE QUEST.

UNARM him here. Now wish him rest.

His was the fate of those who fail;
Who never end the knightly quest,
Nor ever find the Holy Grail.

He was the fieriest lance in all
That virgin honor called to dare;
The courtliest of the knights in hall,
The boldest at the barrière.

Joyful he took the sacred task
That led him far by flood and field;
His lady's favor at his casque,
God's cross upon his argent shield.

See where the Paynim point has cleft
The crimson cross that could not save!
See where the scimitar has reft
The favor that his lady gave!

For this poor fate he rode so far
With faith untouched by toil or time;
A perfect knight in press of war,
Stainless before the Mystic Shrine.

One finds the Rose and one the rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail.
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the Grail.

The single eye, the steadfast heart,
The strong endurance of the day,
The patience under wound and smart —
Shall all these utterly decay?

The long adventure resteth here;
 His was the lot of those who fail,
 Who ride unfouled by sin or fear,
 Yet never find the Holy Grail.

Frank Lillie Pollock.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIETY.

WE plead for effort to promote, between the classes spiritually severed, a common life of mind, heart, and desire. But this does not mean that we desire men to abandon their natural vocations and devote themselves to philanthropy at large. Experiments with benevolence as an occupation are rarely a success, and general sociability, even with the poor, can never constitute a worthy existence. So abnormal is our situation, indeed, that different means of helping or handling our less fortunate brethren are, almost against their will, running into a formal mould, and becoming professions in which the amateur is helpless. But these developed social agencies, — organized charities, working girls' clubs, college settlements, and the like, — necessary though they be, can never furnish in full measure the unifying force we need. They can but point the way; more, their very professionalism prevents. The history of each of these movements is the same: they begin with a human passion, they end with a crystallized system. As the process goes on, they slough off to a greater or less degree the theories that initiated them, and become increasingly efficient, but also increasingly limited in scope. Their representatives, imbued with horror at the idea of applying mere untrained sentiment to the complex problems of our society, often speak as if the perfecting of these agencies were the chief thing needful. This is not so. Perfected they must indeed be; but as they become more and more useful factors in the existing machinery, more and

more competent means to retrieve certain phases of social disaster, the spirit that yearns toward full social regeneration, the spirit of the amateur, the lover, leaves them and passes on.

But if neither benevolence at large nor benevolence focused can furnish the lead to the closer fellowship we desire, where may we look for it? The world clamors for brotherhood and finds it not; a whole literature grows on our hands, taxing for its absence church, state, the business system, what you will. Constructive efforts, often radical enough, are not wanting. To glance at one type only, during the last decade of the nineteenth century, several groups of Americans withdrew from a world dedicated to enmity, and in a spirit of impassioned consecration shaped their community life into socialistic forms. The gradual failure of one after another of these heroic little communities saddens and almost perplexes; yet brooding over it, surely one comes to feel that the ideal of unity can never be enshrined in an experiment which begins by cutting itself off from the common life, imperfect and even evil as this life may be. Unconsciously to themselves, these communities, like the old monastic orders, were separatist at heart. Seeking to escape the burden of the common guilt, to them it was not given to redeem.

It is surely well for us to realize that Nature is not in the habit of making fresh starts. She brings no new matter into existence; rather, by that action of law which forever makes for fuller life, she consecrates the old to new and

higher uses. In our ceaseless impatience to get a clean sweep and begin over again, we need to remember that Resurrection is a process in which we have more share than in Creation, — even though we also remember that the life of the resurrection is not attained save through anguish. Schemes abound, large and little, for establishing new enterprises to express new ideas. Were it not more to the point to consider how the agencies that we already possess may be sacrificed that they may arise? Democracy is no external form, but a transforming force. The eighteenth century gave birth to it; the nineteenth saw its long struggle to achieve recognition in the spheres of theory and fact. It remains for the twentieth century, in the gray dawn of which we move, to discover by experiment and reflection in detail the spiritual transformation that it is to achieve. For re-creation, not destruction, is its watchword. Slowly the democratic idea pervades life at every point, and transfigures the abiding, normal activities of men into a new likeness. In these activities, inspired by democratic passion and shaped to a democratic type, is it not possible that we may find, in large measure, the unifying agents that we seek?

Faint and scattered glimpses of this transforming process are all that can be vouchsafed to-day to any thinker; but to chronicle such glimpses may be to help the process on. Glance, for instance, at the opportunities to help the cause of social unification possessed, did they but realize it, by the professional classes. Allied to the manual workers by their status as wage-earners, to the children of privilege by their mental conditions, these classes form a natural link between the two; moreover, although we have as yet no "intellectual proletariat" such as is found in Europe, the state of things economically in professional life is becoming more and more like that which obtains in the trades. The fact, whether we rejoice in it or

lament it, throws open a door: labor becomes predisposed to sympathy with the professions, and professional men might, on the other hand, bring a singularly close comprehension to the problems of labor. Fairminded professional men, claiming, as they have logical right to do, a place within the ranks of organized labor, would have rare power as interpreters, if not as peacemakers, in times of stress. Such a suggestion, to be sure, makes demands on the imagination, and draws a smile to the lips; yet at least one Federal Labor Union exists, open, by constitution approved by the American Federation of Labor, to "members of otherwise unorganized trades," — a title under which certain college professors, authors, and clergymen are pleased to rank themselves.

But before such an impulse can be widespread, it is obvious that the professions, one by one, must be socialized. If we cannot with impunity transmute our attitude into a profession, we can at least transform our profession by our attitude. Through almost any profession, even through the most unlikely, the great work of social unification may be advanced. To the individualistic mood of the central nineteenth century, who seemed farther from "the commons" than did the artist? "*La haine du bourgeois*," so entertainingly voiced by Théophile Gautier, had not yet been supplemented by devotion to the proletariat, and the lover of art gathered his cloak about him to avoid the touch of vulgarity, cast off the dust of democracy from his feet, and mused upon the Beautiful. "All art," wrote a disciple of Gautier, "is entirely useless." To-day art is returning to the people, and seeks to revive her old alliance with the crafts; for she realizes that until the instinct for beauty in use reawakens through a quickening of the creative power in the workman, the higher beauty that is beyond use can never flourish among us. Artists turn socialists, like Crane, Morris, Brush; like Watts, they dedicate

their noblest powers to the service of the many instead of to the select appreciation of the few. The time draws near — it is almost here already — when art will be more affected than any other profession by the democratic ideal.

The transformation advances; yet there are still professions in which it is hardly guessed. How splendid, and how seldom realized, the chance of the journalist to serve as social interpreter! Without accusing the press of a partisan spirit, still less of venal devotion to the interests of capital and privilege, any one who knows must admit that, except when some histrionic effect is to be obtained, it is strangely blank to the inner realities of working-class life. But the social profession par excellence — that which offers greatest opportunity for truly social action — is that storm-centre of the modern world, the profession of the employer of labor. This profession above all others needs to be socialized, but in the nature of the case it will probably be the last to yield to the ethical transformation that is going on in the professional world at large. More than forty years ago, Ruskin pointed out that to the Christian merchant, no less than to clergyman or doctor, the first object should be, not personal success, but the service of the community, and that the merchant has his "occasion of death" in the duty to suffer financial ruin rather than to put dishonest goods on the market or to pay his workmen less than a "living wage." We touch on burning ground. From all quarters arise protests and objections: the time-worn argument, which might as well be adduced against laying down the life in battle, that a man has no right to make his family suffer; the more specious objection that in the intricate network of commercial relations the ruin of one falling firm causes misery more widespread than the underpayment of a few hundred employees. However these things may be, it is evident that nowhere in the great struggle

to realize social justice is there a post so charged with opportunity, perplexity, and spiritual danger, as that of the employer impassioned for human brotherhood. Industry has already, and in high places, its martyrs as well as its victims; it counts in every state of the Union more than one employer who has the martyr spirit, and only waits for the blow to fall. In view of the moral tension that pervades the industrial world, and of the vast and involved questions to be decided there, one feels that a business life may well attract young men of heroic temper and keen desire for moral adventure: one is also inclined to feel that only entire readiness for sacrifice can justify a young man in whom the social conscience is fully awake in venturing upon it.

But, indeed, readiness for social sacrifice in the name of democracy is the need of the hour. The profession of employer is that which to-day most directly calls for its martyrs; yet it is obvious that the social transformation, like all great changes, can in no case be fully accomplished without heavy cost. Times will arise when the social conscience will keep one poor where one might be rich, or, what is more grievous far, prevent one from reaching the highest point of professional activity. Is the sacrifice worth while? The answer comes without hesitation from men and women who make it quietly every day. Looking at the situation of our people to-day with the eyes of a patriot, one must surely say that a strong determining influence in the choice of a profession should be found in the opportunities for social activity of the higher type which it offers. Naturally, no such statement can be made without reserve. There are clear vocations not to be withstood; though the inward call summon the young man to a region far from human fellowship, he can but rise and follow. But such calls are rare. The average person is helped to decision by no irresistible summons of temperament;

he is simply aware of a certain modicum of inward force, which within limits he may direct as he will. In this our time of class alienation and civic stress, the professions that make for social unity and peace should as naturally draw the flower of our patriotic youth, as the profession that defends the nation from enemies without draws them in time of war.

But the transforming power of the democratic ideal must affect society at large as well as special functions in society. Before democracy can do its perfect work, men must be in democratic relations to one another, not only politically, not only professionally, but socially, — a short sentence that looks forward to a long evolution. Despite our faint theories to the contrary, class rules in America all but as rigidly as in the Old World. True, it is almost a rarity among us to find people on the same social level as their fathers; but a society is not democratic because it accepts the aristocrat of intellect or money, whatever his antecedents: it is only democratic when the natural instinct of selection in fellowship, according to the mysterious harmonies of temperament, can have free play, irrespective of class distinction. It is to be feared that the feeling of some people is not unlike that of a French general who remarked to the writer, "I am a democrat, in a sense a socialist. I am always severe, to be sure, with my servants, — why not? I am the master. But I am always cordial, unless angry." The public applauds a President of the United States who in his hospitality ignores the color line; to ignore the class line were a different matter. Perhaps our attitude is right, or at all events inevitable; only in this case let us "clear our minds of cant," and put some clear and vigorous thinking on the rational limits of democracy. A theory which does not translate itself into act is a sentimental delusion. Seldom, indeed, at least in the great cities, does one

find sons or daughters of privilege who have formed with working men or women the sort of relation that might naturally lead to an invitation to dinner. A trivial fact, certainly; yet it is mournfully true that if this one relation — the sign and seal of social equality — be tabooed, no other will in the long run avail to create fellowship beyond suspicion. For between fellowship and benevolence the working people draw the line unerringly. So long as there are large sections of the private life of the privileged classes which no outsider is invited to enter, the workers will never believe that our desire for social unity is real. Most of them, indeed, take the present state of things for granted; but let us beware of assuming that they hold it satisfactory or righteous. The shrinking suspicion displayed by the more self-respecting in the presence of our best-intentioned philanthropies is the measure of the sensitive pride with which they realize and resent their social ostracism. This may be a false attitude on their part; in order to dissipate it, however, we must remove American air from their nostrils, and import an entire atmosphere from the Old World.

To seek personal relations, free from any philanthropic flavor, with those who are doing the practical work of the world is the most direct means possessed by most people of helping to create the new society. This we are learning to recognize; although, as many an enthusiastic young person has found to his sorrow, fellowship cannot be attained by sudden means. One cannot pounce upon a fellow mortal, demand his friendship, and seek to penetrate the citadel of his soul, simply because he is a laboring man. A community of interests must exist before relations of a personal kind can arise in a natural and simple way; and the difficulty of discovering any such community is as striking comment as could be found on the alienation of classes. Nevertheless,

tact, wisdom, above all, patience without limits and entire indifference to conventions, can establish or create it. Herein lies the chief value of settlements, and also of certain other agencies, less democratic, more philanthropic in cast, — they furnish a method of approach between members of the separated classes.

Yet just here one must signal a danger that besets even the settlement movement, — nearest approach that we have evolved to a true expression of democracy, but imperiled by its very success. Our end of social unity will never be reached by establishing special centres wherein the arts of brotherhood shall be practiced. It is easy for any one to pass a few months, or even years, comfortably enough, as a rule, in a house dedicated to a pleasant theory, — to dance and talk and entertain, and find keen satisfaction in the play. But the test comes afterward. Settlements are means, not ends; they fail unless they foster in the children of their spirit an attitude which will cause each and all to exercise ceaseless, loving, democratic activity in the normal and permanent life. The true centre of social unification, the strategic point where the battle of the spiritual democracy will be lost or won, is the ordinary home. If this be Utopian, then will democracy remain forever located in Utopia.

It is obvious that the average American home is otiose, so far as distinctive service to the democratic cause is concerned. And it is probably often impracticable to make any new demands on homes of the older generation. The contretemps and discomforts attendant in such cases on any attempt to extend social relations on unconventional lines defeat the aim, and witness to the distance which we have traveled *de facto* from our American assumptions. But new homes are forming every day: many of them are founded by young men and women trained in colleges where the theory of social equality is edging its way, and in settlements where

the practice of social equality is attempted. Is it too much to hope that every such home might become a centre of brotherly love practiced deliberately beyond the bounds of class distinction? In no arbitrary nor sudden manner can be overcome the prejudices and the indolence of generations: nor can we wonder if incredulity, reluctance, and perhaps rudeness, meet our efforts to know our poorer brethren without reserve. But the invincible power of a high conception can put to flight the evil phantoms of timidity, distrust, distaste, and create fellowship unhampered. In the familiar interchange of thought and feeling that results, the common life we seek is born at last.

"Cabined, cribbed, confined," as we are within the limits of class-consciousness, the life of untrammelled fellowship is yet nearer than we often think. The attitude which we desire lies behind us as well as before, and we have a tradition to which we may return, as well as an ideal toward which we may strive. A large degree of democratic feeling and practice still exists in America, — more, to be sure, in the West than in the East, more in country than in city. The simpler New England of our forefathers, for instance, represented a social ideal which may well rebuke us of these later days; here, there was no need consciously to seek what existed as a matter of course. Many of us probably still know, in our summer wanderings, innocent and lovely regions where the relation between servants, hosts, and guests is happily unformulated, and a gentle simplicity of manners produces hospitality without limits of convention; and most people who are fortunate enough to share for a season the life of such pleasant valleys or mountain nooks find in them an image of abiding freedom and peace. The very fluidity and freedom of American life, moreover, the easy escape of the individual from barriers once impassable, may introduce, though it do not in itself

constitute, a democratic society; for the majority of Americans who have arrived within the pale of what for lack of a better term we call the privileged classes can find, if they will, natural ties with the manual workers. Best of all, greatest and strongest help toward the achievement of the new society, is the indubitable fact that the democratic life, when once attained, is the natural home of the human spirit.

Three things hold us apart: the mere physical distance which, especially in cities, separates the homes of rich and poor; the tension of American life, keeping us all as busy as we can possibly be, whether the heavy flails we wield thresh wheat or chaff; and our own sense that the psychical distance is insuperable, supplemented by the curious instinct to limit our relations to people who like the same books, or art, or manners, as ourselves. Obstacles real and great; but overcome the first two, and the last mysteriously vanishes. When the socializing impulses of democracy are vitally at work within us, we become aware, to our own surprise, that the desire to consort with people better endowed than ourselves with wealth or intelligence is an impulse less profoundly natural than the yearning, for our soul's health, to know a wider fellowship with those by whose labor we live. True, so abnormal is our situation that artificial means must often be sought in order to get into normal relations with our fellow-citizens. But once initiate these relations, and difficulties are over; one discovers in one's self, with amazed delight, a sense of social ease and pleasure, of enlargement and peace, such as he has probably never known before. This is a strange experience, but it is known to many of us. Will not fellowship between the educated and the uneducated be a make-believe after all? asks some bland inquirer with a choice enunciation. Let us whisper in reply: he of whom you ask has found true and

nourishing intercourse more possible with some hard-working man or woman who knew no grammar, and could converse on neither art nor letters, than with the cultured questioner. For friendship rests on nothing so simple as the inheritance of the same class tradition. Knowledge of similar books, use of similar speech, a kindred taste in jokes or art, — these things are the basis of agreeable acquaintance. From deeper mysteries of temperament and character flashes that light whereby soul recognizes soul; a light potent to dissipate all mists that rise from alien race, class, or circumstance. It is only the first step that costs, — a rude step, it may be. Those who have taken it — their number is goodly and increasing — awaken as it were suddenly in the fair and joyous country of brotherhood, where all that divides us is forgotten illusion, and we find ourselves united in the primal realities of experience and desire.

Slowly, surely, beneath its surface failures, democracy is transforming civilization, but its most vital transformation is the most inward, for it is wrought in the hearts and minds of men. The need of our society lies deep. A mere sense of social responsibility, in professions or in daily life, such as one constantly meets in England, is an excellent thing, but it is of limited value. We in America must go beyond that. The motive impelling to wider fellowship must be quite different from the subtle impulse toward the disbursal of spiritual alms, or even from the uneasy sense of a debt to be paid, a justice unfulfilled. It must be borne to us from a future as yet unrealized. In any movement toward social unity which shall be acceptable and effective, two influences must rule: the conviction of the mind that only by breaking down the social barriers that isolate the classes can our higher national aims be secured, and the desire of the heart to draw near, for our own sakes, to those meek of the earth,

who, if Christian ethics speak true, are the possessors of the highest wisdom.

Granted this transformation of our inward and outward life in the likeness of the humanity to be, and all we long for will follow. There is no need of radical theory, no need of violent subversions of the existing order, to overcome the bitterness that holds our producing classes in isolation. Great changes, indeed, industrial and social, are essential before social justice can be seen,—are for the matter of that on the way whether we will or no. To help them forward, when they make for righteousness, with what vigor and consecration he may, is the duty of every man. But such changes come slowly. If we would have them also come wisely, come securely, come without endangering the unity and loyalty of our national life, the power is in our hands. Not

one of us needs to be simply a passive spectator of the sad social pageant. To help onward the cause of the civilization we desire, we have only, as individuals, in our professional and in our private activities, to live out, without delay, cordially, thoughtfully, in readiness to dedicate energetic effort to the deed, the conception of our function and our attitude demanded by the democratic state. "Thou wast in my house while I sought for thee afar," exclaims a restless hero of an Italian novel to the wife in whom he finally recognizes a long-desired ideal. Close at hand, in the conditions of our daily living, not far away in some impossible land, are to be found the means that shall create harmony out of discord, and begin at least to bring those most distant from one another into that common national consciousness which democracy demands.

Vida D. Scudder.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

MOVEMENT I: SLEEP.

ON that October day, nothing was visible at first save yellow flowers, and sometimes a bee's quiet shadow crossing the petals: a sombre river, noiselessly sauntering seaward, far away dropped with a murmur, among leaves, into a pool. That sound alone made tremble the glassy dome of silence that extended miles on miles. All things were lightly powdered with gold, by a lustre that seemed to have been sifted through gauze. The hazy sky, striving to be blue, was reflected as purple in the waters. There, too, sunken and motionless, lay amber willow leaves; some floated down. Between the sailing leaves, against the false sky, hung the willow shadows,—shadows of willows overhead, with waving foliage, like the train of a bird of paradise. One standing on a

bridge was seized by a Hylean shock, and wondered as he saw his face, death-pale, among the ghostly leaves below. Everywhere the languid perfumes of corruption. Brown leaves laid their fingers on the cheek as they fell; and here and there the hoary reverse of a willow leaf gleamed in the crannied bases of the trees.

One lonely poplar, in a space of refulgent lawn, was shedding its leaves as if it scattered largess among a crowd. Nothing that it gave it lost; for each leaf lay sparkling upon the turf, casting a splendor upwards. A maiden unwreathing her bridal garlands would cast them off with a grace as pensive as when the poplar shed its leaf.

One could not walk as slowly as the river flowed; yet that seemed the true pace to move in life, and so reach the great gray sea. Hand in hand with the

river wound the path, and that way lay our journey.

In one place slender coils of honeysuckle tried to veil the naked cottage stone, or in another the subtle handiwork of centuries had covered the walls with lichen. And it was in the years when Nature said

“incipient magni procedere menses,”

when a day meant twenty miles of sunlit forest, field, and water,

Oh! moments as big as years,

years of sane pleasure, glorified in later reveries of remembrance. . . . Near a reedy, cooty backwater of that river ended our walk.

The day had been as an august and pompous festival. Burning like an angry flame until noon, and afterward sinking peacefully into the soundless deeps of vespereal tranquillity as the light grew old, on that day life seemed in retrospect like the well-told story of a rounded, melodious existence, such as one could wish one's self. . . . How mild, dimly golden, the comfortable dawn! Then the canvas of a boat creeping like a spider down the glassy river pouted feebly. The slumberous afternoon sent the willow shadows to sleep and the aspens to feverish repose, in a landscape without horizon. Evening chilled the fiery cloud; and a gray and level barrier, like the jetsam of a vast upheaval, but still and silent, lay alone across the west. Thereafter a light wind knitted the willow branches against a silver sky with a crescent moon. Against that sky, also, one could not but scan the listless grasses bowing on the wall top. For a little while, troubled tenderly by autumnal maladies of soul, it was sweet and suitable to follow the path toward our place of rest, — a gray immemorial house with innumerable windows.

The house, in that wizard light “sent from beyond the sky,” — for the moon cast no beams through her prison of oak

forest, — seemed to be one not made with hands. Was it empty? The shutters of the plain, square windows remained unwhitened, flapped ajar. Up to the door ran a yellow path, leveled by moss, where a blackbird left a worm half swallowed, as he watched our coming. Some one had recently let fall a large red rose, that, divided and spilt by birds, petal by petal, lay as beautiful as blood, upon the ground. This path and its fellow carved the lawn into three triangles; and in each an elm rose up, laying forth auburn foliage against the house, in November even.

The leaves that had dropped earlier lay, crisp and curled, in little ripples upon the grass. There is a perfect moment for coming upon autumn leaves, as for gathering fruit. The full, flawless color, the false, hectic well-being of decay, and the elasticity are attained at the same time in certain favored leaves, and dying is but a refinement of life.

In one corner of the garden stood a yew tree and its shadow; and the shadow was more real than the tree, — the shadow carved upon the sparkling verdure in ebony. In the branches the wind made a low note of incantation, especially if a weird moon of blood hung giddily over it in tossing cloud. To noonday the ebony shadow was as lightning to night. Toward this tree the many front windows guided the sight; and beyond, a deep valley was brimmed with haze that just spared the treetops for the play of the sunset's last, random fires. To the left, the stubborn leaves of an oak wood soberly burned like rust, among accumulated shadow. To the right, the woods on a higher slope here and there crept out of the haze, like cloud, and received a glory, so that the hill was by this touch of the heavens exaggerated. And still the sound of dropping waters, “buried deep in trees.”

Quite another scene was discovered by an ivy-hidden oriel, lit by ancient light, immortal light traveling freely

from the sunset, and from the unearthly splendor that succeeds. There the leaves were golden for half a year upon the untempestuous clouds. Rain never fell, or fell innocently, in sheaves of perpendicular diamond. Snow faded usually into glistening gray as it dropped, or flew in prismatic dust before the dispersing feet of wayfarers. Nevertheless, the tranquillity, the fairness, the unseasonable hues, were *triste*: that is to say, joy was here under strange skies; sadness was fading into joy, joy into sadness, especially when one looked upon this gold, and heard the dark sayings of the wind in far-off woods, while these were still. Many a time and oft was the forest to be seen, when the chilliest rain descended, fine and hissing, — seen standing like enchanted towers, amidst it all, untouched and aloof, as in a picture. But when the sun had just disappeared red-hot in the warm, gray, still eventide, and left in the west a fiery tissue of wasting cloud, when the gold of the leaves had a freshness like April greenery, in a walk through the sedate old elms there was “a fallacy of high content.”

Several roses nodded against the gray brick, as if all that olden austerity were expounded by the white blossoms that emerged from it, like water magically struck from the rock of the wilderness. In the twilight silence the rose petals flew down. So tender was the air, they lay perfect on the grass, and caught the moonlight.

In ways such as these the mansion speaks. For the house has a characteristic personality. Strangely out of keeping with the trees, it grows incorporate with them, by night. Behold it, as oft we did, early in the morning, when a fiery day is being born in frost, and neither wing nor foot is abroad, and it is clothed still in something of midnight; then its shadows are homes of awful thoughts; you surmise who dwells therein. Long after the sun was gay, the

house was sombre, unresponsive to the sky, with a Satanic gloom.

The forest and meadow flowers were rooted airily in the old walls. The wildest and daintiest birds had alighted on the trees.

Things inside the house were contrasted with the lugubrious wall as with things without. The hangings indeed were sad, with a design of pomegranates; but the elaborate silver candelabra dealt wonderfully with every thread of light entering contraband. One braided silver candlestick threw white flame into the polished oaken furniture, and thence by rapid transit to the mirror. An opening door would light the apartment as lightning. Under the lights at night, the shadowy concaves of the candelabra caught streaked reflections from the whorls of silver below, and the Holy Grail might have been floating into the room when a white linen cloth was unfolded, dazzling the eyes.

In the upper rooms, the beds (and especially that one which commanded the falcon's eye of an oriel) — the beds, with their rounded balmy pillows, and unfathomable eider down that cost hours of curious architecture to shape into a trap for weary limbs, were famous in half a county. All the opiate influence of the forest was there. Perhaps the pillow was daily filled with blossoms that whisper softliest of sleep. There were perfumes in the room quite inexplicable. Perhaps they had outlived the flowers that bare them ages back, flowers now passed away from the woods. The walls were faded blue; the furniture snowed upon by white lace; the bed canopy a combination of three gold and scarlet flags crossed by a device in scarlet and gold, “Blest is he that sleepeth well, but he that sleeps here is twice blest;” of which the explanation was — at the midday breakfast, every one told the dream he had dreamed (or would have dreamed), and he who, by a majority of suffrages (each lady having

two), dreamed best had the great tankard full of Amontillado, and left his name and a device upon it. The tankard was downstairs, deeply worn, with a few surviving inscriptions, some of which were remarkably applicable both to wine and life: ΠΑΝΤΑ ΠΕΙ; and The Old is Better; and Menteries Joyeuses; and ΣΠΕΝΔΩΜΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ ΜΝΑΜΑΣ ΗΑΙΣΙΝ ΜΩΣΑΙΣ, by one who knew how delicately memory contributes to the fashioning of dreams.

The whole room was like an apse with altar, and pure, hieratic ornament. To sleep there was a sacramental thing. Sleep there and die! one reflected. Such dreams one had, and yet one forwandered soul had left his lament upon the oriel glass: —

“EHEU!
VITA
SPLENDIDIOR VITRO
FRAGILIOR VITRO
EHEU!”

Against that window were flowers whose odor the breeze carried to one's nostrils when it puffed at dawn. If excuses could be found, it was pleasant to be early abed, in summer, for the sake of that melancholy western prospect, when the songs of the lark and nightingale arose together. One fell suddenly asleep, with a faint rush of the scent of juniper in the room, and the light still fingering your eyelashes. Or, if one closed the window, in that chamber —

“That chamber deaf of noise and blind of sight,”

one could hear one's own thoughts. Moreover, there was a graceful usage, that was almost a custom, of making music while the owl hooted vespers; for a bed without music is a sty, the host used to say, — as the philosopher called a table without it a manger.

Alongside the bed, and within reach of the laziest hand, ran two shelves of books. One shelf held an old Montaigne; the Lyrical Ballades; the Morte Darthur; The Compleat Angler;

Lord Edward Herbert's Autobiography; George Herbert's Temple; Browne's Urn Burial; Cowper's Letters. The other shelf was filled by copies, in a fine feminine hand and charmingly misspelt, of the long-dead hostess's favorites, all bound according to her fancy by herself: Keats's Odes; Twelfth Night; L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; the twenty-first chapter of St. John and the twenty-third Psalm; Virgil's Eclogues; Shelley's Adonais; part ii. section ii. member 4, of the Anatomy of Melancholy, called Exercise rectified of body and mind; Lord Clarendon's eulogy of Falkland, in the History of the Great Rebellion; and Walter Pater's Child in the House and Leonardo da Vinci, added by a younger but almost equally beautiful hand.

What healing slumbers had here been slept, what ravelled sleeve of care knit up! Ancient room that hadst learned peacefulness in centuries, — to them whose hunger bread made of wheat doth not assuage, to those that are weary beyond the help of crutches, thou, ancient room in that gray immemorial house, heldst sweet food and refuge.

Rest for the weary, for the hungry cheer. To the bereaved one, sleeping here, thou redeemedst the step that is soundless forever, the eyes that are among the moles, the accents that no subtlest hearing shall ever hear again; bringest the child bemoaned, —

“Thou bringest the child, too, to its mother's breast.”

You, ancient bed, full of the magic mightier than “powerfullest lithomancy,” hadst blessings greater than St. Hilary's bed, on which distracted men were laid, with prayer and ceremonial, and in the morning rose restored. With you, perhaps, was Sleep herself. Sleep that sits, more august than Solomon or Minos, in a court of ultimate appeal, whither move the footsteps of those who have mourned for justice at human courts, and mourned in vain. Sleep, by whose equity divine the cuffed and dungeoned

innocent roams again emparadised in the fields of home, under the belgard of familiar skies. Sleep, whose mercy is not bounded, but

“droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,”

even upon the beasts; for the hound in his dream breathes hot upon the scent of his prey. Sleep soothes the hand of poverty with gold, and pleases with the ache of long stolen coronets the brows of fallen kings. Had Tantalus dropped his eyelids, sleep had ministered to his lips. The firman of sleep goes forth: the peasant is enthroned, and accomplished in the superb appurtenances of empire; the monarch finds himself among the placid fireside blisses of light at eventide; and those in cities pent sleep beguiles with the low summons,

“Ad claras Asiæ volemus urbes.”

Because sleep clothes the feet of sorrow with leaden sandals and fastens eagles' wings upon the heels of joy, I wonder that some ask at nightfall what the morrow shall see concluded: I would rather ask what sleep shall bring forth, and whither I shall travel in my dreams. It seems indeed to me that to sleep is owed a portion of the deliberation given to death. If life is an apprenticeship to death, waking may be an education for sleep. We are not thoughtful enough about sleep; yet it is more than half of that great portion of life spent really in solitude. “*Nous sommes tous dans le désert! Personne ne comprend personne.*” In the hermitage what then shall we do? One truly ought to enter upon sleep as into a strange, fair chapel. Fragrant and melodious antechamber of the unseen, sleep is a novitiate for the beyond. Nevertheless, it is likely that those who compose themselves carefully for sleep are few as those who die holily; and most are ignorant of an art of sleeping (as of dying), that clamors for its episcopal head. The surmises, the ticking of the heart, of an anxious child,

—the awful expectation of Columbus spying the fringes of a world, — such are my emotions, as I go to rest. I know not whether before the morrow I shall not pass by the stars of heaven and behold the “pale chambers of the west,” returning before dawn. To many something like Jacob's dream oft happens. The angels rising are the souls of the dreamers dignified by the insignia of sleep. Without vanity, I think in my boyhood, in my sleep, I was often in heaven. Since then, I have gone dreaming by another path, and heard the sighs and chattering of the underworld; have gone from my pleasant bed to a fearful neighborhood, like the fifth Emperor Henry, who, for penance, when lights were out, the watch fast asleep, walked abroad barefoot, leaving his imperial habiliments, leaving Matilda the Empress. And when the world is too much with me, when the past is a reproach harrying me with dreadful faces, the present a fierce mockery, the future an open grave, it is sweet to sleep. It is a luxury at times, and many times have I closed a well-loved book, ere the candle began to fail, that I might sleep, and let the soul take her pleasure in the deeps of eternity. It may be that the light of morning is ever cold, when it breaks in upon my sleep and disarrays the palaces of my dreams.

“Each matin bell . . .

Knells us back to a world of death.”

The earth then seems but the fragments of my dream that was so high, fallen to earth; yet is it worth while to rouse myself, for if it be June, while that same lark is singing I shall sleep again.

MOVEMENT II: FALLINGS FROM US: VANISHINGS.

“*Nous ne nous verrons plus, les portes sont fermées.*” — ALLADINE ET CALORNIDES.

One day I was playing with similes, rather contemptuously, perhaps. Comparisons of human life to visible things, comparisons which, by elaboration, became the whole matter of a poem, came

to mind. The trick seemed very easy. Life was like — it was like a score of objects thought of in as many seconds. But finally this became a little serious, as pastimes will; I was in the trap I laughed at. Life, said I, is like a cord weighted at both ends, thrown across a beam. The weight at one end is pleasure; the other pain. Now this, now that, worries the cord: both fall together: and such is death. Just then a straw in my hand was snapped. For a moment I stared vacantly at the gap between the halves. Then a gap was opened in my heart; the reverie was shattered.

That snapping of the straw was a symbol to me of many a parting, of many an eternal cessation, of the interruption of the epic rhythm of the breath by death.

Sharp sorrows, rankling and poisonous regrets, born of the death of the sound of a bell; sorrows at the passing of a year in the still night, even if it have been a hapless year; sorrow at the death, the annihilation, of anything!

Ah! surely nothing dies, but something mourns; for what is death but the sublimest of separations? — separation from the temple of the body, from the touches and smiles of friends, from the sight of the sun. Like a gale that unburthens buttercups of their dew, musically, entered the snapping of the straw among my thoughts, and stirred these sorrows.

For it was then autumn.

At that season there often shines a red moon, hanging close to earth, flushing deeper as night darkens, until it throbs with heat, as though it would burn itself out. It is an enchanter's moon. Indeed, all things now seem to be frail and transitory as the work of an alchemist, — real and imposing at first, true gold, but fading before the eyes, — the golden disk changing to a withered leaf. Yet for a time reigns a deep, sweet tranquillity, filled with odors like embalmers' sanctities in Eastern tombs; the odor

of flowers is no more. . . . The west wind comes and sweeps a new melody out of branches and leaves. The west wind, that was in April their nurse and cherished them, is now become their ghostly father and weaves their shroud. In thousands they are torn from the tree, and the sighs that spring from the depths of the heart at this season are only a fraction of their imperial obsequies, in which red, turbulent sunsets and the west wind's "mighty harmonies" take parts. Number the leaves in Saurnaka, number the curled leaves that pleadingly tap at the doors of London, number the leaves "that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa;" even so many, and more also, are the sighs, the tears, the ah me's of despairing hearts. Leaf is torn from branch; later on, bough from bough. And a moan seems to go up. It is heard in the plaintive silence of unfooted valleys. The wind itself creeps like a scolded child into the remoter corners of houses long ago deserted, there to comfort itself with a threnody that startles him who is light-hearted as he passes by. . . .

For the earth has clothed itself in lustrous green, pranked with flowers of purple and the color of gold. Over this it has raised a dome of divinest blue, swept in daytime by fleeces and moving mountains of white, at dawn and sunset by wings of rose and daffodil, and at night illumined by the moon, by flying splendors of lightning and comet and aurora, and by the glorious company of the stars of heaven. In the midst of these it has tuned the voices of a thousand birds and streams, and winds among the leaves and waters. So it has added beauty to beauty, until one September day, donee and golden, you think all this can never know death or change, and you lie down as if to doze forever, and demand solitude, — solitude to think, —

"To think oneself the only being alive."

No, this can never die, you say; and if, glancing from theme to theme in deli-

cious abandonment, the grim jewelry of winter be once remembered, you think it not merely passed, but dead,

“obiisse hiemem, non abiisse putans,”

as the monkish verses run. But the sun goes down, and that night the leaves itch with an evil breeze: in the morning a sinister band lies athwart the perfect gold of one leaf. . . . Why tell the rest? As you gaze upon the landscape, you have the sense of a great loss, a supreme passing away, a calamity irremediable. Summer will never come again! In sober truth, you yourself may never see it. The thrones and dominations of summer are overthrown, — *ceciditque superbum Ilium*; and the earth is in ashes.

But all partings have a sting, even partings from an acquaintance or a very foe. I know not why. A void, however short, follows close upon; and the heart cannot away with a void. The uncertainties of which parting forces a fresh sense upon you are so great. How many of us are like Lot's wife, and look back! So with partings from one's self: I never do anything habitual for the last time without an inward trouble, even though it have been painful.

There comes a horror as at a doom-trumpet when a door is shut between us and one we love; the very sound is

full of tragedy. And who has not felt the pang, when, idling afield at the close of a summer twilight, he has heard a distant gate shut loudly and the last footsteps in all the world die away?

Some of the stormiest sadnesses of childhood are of this kind. . . . We sit reading, — Crusoe or Marmion, perhaps, — when suddenly a window opposite begins to glimmer with light reflected from the sunset, and casts over our shoulders a long ghostly finger of light. We are touched only by the feebler, outer eddies of London, and these hardly move at such an hour. For one moment, or the interval between two moments, they sleep altogether. The last wagon rolls away. Then what a tumult of the soul as the silence sweeps over us like a great music, and catches us and all things into its bosom! . . . Long after nightfall, it needs the softest of maternal summonses to call us back from the land in which we have been traveling.

By a generous chance, it happens that no line is drawn clearly between the ages of our life; between childhood and infancy, youth and childhood, maturity and youth, old age and maturity. Thus the agony of the unretraceable footstep is not felt, or not until time has hedged it round with a charm that is not to be put by.

Edward Thomas.

AN AUTUMN FIELD.

How rich and full in June's all-perfectness
 Was the lush grass which, in this ample field,
 Grew riotously glad! How prodigal the yield
 Of every flower whose absence had made less
 The bounteous whole! Now, where that sweet excess
 Abounded, to itself has bareness sealed
 The thriftless sods: reft, like a glorious shield
 Of all its wrought and painted loveliness.

Yet not quite all; for here and there behold
A flower like those which made the summer sweet
Puts forth some meagre tint of red or gold,
To make the barrenness seem more complete.
Such overflow of life, such wealth of bliss;
Now for remembrance and endurance — this!
John White Chadwick.

THE KANSAS OF TO-DAY.

I.

THE pendulum of comment on the Sunflower State's character and accomplishments ever has swung to far extremes — from extravagant eulogy to bitter abuse. Thereby, the accurate presentation of possibilities and resources that a commonwealth always desires the public to possess often has been obscured, and Kansas, of necessity, has contended with much misunderstanding of the truth that lay between the rival heights of praise and blame.

The responsibility rests largely with the Kansas people themselves, though not alone upon those of this age and generation. The foundation was laid in early-day history. The time was when, in a sense, the state offered a spectacle to the nations. John Brown, the enthusiast, marched, sturdy-souled, at the head of his pioneer troops; Quantrell was a bogie for the settlers' children; the legislators followed the changing capital from place to place in canvas-hooded wagons; the emigrant train and the cattle trail, the prairie fire and the Indian raid, gave a glamour of romance, — and those who from afar watched it all wondered what the future held for this ambitious and earnest, but somewhat turbulent people. Whittier sang in verse, Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley wrote in prose, and Beecher preached from the pulpit concerning its needs and its triumphs. Kansas, perhaps a little elated at the

prominence it had attained so early in its career, learned to expect an echo of applause, or at least some evidence of attention, following each varying scene in its development.

Seldom was it disappointed. Indeed, so rapidly has the gentle art of manufacturing marvels developed of late years, that Kansas more than once has been surprised and amused at the importance and sensationalism attained by trivial home events when they had traveled a few hundred miles eastward. This influence, together with the lingering memory of its stormy territorial history, has prevented many from seeing the state as it is — from understanding it as do those who have shared its ups and downs and have helped to carry forward its social and business life. The softening touch of time and the establishment of confidence in the state's real worth have done much in modification, and the Kansas of to-day is being discussed by both advocate and accuser with fewer superlatives and greater candor.

It is agreed, for instance, that there has been a positive and substantial improvement in the state's fortunes. This is manifest in so many ways that even the Eastern investor, with the memory of a defaulted mortgage haunting him, as he looks from the car window is forced to concede it. New roofs and fresh paint, new porches and better sidewalks, tell some of the story. On the village lawns are cannas and cala-

diums instead of castor-beans and sun-flowers, clematis instead of wild ivy; striped awnings at wide windows, stained glass, and rubber-tired vehicles, — they are evidence of the improvement come to the prairies. If the stranger may note these signs, one who knows the people in their homes can add to the list. He can mention furnaces and electric lights, china closets and cut glass, davenport and venetian blinds, in hundreds of dwellings, — all visible signs of prosperity and in striking contrast with the former possessions, often those brought from the early home "back East."

It is usual to ascribe all this to the good crops of the past few years, yet that is not entirely fair. During all the dark days, from the bursting of the boom in 1887 until the clouds lifted a decade later, there was in most homes a pinching and saving of which the outside world knew nothing. Those who went through it kept up stout hearts; each summer they hoped for rain and each autumn they cheerfully "guessed" that "times would be better in the spring." They acquired a hatred of debt in every form, and made many a vow of restraint to be fulfilled in that longed-for blessed era when their creditors should be satisfied.

Had it not been so, the prosperity that came at last would have been absorbed and shown little sign. Retrenchment and economy had prepared the way, had cut down the mortgages, and cleared up some of the judgments. Even without unusual crops there would have risen above the surface of the sea of financial discouragement, which had existed since 1890, a stronger and more self-reliant people, and Kansas would have established itself in the end as a safe business state within the limits of its climatic conditions. As it was, the process suddenly was hastened, and a happy result has come like a benediction in reward for the patient struggle.

The best of it is that the recipients

of nature's bounty have learned how to take care of their gift, — they have put it into the comforts of life and the substantial evidences of congenial living, and not into speculation and extravagance.

Time and money — a great deal of both — have been expended by the Kansas people in mastering the intricate problems of Western development. They have learned caution by bitter trial, and have profited by the lesson. This fact often is overlooked by the Easterner who, when he has crossed the Missouri River, expects to find only unbusinesslike settlers, gifted chiefly in hope and suitable prey for the "smooth" man from the city. He forgets that before the mortgage was foreclosed the Kansas debtor walked the floor of his little cabin a good deal more than did the Eastern creditor that of his office, and that there is no pleasure in packing the wife and children into a prairie schooner and starting out from the farm to seek another home.

A young man with a scheme that was good principally for himself visited the business men of several towns of central Kansas last summer with poor results. "Why is it," he asked, "that the Kansans are so critical? Our plan worked all right in the South last winter, and in Ohio and Iowa."

"Well," remarked an old-timer who overheard him, "one reason is that the folks of Kansas have been struggling with schemes of one kind and another for twenty years, and they've learned to be careful. You will find it harder yet in Oklahoma, for the people there have gone all through what we have and a good deal more. The West is filled full of experience."

The Kansan's experience is four-fold.

The experience of settlement came first. On an exaggerated parallelogram, tipped three thousand feet higher at the west end than at the east, a million and a half people settled in two

decades. Many of them did not comprehend that the farming which might succeed in the East, or even along the Missouri border, would be a failure on the high-tilted prairie because of a lack of rainfall. Then there was the experience of the boom, that surging time when town lots spread out until they seemed likely to absorb the farms. The day of reckoning came next. Two hundred thousand people moved out of the state. Some went in Pullman cars, some in wagons, and some walked. Mortgaged claims were deserted, houses and stores were left empty, land in the "additions" once more sold by the acre instead of by the lot.

Out of all this — the misinformation as to the state's climatic conditions, the debts, the declining population, and the discouragement — came political vagaries. Starting with the Farmers' Alliance, the ideas that finally crystallized in Populism swept the state. The new doctrine taught an easy way out of debt-paying, and many, apparently more than willing to be convinced, accepted it as a revelation. Its noisy leaders frightened the East, denounced the "money power" on all occasions, wrote some foolish laws on the statute books, furnished a good deal of material for the sensational newspapers — and did little else.

All this time the people had been working out their financial salvation along other lines. They had learned that kaffir corn and alfalfa would stand the drought, that cattle and sheep would thrive in western Kansas, that diversity of crops would give regular returns, that creameries paid good dividends, that hogs were more profitable than parades, — in short, that farming conducted with due regard for the country's conditions would succeed. From that time the orator of the sub-treasury and fiat money felt his power wane, and today his former hold on the Kansan is gone. It is unlikely that he will ever regain it.

II.

In 1897, the Kansan stopped talking about wanting to sell out that he might go back East; in 1898, he was better contented; in 1899, he raised the price on his real estate and built a porch and bay window; in 1900, other improvements followed, and he congratulated himself on his foresight in having remained while so many left the state.

In the five years ending with the crop of 1901, Kansas raised 323,176,464 bushels of wheat and 681,452,906 bushels of corn. These were indeed fat years. The corn crop of 1889, 273,888,321 bushels, and the wheat of 1901, 90,333,095 bushels, were the largest in the history of the state, — but the average annual yield of wheat for ten years has been 49,450,354 bushels, and of corn, 142,856,553 bushels, the average total value of both crops being over \$60,000,000. The records of the state agricultural board show that for thirty-four years the average yield of corn, including corn territory and that where none at all grew, was twenty-seven bushels per acre, and for twenty-five years the average farm value of Kansas corn per acre has been \$7.31. While sixteen counties raise more than half the wheat of the state, fifty-five counties out of the 105 produce good returns of that cereal. Now that there seems to be a fairly clear understanding of the agricultural limitations, a much better record should be possible. The fact that in two years past the increase in the value of agricultural productions and live stock has been \$51,278,936 over the preceding two years gives good reason for the encouraging outlook. Each year the live stock interests assume larger proportions and greater value, — and the products of the range are affected little by dry weather. The average total product of farm and ranch for twenty years has been \$142,861,380 annually.

The state banks had on deposit in

December, 1896, \$14,553,000; in September, 1901, they had \$42,000,000, while the national banks had \$45,000,000 more. In the past five years, besides reducing mortgages and laying up \$50,000,000 in increased bank deposits, the state has made progress in its public finances. The counties, cities, and school districts refunded \$6,200,000 of bonds at a saving of one to two and a half per cent in interest rate. The actual reduction in the principal of bonds for the year ending July 1, 1900, was \$2,978,321. This was in spite of the fact that many counties issued new bonds for public buildings and other improvements. A Chicago financial paper in July, 1896, said: "There was a man here the other day with six per cent, gold, county bonds. Unfortunately the county happens to be in Kansas. The man learned that he might as well try to sell stock in an irrigating scheme on the planet Mars as to dispose of securities bearing on their face the name of Kansas." In less than three years seven bond houses had salaried representatives traveling from county to county in Kansas, endeavoring to secure refunding bonds at four and five per cent. The fact that a county's issue of bonds becomes optional is to-day a signal for a score of bids, and most of the counties have propositions a year ahead of the time when they can make a new issue at a lower rate.

The smoke of the manufactory is appearing in many towns where it had been unknown. It is not a sign of the coming of immense establishments to rival those of New England, but of smaller concerns supplying the needs of the community, growing as the state grows. This sort will be permanent, but it will not make this a manufacturing state, for such is not Kansas' destiny. It is a state for mixed farming and grazing, for cattle, horses and sheep, wheat and millet, alfalfa and corn, cows and soy beans, windmills and hay.

Statistics are not dry to the West-

erner. Only by tabulated figures can he read the history of his commonwealth's development in material things. It has been somewhat discouraging to the Kansan that the population has not increased more rapidly. The nation at large has done better than Kansas by over one half per cent per annum. In 1890, there were 1,427,096 people here; in 1900, there were 1,469,496. While this is a gain of only 42,400 in ten years, it is a gain of 134,762 over the population in 1895. The rate of increase is now about 25,000 a year, and it is steadily increasing.

Not until there is an end of opening new lands where a man can get a farm for an hour's ride on a swift pony will the gain be as large as it should. The temptation of cheap lands, added to the disappointment growing out of misdirected settlement, has been a steady drain on Kansas. All over the West is an uneasy, dissatisfied race, born with the wandering foot; the prairie schooner is its home, and the fascination of pioneering its delight. Just so long as there are new lands it will be on the move, and keep unstable the population of the prairie states. It is typical of the Westerner that he always sees a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow — yet, if it had not been so in the beginning, there might have been no Sunflower State.

A popular impression exists that many Eastern investors yet own mortgages on western Kansas lands on which they are endeavoring vainly to get interest or principal. Very little of such security remains. It was written in the middle eighties, and long ago one of two things happened, — the mortgagee foreclosed the mortgage, or the mortgagor deeded him the land in order to be released from the debt. The problem of to-day is not the mortgage, but the land, — how to sell it or secure a return from it. Some discouraged investors, failing to pay taxes, have practically forfeited their rights to the counties in

which their lands are; others are holding on, and with the coming of the cattle ranch there is hope for them. The mortgage of central and eastern Kansas draws five or six per cent, and is not easy to find. Neither necessity nor inclination leads the farmer into debt, and his borrowings are confined to the narrowest possible limits. The banks, frequently having more than half their deposits in cash on hand, loan at eight and ten per cent on short time, and complain that the call is not brisker. Many banks in the state do not pay interest on deposits.

Such are some of the conditions that encourage the Sunflower State in its material progress. They do not mean that every citizen is well to do, or that every enterprise is a bonanza. Kansas is yet making experiments, and has yet to meet with some failures. But they do mean that the state as a whole is building on a more substantial foundation than in the past; that it is doing business on cash instead of on credit; that it is mastering the conditions of soil and sky, and is seeking to adapt its agriculture — for Kansas is essentially an agricultural state — to them rather than attempting to force into operation systems and theories for which nature made no preparation. A healthy, unaffected, businesslike sentiment is abroad, and it bids fair to attain permanence. Once before, Kansas was tempted by prosperity to indulge in extravagance — and fell. It should know better now, for it is older in years and richer in experience.

Twenty years ago the autumn and early winter nights were reddened by burning straw-stacks sending up lurid flames on every horizon. Now, the farmer saves the straw, either for sale, or for use in his stockyards, so that it gives back something to the soil from which a crop has been taken. The prairie fire, too, that each year blackened the ranges and pastures, frequently leaping over bounds and destroying

homes and even lives, is being driven farther and farther West. In this conservation of the natural strength of the fertile soil, and in the growing unwillingness to waste in smoke a part of nature's largess, is seen a sign of the economy of these latter days. Joined with the earnest efforts toward making the most of the rainfall by means of small reservoirs, and toward assisting it by windmill or ditch irrigation where practicable, this economy of itself adds materially to the resources of the farmer, and indirectly to the advancement of the entire commonwealth.

III.

Country life in Kansas is not entirely monotonous. There are those who tell of the early days when young folks rode horseback twenty miles to a dance, and declare that the more staid diversions and the necessity of keeping on section-line roads because of the fences have made the pleasure of to-day inferior to that of pioneer times. Country life in the West is in a sense in a transition period. It has left behind the days of settlement when none needed an introduction and every man's history began with the day before yesterday, and has not yet reached the era of long-established families and generations of acquaintanceship. The public gatherings are not so much affected by this as are social affairs. With the advancing years a change is going on, and many a farmer is giving his sons quarter sections that they may, as they marry, settle near him. Then, too, the first comers have so far advanced in life and worldly goods that they are one by one handing over the reins to the next generation, frequently moving to the county seat themselves and resting from their labors. This "retired" class is yet small, but it increases with the years, and the Western communities more closely resemble their Eastern prototypes as the movement becomes more noticeable.

In the country neighborhoods the most prominent public interests are the church and Sunday-school (perhaps only in the summer months) at the district schoolhouse, which is the centre of interest for all neighborhood gatherings. The "literary" yet holds forth in the winter, and the political meeting has a brief season in important campaigns.

For the rest a drive over smooth prairie roads to the nearest town, even if it be a dozen miles, is no great hardship. Dances are common, and the fact that the host's dwelling is small does not make the enjoyment the less hearty. Many of the country hamlets have lodge halls, and the membership of the orders meeting therein is made up from the dwellers on the farms. It has introduced a new interest into lives too much left in solitude. The organization of counties in the church and Sunday-school work of recent years has broadened thoughts, and brought the town and country in closer touch.

The Kansas editor frequently prints items representing the farmer as living like a prince and reveling in luxury. Some basis exists for the hyperbole. Few farmers come to town now in lumber wagons; an astonishingly large number come in as handsome double carriages and surreys as are owned in the villages. New furniture in the homes and better clothes for the whole family have been a part of the earnings of better crops. Thousands of fathers and mothers have recently taken the first trip to the old home in the East since they followed the setting sun to a new dwelling place. They have returned better satisfied with the prairies than ever, for the old scenes and friends had changed, — and then the West keeps its hold firmly upon those who have once become a part of its life.

In the towns of to-day — and there are in the state 111 towns of one thousand and more population — the Kansan has given the best evidence of himself. When the settlement of the state

began, the conditions seemed singularly favorable for the founding of cities and villages that should approach the best models of municipal art. For hundreds of miles the undulating plain lay waiting, people were eager, land was cheap, and the widest possible range was offered for the selection of well-drained, healthful, and convenient locations; but the realization fell far short of the opportunity. The nucleus of the Kansas town was usually the country store and post-office. The blacksmith shop and the schoolhouse followed. Of late years the creamery station preceded all of these. If the railroad did not come, the whole was put on wheels and moved across country a section or two. If a promoter laid out a town site with elaborate detail, the chances were that perverse human nature would not fill out the plan by settlement. Opportune water courses, the construction of a railroad, the outline of a county, — these were here, as in the East, determining factors. Later came the "additions," expansion, and the keenest rivalry in all the nervous, pushing West, — that for municipal supremacy. Men's fortunes, principles, and even their lives have been sacrificed to it, and in a measure it has been the keynote of the Kansas town's development.

The dominant type of early-day architecture on the plains is the long, single-gabled, porchless, ungarnished structure, affording the maximum of space with a minimum of expenditure. If used as a store, there is apt to be an absurd square front built to the height of the roof peak. In the smaller towns this is yet seen, a monument to the first settlers' idea of harmony. The buildings vary greatly in size, but all share in the uniform color of weather-beaten, unpainted pine. Brick and stone blocks are succeeding that type, and the new public buildings are artistic in design and a credit to the state.

The tendency of the modern builder is toward better architecture, though in

the struggle upward some incongruous combinations are made, and there is a frequent recurrence of types obsolete a score of years ago. Education is needed in nearly every town, not alone in the construction of the store buildings, but in that of the residences. The fitness of things, the suitability of mixed designs, and the best results for the expenditure are subjects for much future enlightenment.

Few towns have taken the proper amount of ground space for their building. When ambitious landowners have not in their greed huddled the dwellers into crowded, shortened lots, a repellent force seems to have been at work, and the infrequent stores and residences are scattered over a whole section of land. The former mistake cannot be corrected, but the latter is being changed. The suburbs are being moved in, the vacant lots on the desirable streets are being filled, and a better-balanced, more sensible town is the result. In eastern and central Kansas the trees — elms, maples, box-elders, and some cottonwoods — line the streets, and have become so large that they overtop the houses. At a distance the town seems a forest. This is especially so where are good waterworks systems, and there, too, blue-grass lawns, as solid and as restful as a bit of Kentucky meadow, greet the eye. The touch of prosperity of the past few years has done much for the artistic side of things, and more attention is given to lawns and terraces, to flower gardens and to parks, than ever before.

The overbuilding of the boom era is almost repaired. One by one the houses that stood empty during the early nineties have been bought, moved into town or out on a farm, and have become homes. Within the past two years speculators searching for these bargains have found them scarce; it is no longer possible to purchase a handsome cottage for half what the lumber bill was at the beginning; hence after nearly a decade of

practical suspension the building of dwellings has been resumed. Pride is taken in ownership. Hundreds of Western towns there are (for similar conditions exist in other prairie states) in which five years ago half the real estate was owned by Eastern investors or mortgage companies, but where now ninety per cent of it is owned by people of the municipality, — principally by the occupants. This it is that furnishes hope for the coming years, and fills them with promise of greater advancement. The people have suddenly given up the thought that they are mere sojourners; they are at home, and wish to make that home beautiful.

The social life of the towns is varied. The Kansan is by nature a "joiner;" he delights in grips and passwords. Lodges, camps, posts, consistories, temples, tribes, and commanderies in bewildering array attract him. The state always wins in a contest with other jurisdictions for membership, for each citizen is willing to join many orders. Husbands and wives are alike eligible to membership in many of the long list of assessment orders that flourish, and around the lodge rooms clusters a large part of the social enjoyment of many towns. In addition to furnishing a vast amount of insurance and benefits at what is yet an absurdly low rate, the regular sessions of the lodges, the surprise parties, dances, and other features add to their good work.

Then there are card clubs, literary clubs, women's federations, balls, and receptions. Dress suits are more common than they were, even at the height of the boom, and gowns that would be satisfactory to the wearer a thousand miles farther East are the rule.

In one thing the Kansan clings to a surplusage — the church. Towns of two thousand souls with a dozen churches of as many creeds to look after their needs are not rare. Nearly every village has too many churches; that is, so many that the preachers are almost all poorly

paid, and the congregations' finances are in a constant state of depression. Intensity in affairs of the soul pervades the dweller on the plains, and when he is led to take up mission work it is curious to note that he usually seeks not the dark places of his own land, but the farthest possible portion of the globe, scores being thus engaged.

The representations of the drama are of meagre sort. The nearest approach to grand opera is the occasional view of the star's special train as it whirls past the squat-roofed prairie depot bearing a famous company from coast to coast. It is something of a shock to the uninitiated to find that the opera house is the second story of a frame building, twenty-four feet wide and eighty feet long, with a harness shop downstairs, but such is a common experience. The favorite form of dramatic presentation, the outgrowth of hard times, has been through the repertoire troupe, staying a week in a place and raffling a rocking chair among its patrons at the end of the stay. To-day higher-class attractions are booking Kansas again, and within the past two years several artistic amusement places have been given the name theatre instead of opera house; in time there may come to be a town hall occasionally.

Town quarrels are less frequent, town pride is on a higher level, and when, as is becoming the fashion, the village holds open house on the occasion of a carnival or street fair, forgotten are the differences of creed or politics or station, and all unite as one family, intent on making the best showing possible for hospitality.

The eastern Kansas towns are assuming the settled ways of the communities of the Atlantic states. "Old settlers" are there, and they look upon twenty or thirty years of residence as giving them a patent of aristocracy. It does. The men and women who have stayed by the varying fortunes of the average Kansas town for a quarter of a century deserve

honor. These are usually the people who run the banks and leading law firms, who sit in the best pews, and have weight with the city council and school board. They form the stable basis of Kansas society, and for the most part are proof against the ebullitions of boom spirit that animate younger and newer generations.

As one climbs the inclined plane toward the state's western edge, perched high in the semi-arid region of wide horizons, the nervous tension increases. If the inhabitants of the towns there do not feel as do those of more conservative sections, they feel, to use the expression of a Kansas editor, that that is the way they ought to feel. They look forward to making their community substantial and successful. They are trying to build wisely — this time.

IV.

The Kansan has changed the capital of his state seven times before deciding where it should stay. He has laid railroad tracks and then torn up the rails, built towns and deserted them, dug irrigation ditches where there was no water, erected manufactories where there was no market, tried the one-crop style of agriculture and abandoned it, tested devices, schemes, and plans galore for getting money and paying debts without work; he has experimented, theorized, and dreamed, — and then has walked the floor nights, pondering why the way was so difficult. He has ascribed his failures to the "money power," to the "per capita," to Providence, and to nearly everything else that was mysterious. One day he awoke, and discovered that the fault was within himself — and suddenly the path cleared. From that time he sought to adapt himself to his environment, and then began the debt-paying, the improvement of the homes, and the realization of the years of hope; then came the sense of happiness and the accession of

those good things of life that are summed up in the pleasant word Prosperity.

Thus it transpires that there is a New Kansas, better and wiser than the old.

Periods there are when the Kansan reverts to the old times; as when the hot winds blow like furnace breaths out of the Southwest, shriveling and scorching vegetation and wearing out the nerves of the people. So, too, when the early spring breezes send dust and snow careering through the streets and drift the surface of the fields as if it were but sand of the seashore. Then it is that the Kansan pulls his hat well down on his head, leans against the wind, and uses remarks not complimentary to the weather of his state. But when in the fragrant June the air, rich as wine, is laden with the breath of yellow wheatfields and far stretches of young corn and green pastures, when autumn and Indian summer thrill with clear-skied days and crisp, delightful nights, — he forgets it all, and declares that there is no place on earth so favored. He talks about it to his neighbor, and writes a piece for his old home paper setting forth his pride.

Only in one thing does he admit his lack — facilities for recreation. Distances are too great for many enjoyments that come so easily to the Easterner. Even with money, the exertion in securing an outing almost offsets its good. Not a lake exists for five hundred miles; the mountains are as far from the central counties of the state. The rivers are not inviting to seekers after pleasure. The Arkansas, eleven months in the year, is a quarter-mile wide waste of glistening sand with a lonesome ribbon of lazy water, over which an energetic boy of thirteen might leap, winding its way along it. The others are mostly muddy-sided, turbid streams. A few beautiful groves are found in the eastern counties, but they are lost to the great mass of the people. The sea or lake shore and the mountain-top expanse are too remote for

every-day recreation, and a visit to them is a too infrequent luxury.

A great change of sentiment toward the East has occurred among the people of Kansas in the past three years. No more is New England the enemy's country that so many considered it during the days when debts were pressing heavily. Independence has brought a hearty comradeship as a substitute for the former antagonism. Modern innovations are doing much to relieve the loneliness of the prairie farms, once the bitter regret of the settler. Telephone lines between the little towns and rural delivery are bringing the people closer together. Thousands of farmers in central Kansas get their Kansas City morning papers by mid-forenoon.

"I was driving across country one morning last fall," said a minister the other day, "when I saw a good picture of the new Western civilization. A farmer, ten miles from town, was riding on a sulky plough. He was sheltered by an awning fastened above his implement. As I watched him, the rural delivery wagon came along and the driver handed to the farmer, then at the roadside, a bundle of papers. The worker remounted his plough, unfolded the daily paper printed that morning two hundred miles away, and, as the team took its steady course across the half-mile field, read the happenings in China and the news of the campaign."

Then, too, a new generation is growing up. The children of the comers in the sixties and seventies are to-day men and women engaged in the business of the state. Some of them have scarcely been outside its boundaries, and all of them, accustomed to its moods, are its loyal and earnest advocates. They have been educated in Kansas' excellent schools, and have married in their own neighborhoods. Not from these are recruited the ranks of the "movers," — the product of other states and other times who have made Kansas merely a stopping place on their devious way

toward the goal they are doomed never to reach.

Kansas has emerged from the experimental period of her history. That again there will come crop failures and lean years none can doubt; but the manner in which the Kansan meets the reverses will mean much. Schooled in the variations of other seasons he will be prepared in this, — that he will not stake all his fortune on one crop or product; he will meet drought complacently, as becomes one who knows some crops that thrive nearly as well in dry weather as in wet; he will greet the winds contentedly as he looks at the whirring windmills lifting moisture from the earth for the herds and gardens; he will try no more to make farms of the short-grass country, nor to build a metropolis at every cross-roads. Much though he may dislike to do so, he will

admit ingenuously that there are some things his state cannot do.

The watchword of the New Kansas is Stability. The Kansan, after three decades of trial, has pinned his faith to those things that make toward permanence and steady advancement. The hot-headed days of the state's youth are past, and the thrift and saving of the New England forefathers, once mocked at as unworthy this swift age, are looked upon with admiration and respect, if not with longing.

The Kansan is as proud of his commonwealth as ever; he is as valiant in its defense, and as eager in its eulogy; but he exaggerates less and qualifies more. The Sunflower State of to-day is being pictured to the world as it is, and in dealing thus in candor and frankness its children are establishing their own fortunes on surer foundations.

Charles Moreau Harger.

A BIT OF UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN HENRY THOREAU AND ISAAC HECKER.¹

At first thought, and in the light of later years which revealed such a wide difference in the characters and careers of these two remarkable men, it seems surprising that Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker could ever have got into any personal relation whatever. But at the time of this little correspondence they were both young, and youth, no less than misery, acquaints us sometimes with strange bedfellows. To be sure, both were ardent idealists, both were frank and sincere, both of high and knightly courage. Their armor was their honest thought, and simple truth their utmost skill. This must have been the ground of such sympathy as existed between them.

¹ A paper read before the American Anti-quarian Society, at its semi-annual meeting in Boston, April 30, 1902.

Hecker at this time had just spent the best part of a year in the spring-morning atmosphere of Brook Farm, then in its prime, where his genial and attaching disposition had won him not a few admiring friends, among whom was George William Curtis, who named the aspiring enthusiast "Ernest the Seeker;" and now, with his eager but somewhat irresolute hand in the strong grasp of Orestes Brownson, the youth was being half led, half impelled from within, toward the Catholic Church. He had recently been for some months a lodger in the house of Thoreau's mother at Concord while taking lessons in Latin and Greek of George Bradford, whose rare worth as a teacher he had learned at Brook Farm. That was how his acquaintance with Thoreau came about. His studies, however, always

fitful and against the grain, had suddenly come to an end, smothered as it were or at least displaced by one of those high tides of inward unrest which visited him at intervals throughout his life. He had gone home to New York and prepared himself for baptism into the church, which appears to have been his destiny quite as much as his choice, when the notion came to him of the adventurous trip to Europe proposed to Thoreau on the spur of the moment in these letters.

This was in 1844, when Hecker was twenty-five. Thoreau, two years his senior, had graduated at Harvard seven years before, had taught school a little, and had tried his hand with effect at literary work. He too, like Hecker, was nearing a crisis in his life, namely, the hermit episode at Walden. For although that "experiment," as he himself called it, lasted in its original form but little more than a couple of years, it formed distinctly the point of departure of his career, and laid out the course from which he never afterwards swerved.

The significance of this correspondence, slight as it is in form and manifestly unstudied in its content, lies in a certain prophetic note, all the more impressive from its unconsciousness, which, especially in the case of Thoreau, discloses the clearness of his self-knowledge and the consistency and firmness of his self-determination. Curtis, writing of young Hecker as he knew him at Brook Farm, says: "There was nothing ascetic or severe in him, but I have often thought since that his feeling was probably what he might have afterward described as a consciousness that he must be about his Father's business." While such a feeling is but vaguely if at all expressed in his two letters to Thoreau, it constitutes the very core and essence of Thoreau's response. Young as the latter was, unengaged as he seemed even to his intimate friend Channing (his best biographer), he had already heard and

heeded the call of his Genius, and his vocation was thenceforth fixed. In his ripest years, in his most considered utterance, he does but reiterate in substance the declaration of these letters when he says, in that masterpiece of his essays, *Life without Principle*, "I have been surprised when one has with confidence proposed to me, a grown man, to embark in some enterprise of his, as if I had absolutely nothing to do, my life having been a complete failure hitherto. What a doubtful compliment this is to pay me! As if he had met me halfway across the ocean beating up against the wind, but bound nowhere, and proposed to me to go along with him! If I did, what do you think the underwriters would say? No, no! I am not without employment at this stage of the voyage. To tell the truth, I saw an advertisement for able-bodied seamen, when I was a boy, sauntering in my native port, and as soon as I came of age I embarked."

On Hecker's side there was undoubtedly far less of serious purpose; his mood seems youthful, almost boyish; but the glow of it is genuine and characteristic, and I think his biographer, Father Elliott, misses its import when he turns the affair off lightly as "but one of the diversions with which certain souls, not yet enlightened as to their true course, nor arrived at the abandonment of themselves to Divine Providence, are amused." To my mind, these two letters of Hecker's clearly reveal the temperament, at once impetuous and volatile, that went with the man through his troubled life, and gave him much of his influence and distinction, as well as cast him oftentimes into the fire and oft into the water.

But it is time to let the correspondence speak for itself.

HECKER TO THOREAU.

HENRY THOREAU, — It was not altogether the circumstance of our imme-

diate physical nearness, though this may have [been] the consequence of a higher affinity, that inclined us to commune with each other. This I am fully sensible [of] since our separation. Oftentimes we observe ourselves to be passive or coöperative agents of profounder principles than we at the time even dream of.

I have been stimulated to write to you at this present moment on account of a certain project which I have formed, which your influence has no slight share, I imagine, in forming. It is, to work our passage to Europe, and to walk, work, and beg if needs be, as far when there as we are inclined to do. We wish to see how it looks, and to court difficulties; for we feel an unknown depth of untried virgin strength which we know of no better way at the present time to call into activity and so dispose of. We desire to go without purse or staff, depending upon the all-embracing love of God, Humanity, and the spark of courage imprisoned in us. Have we the will, we have the strong arms, hard hands to work with, and sound feet to stand upon and walk with. The heavens shall be our vaulted roof, and the green earth beneath our bed and for all other furniture purposes. These are free and may be so used. What can hinder us from going, but our bodies, and shall they do it? We can as well deposit them there as here. Let us take a walk over the fairest portions of this planet Earth and make it ours by seeing them. Let us see what the genius and stupidity of our honored forefathers have heaped up. We wish to kneel at their shrines and embrace their spirits and kiss the ground which they have hallowed with their presence. We shall prove the dollar is not almighty, and the impossible, moonshine. The wide world is before us beckoning us to come, let us accept and embrace it. Reality shall be our antagonist, and our lives, if sold, not at a good bargain, for a certainty. How

does the idea strike you? I prefer at least to go this way before going farther in the woods. The past let us take with us; we reverence, we love it; but forget not that our eyes are in our face, set to the beautiful unimagined future. Let us be Janus-faced, with a beard [-ed] and [a] beardless face. Will you accept this invitation? Let me know what your impressions are as soon as it is your pleasure.

Remember me to your kind family. To-morrow I take the first step towards becoming a *visible* member of the Roman Catholic Church. If you and your good family do not become greater sinners, I shall claim you all as good Catholics, for she claims "all baptized infants, all innocent children of every religious denomination; and all grown-up Christians who have preserved their baptismal innocence, though they make no outward profession of the Catholic faith, are yet claimed as her children by the Roman Catholic Church."

Yours very truly,

ISAAC HECKER.

N. Y., Thursday, July 31, 1844.

THOREAU TO HECKER.

CONCORD, Aug. 14, 1844.

FRIEND HECKER, — I am glad to hear your voice from that populous city, and the more so for the tenor of its discourse. I have but just returned from a pedestrian excursion somewhat similar to that you propose, *parvis componere magna*, to the Catskill mountains, over the principal mountains of this State, subsisting mainly on bread and berries, and slumbering on the mountain tops. As usually happens, I now feel a slight sense of dissipation. Still, I am strongly tempted by your proposal, and experience a decided schism between my outward and inward tendencies. Your method of traveling, especially — to live along the road, citizens of the world, without haste or petty plans — I have often proposed this to my dreams, and still do. But

the fact is, I cannot so decidedly postpone exploring the *Farther Indies*, which are to be reached, you know, by other routes and other methods of travel. I mean that I constantly return from every external enterprise with disgust, to fresh faith in a kind of Brahminical, Artesian, Inner Temple life. All my experience, as yours probably, proves only this reality. Channing wonders how I can resist your invitation, I, a single man — unfettered — and so do I. Why, there are Roncesvalles, the Cape de Finisterre, and the Three Kings of Cologne; Rome, Athens, and the rest, to be visited in serene, untemporal hours, and all history to revive in one's memory, as he went by the way, with splendors too bright for this world — I know how it is. But is not here too Roncesvalles with greater lustre? Unfortunately, it may prove dull and desultory weather enough here, but better trivial days with faith than the fairest ones lighted by sunshine alone. Perchance, my *Wanderjahr* has not arrived, but you cannot wait for that. I hope you will find a companion who will enter as heartily into your schemes as I should have done.

I remember you, as it were, with the whole Catholic Church at your skirts. And the other day, for a moment, I think I understood your relation to that body; but the thought was gone again in a twinkling, as when a dry leaf falls from its stem over our heads, but is instantly lost in the rustling mass at our feet.

I am really sorry that the Genius will not let me go with you, but I trust that it will conduct to other adventures, and so, if nothing prevents, we will compare notes at last.

Yrs. etc.,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

HECKER TO THOREAU.

I know not but I shall receive an answer to the letter I sent you a fortnight

ago, before you will receive this one; however, as the idea of making an indefinite pedestrian tour on the other side of the Atlantic has in all possible ways increased in my imagination and given me a desire to add a few more words on the project, I will do so, in the hope of stimulating you to a decision. How the thought has struck you I know not; its impracticability or impossibility in the judgment of others, would not, I feel assured, deter you in any way from the undertaking; it would rather be a stimulus to the purpose, I think, in you, as it is in me. 'Tis impossible; sir, therefore we do it. The conceivable is possible; it is in harmony with the inconceivable we should act. Our true life is in the can-not. To do what we can do is to do nothing, is death. Silence is much more respectable than repetition.

The idea of making such a tour I have opened to one or two who I thought might throw some light on the subject. I asked the opinion of the Catholic Bishop [McCloskey] who has traveled considerably in Europe. But I find that in every man there are certain things within him which are beyond the ken and counsel of others. The age is so effeminate that it is too timid to give heroic counsel. It neither will enter the kingdom of heaven nor have others to do so. I feel, and believe you feel so too, that to doubt the ability to realize such a thought is only worthy of a smile and pity. We feel ourself mean in conceiving such a feasible thing, and would keep it silent. This is not sufficient self-abandonment for our being, scarce enough to affect it. To die is easy, scarce worth a thought; but to be and live is an inconceivable greatness. It would be folly to sit still and starve from mere emptiness, but to leave behind the casement in battling for some hidden idea is an attitude beyond conception, a monument more durable than the chisel can sculpture.

I imagine us walking among the past

and present greatness of our ancestors (for the present in fact, the present of the old world, to us is ancient), doing reverence to their remaining glory. If, though, I am inclined to bow more lowly to the spiritual hero than to the exhibition of great physical strength, still not all of that primitive heroic blood of our forefathers has been lost before it reached our veins. We feel it swell sometimes as though it were cased in steel, and the huge broad-axe of Cœur de Lion seems glittering before us, and we awake in another world as in a dream.

I know of no other person but you that would be inclined to go on such an excursion. The idea and yourself were almost instantaneous. If needs be, for a few dollars we can get across the ocean. The ocean! if but to cross this being like being, it were not unprofitable. The Bishop thought it might be done with a certain amount of funds to depend on. If this makes it practicable for others, to us it will be but sport. It is useless for me to speak thus to you, for if there are reasons for your not going they are others than these.

You will inform me how you are inclined as soon as practicable. Half inclined I sometimes feel to go alone if I cannot get your company. I do not know now what could have directed my steps to Concord other than this. May it prove so.

It is only the fear of death makes us reason of impossibilities. We shall possess all if we but abandon ourselves.

Yours sincerely,

ISAAC.

N. Y., August 15, '44.

To HENRY THOREAU.

THOREAU TO HECKER.

I improve the occasion of my mother's sending to acknowledge the receipt of your stirring letter. You have probably received mine by this time. I thank you for not anticipating any vulgar objections on my part. *Far*

travel, very *far* travel, or travail, comes near to the worth of staying at home. Who knows whence his education is to come! Perhaps I may drag my anchor at length, or rather, when the *winds* which blow *over* the deep fill my sails, may stand away for distant parts — for now I seem to have a firm *ground* anchorage, though the harbor is low-shored enough, and the traffic with the natives inconsiderable — I may be away to Singapore by the next tide.

I like well the ring of your last maxim, "It is only the fear of death makes us reason of impossibilities." And but for fear, death itself is an impossibility.

Believe me, I can hardly let it end so. If you do not go soon let me hear from you again.

Yrs. in great haste,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

(Subjoined note, apparently in Hecker's handwriting:—

"The proposition made to Thoreau was to take nothing with us, work our passage across the Atlantic, and so through England, France, Germany, and Italy. I. T. H.")

It was not permitted the youthful enthusiasts to "compare notes at last." From that hour their paths widely diverged. In a twelvemonth the Atlantic, and more than the Atlantic, lay between them. The novitiate had joined the order of the Redemptorist Fathers at Saint-Trond in Belgium; and the hermit, "the bachelor of thought and Nature," as Emerson calls him, was in his cabin on the wooded shore of Walden Pond. Neither ever looked back, and it is doubtful if they ever met again. The ardent propagandist did indeed pursue Thoreau, as he pursued Curtis, with kindly meant letters of fervent appeal to enter with him the labyrinth of the Catholic Church; but he might as well have called after a wild deer in the forest or an eagle in the upper air.

The work which these men did in after years cannot, it seems to me, be profitably compared. It will inevitably be judged from opposite points of view. It is idle to talk of more or less where the difference is one not of degree but of kind.

However, with aims and means so diverse and exclusive as to be distinctly antagonistic, Thoreau and Hecker possessed in common one predominant characteristic, namely, a redoubtable egoism — using the term in no disparaging sense, something that suggests what is called in physics the hydrostatic paradox, in virtue of which the smallest single drop of water holds its own against the ocean. The manifestation of this quality, however, as a trait of character was wholly unlike in the two, even apparently to the point of diametric opposition. In Thoreau its development was outward and obvious, in rugged features of eccentricity and self-sufficiency, sculptured as it were in high relief against the background of society and custom. He was well practiced in the grammar of dissent. Emerson says, "It cost him nothing to say No; indeed, he found it much easier than to say Yes." It was nothing for him to declare, and to repeat in one form or another on almost every page of his writings, "The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad." This he says without emphasis, as if it were a matter of course, scarcely calculated to provoke surprise or dissent. The selfsame quality in Hecker, on the contrary, took the subtle and illusive shape of obedience to an Inward Voice, never suspected of being his own, always projected as a Brocken spectre upon the clouds, not unlike the dæmon of Socrates, and which thus wore the guise of self-effacement and pious submission to the immediate and almost articulate behests of a divine authority. The figure of Hecker's egoism was engraved in his nature like a die or an intaglio, while in Tho-

reau, as I have said, it was reversed and stood out with the bold relief of a cameo. But the lineaments were the same in both, with only this difference, that Thoreau's personal pronoun was *I*, and Hecker's was *It*.

The late Professor Clifford was wont to maintain that there is a special theological faculty or insight, analogous to the scientific, poetic, and artistic faculty; and that the persons in whom this genius is exceptionally developed are the founders of religions and religious orders. It is apparent that Isaac Hecker's nature from his youth partook largely of this quality. He early showed an affinity with the supersensible and the supernatural, was easily "possessed," his mind on that side being primitive and credulous to a degree. Such logic as he had — and his writings are full of it — was the logic of instinct and feeling, not of fact. To him, possibilities, if conceivable and desirable, easily became probabilities, and probabilities certainties. With this temperament, which Curtis mildly characterizes as "sanguine," it is not difficult to understand why the paramount purpose of his life should have been to establish in this country a propaganda of such persuasive power as to sweep the American people *en masse* into the Catholic Church, and it was upon this object that all his energies and hopes were centred in a burning focus of endeavor.

The genius of Thoreau moved in a totally different plane. He was pre-eminently of this world, both in its actual and ideal aspects, and he found it so rich and satisfying to his whole nature that he yearned for no other. Channing aptly names him "poet-naturalist," for he united in harmonious combination accurate perception of external facts and relations with an imaginative insight and sympathy that easily and habitually transcended the scope of mere science and ratiocination. He had not only feet, but wings, and was equally at home on the solid ground

of natural law and in the airy spaces of fancy. Time, which he said was the stream he went a-fishing in, — time and the world about him, these were the adapted and sufficient habitat of his soul. He held it but poor philosophy to make large drafts on the past or the future or the elsewhere. Nature was his heaven, and the present moment his immortality. Hear what he writes in his *Journal*, under date of November 1, 1858, less than four years before his death: "There is no more tempting novelty than this new November. No going to Europe or to another world is to be named with it. Give me the old familiar walk, post-office and all, with this ever new self, with this infinite expectation and faith which does not know when it is beaten. We'll go nutting once more. We'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theatres and all other sight-seeing are puppet shows in comparison. I will take another walk to the cliff, another row on the river, another skate on the meadow, be out in the first snow, and associate with the winter birds. Here I am at home. In the bare and bleached crust of the earth, I recognize my friend. . . . This morrow that is ever knocking with irresistible force at our door, there is no such guest as that. I will stay at home and receive company. I want nothing new. If I can have but a tithe of the old secured to me, I will spurn all wealth besides. Think of the consummate folly of attempting to go away from *here*. . . . How many things can you go away

from? They see the comet from the northwest coast just as plainly as we do, and the same stars through its tail. Take the shortest way round and stay at home. A man dwells in his native valley like a corolla in its calyx, like an acorn in its cup. Here, of course, is all that you love, all that you expect, all that you are. Here is your bride-elect, as close to you as she can be got. Here is all the best and the worst you can imagine. What more do you want? Foolish people think that what they imagine is somewhere else. That stuff is not made in any factory but their own."

To clarify and keep sane his vision, bodily and spiritual; to observe, to record, to interpret; to glorify and enjoy to the full the life that here and now is, — this was Thoreau's mission, and he fulfilled it to the end, through evil report and good report, "more straining on for plucking back." Nor did his determination waver or his ardor blanch in the very face of death, as the following incident strikingly attests: A few days before he died his friend Parker Pillsbury (of anti-slavery fame) made a brief farewell call at his bedside, and he closes his scrupulous account of the interview in these words: "Then I spoke only once more to him, and cannot remember my exact words. But I think my question was substantially this: 'You seem so near the brink of the dark river, that I almost wonder how the opposite shore may appear to you.' Then he answered: 'One world at a time.'"

E. H. Russell.

ON THE OFF-SHORE LIGHTS.

I.

THE LOSING OF MOTHER.

"'T AIN'T brownkitis, ye don't think, ma?" he croaked.

"Lord, no!" said mother, bringing the smallest washtub and crowding it in between father's chair and the stove. "'Tain't on'y a cold in yer head, father, kinder gone down on yer chest. You've slep' jest like an infant right here 'side the fire this good while. It's 'most midnight. Git yer stockin's off, father."

"I gut ter g'win the light," he protested.

"Well, I guess yer hain't gut ter do no sech a thing," mother replied stoutly. "I guess I kin g'win the light myself an' not kill myself, I guess. Git yer stockin's off, father. An' now you tip yer head back so 's I kin git the salt pork round yer neck good, an' the ki-en 'll fetch the cold out. I'll make yer some ki-en tea when I come out o' the light. My soul an' body! I hain't set the kittle on front. Hev ter hev the water hot or the pepper 'll float."

"I wisht yer hed n't gut ter g'win the light, ma!"

"O Lord! 'T ain't goin' ter kill me! There, now, pa, I guess you kin git both feet in, now — you try."

The old man was dandling a bare foot scarily over the hot water. Mother threw a little woolen shawl across his knees to hang over his long thin legs.

"Dunno when I hain't hed a cold 'fore, ef 't ain't brownkitis, an' prob'ly it's the grip. Blasted gov'munt ørter 'low me an' 'sistant."

"Lord, no, pa, anybuddy else 'd be sech a bother 'round, 'sides ourselves. My soul an' body! how it doos blow, to be sure!" The stout little house trembled and rocked in the gale.

"You ketch a holt o' somethin', mother," said the old man anxiously.

"I 'll ketch a holt — the — door jamb," she said, out of breath, stooping to draw on father's long stockings over her shoes. "My goodness gracious! I hain't gut yer balsam, an' ye might ez well be a-snuffin' it whilst I'm gone," she added, trotting hastily out of the room with soft woolen footsteps.

The balsam was set afloat on boiling water in a little yellow and blue pitcher, and given to the old man to hold close under his nose.

"I hain't a bit o' doubt that 'll go straight ter yer pipes an' do 'em a lot o' good," said mother cheerily. "Em'line said so, when daughter giv it to me three years ago, bein' so fur frum a doctor. It's the same her husband took when he died. 'It's good fer chest troubles an' lung difficulties,'" she read, laboriously, from the bottle. "An' here 's a picter of the man thet made it, prob'ly, an' thet shows it's good, an' some of his writin' on the back. Lemme see, you gut ter hev somethin' throwed over yer head. It's the steam o' the balsam's the good part." And she covered his head and the pitcher from view under a generous draping of red flannel.

"Can't breathe!" came from under it.

"Oh yes you kin! You gut ter breathe! Hold yer nose down close. It 'll limber up yer pipes, splendid, pa!"

She lighted the lantern and set it ready on the table, and then wound herself up in a long knitted scarf, over which she put father's reefer with the sleeves turned up, and crowned herself with a big fur cap, with lappet strings tied in a bow under her chin.

"There, ain't thet nice!" she purred. "See how nice an' warm I be, pa! Oh,

you can't see! Well, I guess I'm ready. Lord! don't the wind blow!" she said, peering out of the window. "Ain't it a pretty night! Don't the water look black! Mercy! Well, I guess I'll be goin'."

"Blasted gov'munt orter built a passageway 'fore now," the old man said, through the flannel.

"O Lord, no! The gov'munt's giv us a fence, pa! A real nice fence. Don't yer fret. Keep yer legs covered, pa."

The door banged after her, and the old man listened eagerly for the heavy, muffled bang of the tower door, a few steps beyond the house. There was no bang.

"She orter gut there," he said to himself uneasily.

Mother Tabb crossed the piazza serenely enough, but the wind took her petticoats as she went down the steps, slapping and twisting them round her.

"Lord!" she said, "don't it blow!" cuddling the flickering lantern between two billows of skirts, and turning her back to the wind. "My land! ain't it a pretty night!" The little round island was covered with crusted snow, and the light burned aloft like a candle on a holiday cake.

The pretty was mother's undoing. A less broad back than hers would have tempted the wind to push, so mother never reached the tower.

The wind pushed her, expostulating, surely and steadily down the slippery incline of the garden, forcing her unwilling feet to take unconsidered steps in the sadly wrong direction. In vain she tried to dig the gray woolen heels into the glassy crust. Then she turned, as she scudded, and resolutely dropped on her hands and knees.

But mother was plump and as handy to push one way as another. She went scudding along, dragging the tipsy lantern after her, out through the lower garden gate to the brink of the icy hill, where even Father Tabb, in ice

times, always sat down to coast to the beach on the two fat back buttons of his ulster.

"I wisht mother'd come," said the old man after a time, lifting the flannel off his head, and feeling justified in setting down the balsam. "I don't see what in time's gut mother," he whined fretfully. "W'y, I seen t' the whole business myself, lightin'-up time. Ma did n't on'y hev ter wind her up."

He fidgeted and waited, and the water in the tub got chilly about his legs.

"I dunno what in time's gut mother," he said, as he lifted his feet out and felt round for his stockings. He got up stiffly, bent with his hard cough, and pattered to the window. But mother had passed that way some time before.

"Gittin' some worried 'bout ma," he said. "S'pose I gut ter go see what's gut her." And he warmed his rubber boots one at a time over the glowing stove, and stamped his bare, damp feet into them. Then he felt along the entry wall for his reefer and found his ulster, and felt along for his fur cap and found his sou'wester.

"I dunno hardly which leg I be a-standin' on," he said tremblingly, putting the little woolen shawl over his head and buttoning the sou'wester on over it. "Wind'd like t' blow m' head off, ef I did n't hev it made fast," he said, and lighted the second best lantern in a panic of clumsy haste.

He did not stop at the house corner to look at the pretty night. He fought the wind across the open space to the tower.

"Ma! Mo-ther!" he called hoarsely at the foot of the stairs, and the hollow tower, full of weird wind noises, took his cry and tossed it up and brought it back, but with it no message from mother. "I gut ter g'wup!" he said anxiously.

He climbed the iron stairs, and the little cramped ladder to the gusty lan-

tern, with the wind roaring through its peaked hood like a chimney afire. "She ain't here!" he gasped breathlessly, peering ahead as he climbed.

"She ain't ben here!" he said, putting the crank on. The lamp had run down.

"I dunno hardly which leg I be a-standin' on," he chattered, coming fast and feebly down the stairs again. "I dunno — I dunno whar ter look," he said. He went round the corner of the house, bowing before the wind, carrying the lantern on his doubled-up arm, and step by step winning his way out of the upper garden gate. He looked down the smooth cold north hill, this way and that. There was nothing mother could hide behind in that long, white slant. The ice floes grated and groaned in the black water below as the tide heaved under them and the waves tore between, and black water lay far and wide, beyond. He turned back helplessly, hustled now the same way mother had gone, but he kept to the path, and presently it brought him to the back door, and the wind hurried him in.

Mother was watching him from the hillock where she had lodged. And frantic about his cold and the danger and all the things left undone and to be done, she started toward the house again, on hands and knees. She lost her hold at times, foothold and handhold, and remembered a certain little toy turtle on her parlor mantel, — a little green turtle that rested, with wildly fluttering feet, on a pivot.

Father Tabb pattered distractedly about the kitchen, fumbling with his coat, and going to the window again and again to look out, and listening to the wind, and poking the fire. Presently mother burst in, her nose red, and her eyes wild, and her fur cap all awry.

"W'y, mother!" the old man said, coming toward her delightedly. "Whar you ben?"

"Where 've I ben! I guess better

say where you ben! W'y, Josiah Tabb, don't yer know you 've prob'ly gut yer death o' cold, or somethin' or ruther, goin' ou'doors right out o' hot water? I declare ter goodness! Here, lemme git my things off! You git right ter bed, quick, this minute, an' I'll fetch the brown jug in out th' oven, an' the ki-en tea. My goodness gracious! I never wuz so scared in all my born days!"

"Oh, I guess 't ain't goin' ter be ez bad ez thet, ma," he said, from the kitchen bedroom, much subdued and comforted, and hurrying into bed. Then when all was still in the bedroom, mother drew the tub across to her chair and emptied it at the sink and softly filled it again with hot water.

"Makes me feel bad hevin' you watch both ends the night, ma!" came from deep down in the bedclothes.

"Oh, you go ter sleep an' stop worryin', pa," mother answered fretfully. "I kin see the light good frum whar I set, an' I shell doze, some." She was fixing the little pitcher with more hot water and balsam, and gathering the shawls handy to her chair.

"T ain't brownkitis, yer don't think, ma?" the old man called out again.

"Lord, no! Go ter sleep, father!"

"Better put yer feet in hot water, ma," he said.

"Lord, no! I don't want no cod-dlin'. Mercy!"

Mother's feet were already in the water, and the balsam steaming beneficently close to her nose. The cold air and the comforting foot-bath made her sleepy. She dropped into a little doze, and waked with a start.

"Bet yer 'll hev brownkitis ef yer don't," he said.

II.

AN ISLAND SORROW.

"I SAYS to him when I bought 'em, says I, 'I don't want no mistake 'bout it, 'long ez they wuz done up in little

tight papers.' I told him, says I, 'I want two papers o' scarlet runner beans,' says I, 'like what my mother used ter hev,' says I; I've lived out ter the island so long I did n't know but what them common garding flowers hed kindergone by, an' I wanted jest them kind, an' I did n't want no others, so he told me, 'There ain't no mistake,' says he; 'them 's the ones yer want.'

"Well, I don't go off'n the island but once in the spring o' the year, an' once ev'ry fall, an' I'd set out all winter ter hev me them beans when I went ashore, an' buy 'em myself, so I did, an' the baigs hed picters o' jest the kind o' beans they wuz, so I dunno ter save my soul how it come ter go ez it did. Husband, he gut the dirt an' fetched it 'crost in the dory fer me ter make me my garding of, an' 't wuz a good job we saved over thet ole pig's trough thet come 'shore high water, thet time the tide riz so, an' pile o' stuff come 'crost thet time frum folkses dooryards we wuz real glad ter git an' use, same ez thet green garding chair come same tide, thet I gut out now, there, front the house. Husband, he nailed it down some ter the plank walk so it hain't never bruk adrift, an' I set out there, consid'ble, summers, with an umbrella, an' the pig's trough come same tide. Husband, he wuz fer breakin' of it up fer firewood, but 'The idea!' I says, 'when there 's a plenty plain wood comin' ashore the whole time,' I says, 'an' 'tain't ev'ry day yer git a real nice, handsome pig's trough,' says I, an' good job we saved it. Clear in the middle o' the winter I wuz settin' thinkin' how we'd fix to hev some green stuff growin' kinder round the house so 's 't would n't wash off'n the rock, an' thet pig's trough come into my head. I gut me a lantern lighted, an' I knocked on the wall fer the other keeper's wife, an' she come in, an' Mis' Hopkins an' me we went ri' down ter the boathouse an' looked at it, where it laid. Then she come in my side, an'

set a spell, an' we hed it over how we 'd hev that flower garding. My idea wuz, we 'd git the beans up fust, jest where it laid, so 's ter give 'em a good start case of an extra bad blow fust o' June same ez sometimes it is. An' so, thet spring, when I fetched the beans back an' the dirt come 'crost, we begun the garding down ter the boathouse, her one side the trough, an' me the other, an' divided it in the middle, an' we gut ri' down on our knees, workin' in the dirt. Don't no more green stuff grow on the rock than out'n the back yer hand, an' real dirt wuz awful good ter feel of an' smell of, an' so we fixed, an' dug, an' planned, an' talked, an' bime-by we stuck in the beans. I dunno to goodness how it ever come ter go ez it did. Them beans looked jest alike, an' the baigs wuz the same. It wuz a good job we gut that garding agoin' inside, when the big blow come. We 'd 'a' lost it, ef we did n't. An' bime-by, come stiddy weather, husband he an' Mr. Hopkins they hed the garding out an' set it long ways up an' down 'tween our two sets o' doorsteps. It warn't more 'n five feet long, an' husband an' Mr. Hopkins they drove in two, three nails agin 'nother blow. An' when them beans really come through, I 'most hed a fit! Seems I 'd 'most fergut how them kind o' things did look, a-loopin' up green an' a-lifitin' up them dry skins, an' keepin' of 'em a spell. I did n't hardly feel to part with them dry skins, hardly. An' bime-by them little plants begun ter kinder reach out an' try ter vine, they wuz five come up each side, an' Mis' Hopkins an' me we put strings to keep 'em sep'ret. Seems they 'd kinder mix in the trough ef we did n't. Well, they done well, both sides of it, her'n an' mine, an' bime-by they begun ter bud. I dunno ter goodness how it ever come out ez it did, an' I wuz real sorry, 'cause I often said ter husband, says I, 'We hain't never hed a fust assistant's wife so easy ter live with sence we ben

out t' the light,' says I. 'Mis' Hopkins an' her husband,' says I, 'they're both fine folks,' I says. But when I come out my door the mornin' them beans fust blowed a leetle mite, Mis' Hopkins she come jest plumb into her door past me, an' she never said a word. She shet her door right square in my face an' eyes, an' she never said a word. Well, I wuz some mad myself, but thinks says I ter myself, 'I dunno ez I know what's the matter,' says I. Well, I felt like a toothpick, myself, but I kep' on a-lookin' my beans over, an' sure 's you live, Mis' Hopkins must o' thought I cheated. Her'n was buddin' white, an' mine wuz buddin' red. Seems mother did hev two colors o' scarlet runner beans when I wuz small. An' it come so sudden. Mis' Hopkins used me splendid when I wuz took sick same time ez Mr. Hopkins hed his lumbago. She'd set his watch in the tower nights, an' nuss the two of us daytimes. But thet 's what she thought 'bout them beans. 'T war n't no good gittin' her ter hear ter reason. Mr. Hopkins he says to husband, says he, 'She's ez sot ez a fence-post,' says he, an' so she wuz. Well, I kep' a-goin' over it in my mind all day, an' then I done it. I crep' out after dark same night, wind blowin' good an' seas a-poundin' so 's she could n't 'a' possibly heard my door, an' I felt all roun' them little five vines o' mine, an' I nipped off ev'ry single bud. Them poor little doubled-up blooms. I set 'em in a bottle o' water, them little mites o' green. I felt kinder ez ef somethin' hed happened. That little garding would n't never be the same ter me. Mis' Hopkins's beans come mixed, white an' red, jest a whole tumblin', spreadin' lot o' vines an' blooms. But Mis' Hopkins she hez n't never spoke ter me sence. That's two years ago, an' the on'y other two of us here on the island jest men, that's all. So 't is kinder lonesome, not hevin' her talk. Thet's how she come ter not to."

III.

THEIR WEDDING DAY.

THE tide was over the bar, and the little white tower far from shore stood deep in the rip. The sun was coming up red over the gray sea line, and pines along the shore showed black against the sky. Sounds of breakfast-getting echoed in the tower, and the smell of something long fried rose to the lantern. The keeper was shouting a song as he worked among his wicks and measures and cans and curtains: —

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti.
Hi-tiddy-i" —

"Ja-y," a mild voice called, far down below.

"Ay! Ay!" he shouted.

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti."

And he came noisily tramping down the iron stairs, round and round the echoing spiral till he reached the kitchen.

"Haul the table out little mite," said his wife; "hevin' a round kitchen kinder bothers, some, 'bout settin' ter table. Times I wisht we hed a square one. You wash yer face, Ja-y. I gut buttered toast this mornin'. Doos soak the butter consid'ble, an' some says it's bad fer the indigestion, but I ain't half so 'fraid o' hot butter ez I be of my death pocket. Thet's why I allus seed my raisins sence brother died of it, but his wuz a cherry stone, I b'lieve. Some folks likes little dried-up toast, an' put yer butter on yerself, but not me. I'm awful glad you fetched over this liver an' sausage yestiddy, Ja-y. I love the two of 'em together, of a Sunday, an' I got some fresh sponge cake I made; I'll git right up an' git it, an' pump-kin pie, whilst I'm on my feet. An' I done some doughnuts fer yer ter eat in yer watch, Ja-y."

"Bully fer you!"

"Case o' my toothache; but I guess

I'll be able ter set up all right ter-night, my watch out. I hain't felt it jump. Nobody would n't know we come from the Cape, 'thout the pie an' doughnuts. 'T is kinder long ways, ain't it? 'Bout two hundred miles, I guess. Ain't so much here ter tell it 's Sunday ez where we wuz, bells an' all."

"Ain't no diff'unce between ter-day an' yestiddy forenoon, fur 's I see," said Jay, "'thout there 's fog in the air. Good gosh! see them ducks!" he cried, tipping his chair to look out of the deep-set window. "Portland boat 's comin' down, too. She 's kinder late. Ben t' the bottom, mebbe!"

"You did n't oughter make game o' death, Ja-y," murmured his wife.

"That 's right! You keep right on a-sassin' me an' you'll git fat ez a pollywog, Drusy, an' pretty ez a picter," he said with rough tenderness, squaring himself with the table again, and looking across admiringly at his little fair, sad-eyed wife.

"By Jove!" he cried suddenly, bringing his fist down with a thump that shifted the dishes. "Bet yer don't know what day 't is!"

"Ain't it Sunday?" his wife exclaimed with a nervous flush. Once she washed clothes out at the light on Sunday, mistaking it for Monday.

"Oh yes, it 's Sunday, all right," her husband answered, "but it 's more 'n thet, Drusy! It 's October the twenty-fith!"

"W'y, so 't is! I declare! I dunno how I come ter fergit," said Drusilla.

"Thet 's how I come ter fetch the liver an' sausage over yestiddy," her husband continued triumphantly. "Ketch a weasel asleep!" And then, a little less boisterously, —

"You hain't sorry yer merried me, Drusy, be yer?"

"Lord, no! W'y, no indeed!"

"An' come here ter live?"

"Oh my, no! No indeed! I like here real well. I think it 's real kinder pretty here, summers."

"'Cause ef yer don't, Drusy, I'll lay by fer a noo light, an' git yer one with a square kitchen. What say ter that?"

"Oh no, Ja-y! Mebbe we 'd git a lot worse one ter live in. I like this one real well. On'y I do git kinder deprest when water gits in the sullar."

"I'll hev them damn port-holes fixed outer my own pocket, ef the gov'munt 's too stingy," said Jay with spirit.

"An' it gits kinder dark, times, when we hev a good long spell o' weather. An' wind a-hoo-in', an' the seas jigglin' things so when I set here nights, an' I hain't never liked the fog-bell sence brother died."

"Damn fog 's so thick round here, keeps the bell a-goin' out o' all reason."

"I wuz thinkin' it wuz the twenty-six, but I remember thet 's the way we fixed it fust, an' the minister he changed it 'cause of a funeral he hed a-comin' off thet time."

"Gol darn the minister! He mixed me up same way, but I worked it all out pullin' 'cross yestiddy. Too darn smart, thet fellar wuz, fer my taste, but he 'll git his tail pulled one o' these days, all right."

"An' course I 'd kinder like ter go ter church, on'y the bar ain't never out long nuff ter walk. An' thet 's funny, too, 'cause ter home, down ter the Cape, the ones thet lives the furthest off is allus them thet goes."

"Well, Drusy, year 's gone quick; what say?"

"Oh my, yes! Real quick. I wisht I liked ter read books. But I think a lot. Sometimes I wisht I 'd took oil-paint lessons 'fore I wuz merried. I could 'a' done lots o' oil-paint fancy work out here. Sunday 's kind of a long day. Mis' James she 's ben rip-pin' up her ole black dress, two, three Sundays, over to Rockhaven. I hed a letter frum her; you seen it. Somehow I can't feel to, myself. Of course ef I hev a button come off, or anythin', thet 's diff'rent. I often says ter Mis'

James when we wuz neighbors, 'Don't yer trim you a hat on the Sabbath; yer won't never like it ef yer do,' I says. She trims hats real pretty."

"Say! What 'll we do ter celebrate?" cried her husband excitedly.

"Oh we 'll, — well, we 've hed the extra breakfast, thet 's one, an' then we could — W'y! w'y not hev three meals, Ja-y?"

"Thet 's the idea!" he shouted. "Hev three meals! Thet 's the idea!"

"Sunday is so kinder long," his wife said, in a sorrowful voice. "Doos seem almost a waste o' time. I jest set an' set on Sunday, thinkin' 'bout Monday. I 'm real glad I slep' late. Thet takes off a lot o' the time. Oh my, yes, the day 'll go real quick ef we hev three meals! An' kinder spin my work out! We 'll hev the pork steak fer dinner, an' we 'll — we 'll —"

"What say ter openin' a can o' sweet stuff fer supper?" her husband suggested with great animation.

"W'y, of course! There 's two of pear, — you git up the pear, Ja-y. Now I 'll be workin' good piece the day, gittin' the meals an' washin' the dishes, an' ef we don't git our supper till after light-up, I kin be washin' my dishes good piece the evenin' whilst I 'm on watch! 'T is long ter set. I wisht I could feel ter play tiddledy-winks," she said wistfully. "Yon play 'em, Ja-y, on Sunday, 'cause course 'tis Sunday all the time you set Sat'dy night, after I turn in at midnight."

"Good Lord! I guess I do," said Jay decisively. "I jest guess I reckon ter do more work an' hev better fun Sundays than Mondays."

"An' ef I ever do crochet a stitch, I don't never feel comfortable afterwards. I can't help it. I wisht I could. I don't mind livin' here in the summer time the least mite. I allus wuz a terrible hand ter git up early, an' it 's real nice an' pleasant here mornin's, sun comin' up 'bout half-past four. I allus like ter lay in the hammock a spell, out on deck, after I 've gut my pies in the oven, 'bout sun-up. I don't fergit them times. The tide kinder brims up so, an' when the bar 's under, yer feel a long ways off frum folks, an' ves-sels movin' 'long so creepy, kinder like meetin' " —

"All right; now hang the rest, Drusy! When 's thet extra grub comin' 'long?" said Jay, rattling his chair back, and drawing off his boots.

"Hev it — say — 'bout low tide," she said. "An' mebbe you kin git two, three clams off'n the bar, fer a soup fer supper, mebbe, after you wake up."

"Thet 's the idea! Clam soup," he said, and trolled away up the winding stairs to the little gray cell bedroom.

"Ja-y," came up after him.

"Ay! Ay!"

"Case I fergit, I 've set them dough-nuts — fer night — yer know — right under the fog-bell."

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti."

Louise Lyndon Sibley.

THE NEW NAVY.

"In times of peace," wrote the first Advisory Board summoned for a new navy by Secretary Hunt, over twenty years ago, in its report November 7, 1881, "ironclads are not required to carry on the work of the United States navy."

"Including the battleships mentioned, the three vessels of the Maine class and the five of the New Jersey class," says that standard authority Brassey's Naval Annual for 1902, "there will be under construction for the United States navy

during the present year no less than ten first-class battleships; a larger number than for any other navy excluding our own." Even the English navy has but three more, thirteen. This contrast between the recommendation of a board which did not lack for ability or fighting blood — Admiral John Rodgers was its head, and commanders (now Admirals) R. D. Evans and A. S. Crowninshield were members and signed this report — and the battleship-building now in progress for the United States measures the change wrought by a new navy which, when it was begun, found us twelfth or fourteenth among the world's navies, and has made us fourth, not to say third, in efficiency.

In any nation, this would be a momentous change for the world and for itself. For the United States, with its internal resources and population, a coast line of some 6000 miles, insular possessions 12,000 miles apart, and a pledge to exclude all foreign interference from a territory of 8,000,000 square miles and a coast line of 19,000 miles in Central and South America, an advance from an insignificant navy to one equal to war with any navies but two, and to war, with a reasonable assurance of success, against all navies but three or four, affects the centre of political gravity in all the Seven Seas. Only two navies are afloat, Great Britain and France, which could confront the United States with such an overwhelming force that a collision would reduce the General Naval Board at Washington to a sole study of the defensive problem. Both these flags are united by so many ties to the fortune and future of the republic that it may be doubted if either enters to-day into the imagination of the American people as a probable or possible foe. Two navies more there are, Russia and Germany, whose force afloat is so strong were untoward circumstances to break the unbroken peace of the past as to render the issue of a collision one about which no

man would hastily venture an opinion as to the outcome guided by considerations alone of tonnage, armor, engines, and guns. A fifth power, Italy, had ten to twenty years ago a powerful navy. It may regain its relative position. At present, its ships are antiquated. Three out of five first-class battleships are over ten years old, and all its second and third class battleships have been afloat from seventeen to twenty-five years. Its founder, Crispi, in 1900, pointed out that in ten years it had sunk from seventh to twelfth place. When the six battleships launched or building are equipped, Italy's navy will be stronger absolutely not relatively, for the progress of other larger navies will be even more rapid.

No other navy need be considered, though one, Japan, has already reached a point at which its force in its own waters is stronger than that of any one navy permanently maintained on the same coast. Where Russia habitually keeps in Eastern Asia four battleships of the size of the Iowa, 10,960 tons, and all eight years old, and Great Britain the same number of our new Maine class, 12,950 tons, more modern, Japan has now six battleships, all new warships and all more powerful. What is true of battleships is as true of cruisers off Eastern Asia. The Japanese fleet is to-day stronger than any one Asiatic squadron under a European flag, though not stronger than any two combined. When in 1896 the united Russian, French, and German fleets sent their boats ashore to prepare for action, Japan yielded, as it would be forced to yield again. Powerful, the Japanese navy is. None has made fewer mistakes of plan or construction. None averages better, ship by ship. It is well handled. Cruising in ill-charted waters and for twelve years making annual manœuvres, it is the only navy afloat that in thirty years has never had a vessel wrecked, or lost a ship at sea by its own fault. Our navy averages a ship lost or injured every other year.

But the Japanese navy has no place in the world-reckoning of navies. Allowing it all its future programme, it will not for twenty years to come have over half the force of the least of the world's five great navies. Nor will Italy. The pace is beyond the fiscal strength of these powers. The methodical German programme set by the Act of April 10, 1898, gives a measure that every competing nation must meet or be left, hull down. It provides for an annual average sum for new construction from 1901 to 1916 of \$24,500,000. Less than this means naval inferiority in an art in which vessels five years old have perceptibly lost power, vessels ten years old are outclassed, and those fifteen to twenty years are useful only for convoy or in harbor defense as floating forts. Admiral Rawson in the British Channel manœuvres of 1900 found his flagship, the *Majestic*, 14,900 tons, completed in 1895, hopelessly handicapped by the limited coal endurance of vessels like the *Edinburgh*, 9420 tons, finished 1882, the *Conqueror*, 6200 tons, finished 1881, the *Dreadnought*, 10,820 tons, finished 1875, and the *Sultan*, 9290 tons, launched in 1871. Such vessels not only lack power themselves, they hamper stronger and swifter vessels of a longer coal endurance. They may bring an entire fleet to an untenable position as they did Admiral Rawson, forced in these manœuvres to flee from a fleet no stronger because the weaker vessels he had must be detached to coal.

No nation, unless able and willing to spend an average of at least \$25,000,000 a year on new construction, can longer hold the sea on equal terms. Only five national budgets, all over \$500,000,000 annually, — Germany, the smallest, was, ordinary and extraordinary, \$586,146,500 for 1901, — can afford this expenditure. Seventeen years ago, Great Britain,

leading all the rest, expended on hulls only, in thirteen years, 1872–85, \$85,340,065, a yearly average of but \$6,564,620, and France \$56,789,480, an annual average of but \$4,367,652. The total cost for new construction was twice this, but the entire sum spent on shipbuilding by England in 1884–85, when Egypt and boundary issues in Asia had quickened defense, was only \$19,455,000. This was for the world's foremost fleet; and Sir Thomas Brassey in a speech at Portsmouth in 1885, while Secretary to the Admiralty, cited this expenditure as proof that "an administration pledged to economy" was determined to exceed the French in ironclad construction. The maximum annual outlay for new construction in the largest navy of the world a score of years ago stands to-day below the minimum needed to maintain a position in the world's five foremost navies.

Of these five England and France are in advance of the rest. The other three would be differently distributed, according to the norm used. Two years ago, Mr. J. Holt Schooling in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1900, in an elaborate calculation, handicapped the vessels of the world's navies by their age, reducing efficiency ten per cent for those over six years old, and so on back until vessels built before 1880 were rated at one fifth their fighting weight. This placed the United States fourth in battleships and third in armored and protected cruisers, while its navy stood ahead of both Germany and Italy, and therefore fourth when this principle was applied to the navy list as a whole.¹ If the world's battleships are reduced to terms, let us say of the *Indiana* or *Massachusetts*, 10,000 tons, fifteen knots speed, four thirteen-inch guns, launched within fifteen years, the United States in 1890 was sixth, being led by Great Britain, France, States, 165; Germany, 134, and Italy, 103. The United States would to-day lead Russia, Japan, and Italy.

¹ Numerically taking Japan, the weakest, as 100, the other powers on this basis were Great Britain, 638; France, 257; Russia, 188; United

Italy, Russia, and Germany. By 1896, the United States had passed Germany on this basis, but was still led by the rest, and by 1902, the United States has passed Italy, and is led by Russia if existing, or by Germany if approaching, naval strength be considered. There will be a period, just as the twelve battleships and two armored cruisers building or authorized are completed, when in the fighting line, measured by efficiency, the United States will be third; but the period will be brief unless our naval expenditure for new construction is kept up to an inexorable annual average of from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. This is to-day the minimum price for the naval security of a first-class power, one of the Big Five, whose common action and consent rule the world and make up a world concert, steadily gravitating into three divisions, Russia and France, Germany and Central Europe, England and the United States. In the last, recent events in China and South Africa have suddenly burdened the United States with many of the responsibilities and some of the initiative of a senior partner.

The United States in popular American discussion is credited with a new place in the world because of its new possessions. This is to mistake cause and effect. The United States owes both its new position and its new possessions to the new fleet. Without that, it would have neither. Lacking this, it may at any moment lose both. Coaling strength in the central Pacific — where the United States is better off than Great Britain — and in the Gulf and Caribbean, the new possessions give. They give nothing else. With a modern fleet this is the difference between a fleet like that of Germany or Russia, which cannot move about the world at will, — as witness Prince Henry's slow progress to China with the Kaiser's "Mailed Fist" on the Brandenburg by the grace of British coaling stations, — and fleets like the British, French, and

American, which within their appropriate or appropriated sphere have supplies and succor, — always assuming that the same wisdom that acquired our insular possessions and dependency is wise enough to make them serviceable by equipped and fortified naval stations. For this, allowance is made in the estimate just quoted.

It is not merely that the American navy ranks among the first world five. All lesser fleets have disappeared. There are no small fleets to-day. There were even twenty years ago. Two centuries ago, Holland was still equal to an even fight with England in a contest that had endured for a century, and might have endured longer, but for the peril in which Louis XIV. put the Low Countries. The battle of the Baltic had its centenary only last year; it will be five years before that of the Danish surrender to Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier (whose conduct in the Basque Roads had its recent parallel in our service), and until these twin events Denmark had still a fleet deemed worth destroying at the cost of an act of atrocious bad faith. The Barbary States had fleets up to a century ago equal to naval warfare. It is just over a third of a century since an Austrian fleet destroyed the Italian at Lissa, a battle with the twin lesson that ships alone do not make a fighting force, and that a naval commander may, like Admiral Tegetthoff, know how to win the greatest naval victory between Navarino and the Yalu, and yet so use his fleet as to make its influence unfelt and inappreciable on the general conduct of the war. To-day, Austria has not a first-class battleship carrying a twelve-inch gun, and but two modern fighting vessels of the second class worth considering. They brought Turkey to terms. They would be feared by no other power. When Secretary Tracy wrote his first report, he ranked both Austria and Turkey as stronger than the United States, which then ranked twelfth

in the list, taking the mere numerical strength of armored vessels and cruisers. In 1877, Turkey had a fleet which held its own against Russia in the Black Sea, and under a commander like Hobart Pasha would have sustained the traditional reputation of its flag in the Levant. Since the *Ertogrul* foundered in 1890 off the coast of Japan with a loss of 547 out of 600 men, no Turkish vessel has ventured on a voyage, though a Turkish yard in 1898 launched an ironclad which was laid down in 1878. A London engineering weekly, in April, 1898, ranked the Spanish fleet above the American. Since July, 1898, no such estimate has been made. The Spanish navy is now of little more consequence than the fleet its only great admiral defeated at Lepanto. Chile, in 1881, had a stronger fleet than the United States. There were then at least a dozen flags capable of giving a fair account of themselves, as there had been through all the history of organized European naval warfare. So far as the reckoning of the day goes, they have disappeared. The little folk among the nations have ceased to maintain navies. The fighting force of the five great nations has become so visible and so calculable that nothing else is considered. The lesser powers own vessels. They no longer possess a navy in any proper sense of the word. Remembering what sea power is, there is in the current development of civilization no more extraordinary, unexpected, or unprecedented fact than the change in a quarter of a century, which at its opening in 1875 found many navies, after the first two, France and England, of fairly comparable force, where to-day there are but five of the first rank, with Japan and Italy of a reputable but distinctly secondary consideration, and the rest nowhere.

When that first Naval Advisory Board twenty-one years ago considered the needs of the United States, this country was unaware that it had no longer before

it the old choice of placing on the sea a small and efficient navy, easily to be made the nucleus of a larger one and ranking high among secondary navies. This had been our naval policy since John Paul Jones first gave it definition in his letter to the Continental Congress. The alternative, instead, was to have a navy of the first rank or none at all. The fundamental principle of naval strategy, "The sea is never common territory to belligerents," laid down by Admiral Colomb has steadily worked itself out by the elimination of lesser navies, while the larger tend to union. France and Russia, Germany and Italy, England and Japan, are already in formal alliances that really create three great navies, with the United States as a fourth. This was not only unknown, it could not be known, while our navy was first planning. There is perhaps in all our history no more remarkable proof of that sure and diffused instinct which in the world's ruling nations leads them, like a homing bird, to where supremacy sits, than that after twenty years of fortuitous action by all the men and all the forces which decide our naval policy we find ourselves with a navy clearly one of the first five. There are only seven navies which Brassey's or any other competent discussion of the world's naval strength now deems worthy of analysis, — England, France, Russia, the United States, Germany, Japan, and Italy. There is no probable combination of six of these navies in which the United States would not turn the scale one way or the other. It is this unwritten postscript to every despatch leaving the State Department which is to-day the simple and sufficient reason why for two years, in the momentous issues presented by China from Taku to Tientsin, the policy of the United States has become the policy of the new world concert.

By that strange good fortune which is the proverbial possession of the United States this country launched no vessel,

with three exceptions, the *Miantonomoh*, the *Terror*, and the *Puritan*, for twenty years, from 1864 to 1884, which is to-day on its effective navy list. It was a period of transition. Steel was replacing iron in the hull and in armor, rifled ordnance the smooth-bore, the breech-loader the muzzle-loader; the triple expansion, or to speak more correctly the three stage compound, engine was replacing the earlier type, to which in the *Wampanoag* we contributed on the whole the costliest and the most ineffective ever built. By the close of this period the cost of a vessel per ton had been reduced nearly half, the possible and expected speed had nearly doubled, and the initial velocity of a steel-pointed shot a little more than doubled. When war vessels were experimental, costly, slow, cumbersome, and possessing an ineffective armament, measured by modern standards, we built none. It was a grave risk for a great country to run. For twenty years we were defenseless, with only the low coal capacity of the armored vessel of the day and a foreign policy which avoided assertion or collision, for the protection of American citizens or the discharge of international duties, such as have confronted us on the Isthmus, in Samoa, in Cuba, and in China since a navy existed.

It was a costly policy, for during this period the United States had a naval establishment but no naval plant. It was in the position of a steamship line which should keep up its force of officers, engineers, and seamen and provide no steamers. In the nineteen years between the close of the war, June 30, 1865, and the launch of the first vessels of the new navy in 1884 the United States spent, to accept the friendly statement of Mr. B. W. Harris, Representative from Massachusetts, on the maintenance of its navy, \$243,337,318, and it had during this period no vessels worthy the name. So large was the mere cost of maintaining its yards and docks and providing for their administration that in

this period \$154,692,085 were expended "for war vessels" without result. The first board called in 1881 to consider the situation frankly admitted that the United States had no equipment, public or private, equal to the making of a steel vessel, of armor, or of high power ordnance.

The practical result now is that the United States has at the end of twenty years a navy whose construction as a whole is more recent than that of any other except Japan. All its vessels have been planned and built after the present type of warship had been reached. The opposite extremes represented by vessels like the Italian *Duilio*, in which everything had been sacrificed to armor or ordnance, and the Chilean *Esmeralda*, with all given over to speed and two heavy guns, had ended in the compromise which for the last decade has guided marine architecture. The work began under difficulties. There was the usual bugbear of labor, some seventy-seven per cent higher on the Delaware than on the Clyde. Material, from forty-five to forty-nine per cent of the cost of a cruiser, taking an English return¹ in 1881 for guide, was thirty per cent higher in this country than in England. But efficiency makes up for all things. The original estimates for a 4200-ton cruiser by the Board of which Commodore Shufeldt was the head calculated the cost of what was later the *Chicago* at \$1,352,000. The closest comparison is with the *Boadicea* and *Bacchante*, two English vessels of like speed and displacement, though of lighter armament, whose cost was \$1,200,515 and \$1,184,655 respectively. The actual cost of the *Chicago*, in the early days a much abused vessel, was \$943,385. These are notable exceptions, but on the average our war vessels have cost little if any more than foreign ships measured by gun-fire. Per ton, our vessels cost thirty-two per cent more than English, and per horse power thirty per cent more. Into

¹ Dockyard and expense account of the British navy of February 15, 1881.

the tragedy of those early vessels, which cost the solvency of the firm that built them and the life of their builder, it is not necessary to enter. They furnish one more illustration of a fact which the public is slow to believe, that the United States Navy Department is the most rigorous of customers, paying least, exacting most, and clogged by a perpetual uncertainty as to time of payment, due to varying appropriations. This is balanced by a final certainty of settlement, unimpeachable credit, the prestige of government work, and a job which lasts long and is not often pushed.

The work began slowly. It is now clear that the delays of Congress were to the national advantage. Shipbuilding is a trade for whose mastery time also is needed. In August, 1882, Congress reduced the scheme laid before it of sixty-eight vessels costing \$29,607,000 to two costing \$3,202,000. Begun under the firm belief in cruisers as the chief need of the United States, — a tradition due not to facts but to the way in which the history of the War of 1812 has been written, — for ten years the navy had nothing but cruisers. It is nineteen years since the keel of the first cruiser was laid. It is only eleven since the lines of the first battleship were laid down in the moulding-room. In 1892, ten years after Congress had passed the first appropriation for a new navy, nothing but cruisers were in commission save the *Monterey* and *Miantonomoh*, one new and the other a reëquipped monitor. Neither the New York nor Brooklyn, armored sea-going vessels, was ready for sea. The four battleships, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, ordered were not half done. The navy in being still consisted even ten years ago of nine cruisers, five gunboats, and a schoolship. The work has been cumulative. From 1881 to 1885 (Arthur) five cruisers and three gunboats were authorized; in the next four years, 1885–89 (Cleveland), two battleships (counting

the *Maine* and *Texas* in this class), one armored cruiser, nine cruisers, and four gunboats; 1889–93 (Harrison), four battleships, one armored cruiser, and two protected cruisers; 1893–97 (Cleveland), five battleships and seven gunboats; 1897–1902 (McKinley and Roosevelt), twelve battleships, two armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, and two gunboats. The succession is plain. First a fleet of cruisers, next armored vessels, and then in the past five years battleships and armored cruisers to supplement and complete the fleet already built. The discovery of some way to see in a submarine boat will instantly relegate this fleet to the place now held by wooden vessels. So long as the submarine pilot is blind in spite of a periscope and other devices, this new craft is in its experimental stage. He would be rash who predicted it would stay thus. Such as it is, the United States has as good a model in the *Holland* as any, even in France. The water-tube boiler this country was slow to adopt. So also with smokeless powder. But it has in the end adopted both. At other points, its vessels have for ten years equaled any. In torpedo boats, it has been slow and right in being slow.

As to the relative size of the new navy, mere lists of vessels built tell little. Even tonnage launched means little to the lay reader. Still, tonnage is a relative measure. Brassey, 1902, gives the total tonnage of the United States navy as close as may be at the opening of the year, built and building, at 476,739 tons. The English navy is 1,898,470 tons, the French 695,698 tons, the Russian 515,318 tons, the German 401,525 tons, the Italian 288,885 tons, and the Japanese 218,117 tons. But the broad difference in efficiency is that the tonnage of all other nations except Japan extends over thirty years. Of our new navy only 7863 tons were built before 1889, or adding the monitors 27,065; and only 62,695, less than a seventh, about an eighth, before 1893. Over four fifths of the navy

is the work of the last ten years. On the other hand, one half the Italian navy is over sixteen years old, nearly one third the English and French, one fifth the Russian, and one sixth the German against a seventeenth of the American. It would be an equal error to assume that these old vessels are worthless, or to fail to see that they reduce the efficiency of a squadron. Valuable for home defense and for much service, they have no such relative worth as their tonnage indicates. A navy all whose vessels are of one period, purpose, and plan has indefinable advantages not easily estimated in manœuvres, in handling, in supplies, in ammunition, and in the greater familiarity with their new surroundings of officers as they shift from vessel to vessel. No man can foot or tabulate this; but it is none the less incontestable, and it might, like the relatively uniform size and manœuvring of Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, render possible a concerted attack, for which vessels built thirty years apart would be unequal.

Launched as they are within a little over a decade, though designed over a longer span, — nearly all have been from eight to thirty-six months longer in building than English vessels, a grievous loss, — the American fleet has a distinct type beyond any other afloat. Mobility, variety, handiness, and a wide range of experiment kept short of freaks mark the British navy. The French has carried to an extreme armor and superstructure. Since the terrible year defense has seized on France like an obsession. The German battleship has hitherto been marked by a narrow coal capacity. The Italian has forced gun-fire, and been plainly affected by the quieter Italian seas, which permit a heavier weight above the water line. A spruce, swift efficiency is the note of a Japanese ship. The Russian fleet is eclectic, and singularly lacking, as is curiously enough the Russian church and cathedral, in definite and homogeneous outline. It is full of crank experiments. Rash experiment

might *a priori* have been anticipated in American vessels. Sacrifice to extreme speed would have been predicted by most as likely to be our temptation. A national desire to have the "biggest," "fastest," or "most powerfully gunned" vessel "in the world" might have been confidently expected to influence our marine designs. None of this has been. Now and then an American cruiser has "broken the record," but not for long. Much is said in superlative terms of our war vessels by those not experts. Great builders disdain the advertising of newspaper headlines as little as any men with wares to sell and all the world for a market. The few who are guided, not by claims, but by a patient comparison of navy lists, know that the note of our American men-of-war is a keen moderation and a clear knowledge that for all-round efficiency, balance is more than bounce. Our battleships have been from 2000 to 4000 tons short of the extreme of foreign navies. The last authorized are limited to 16,000 tons where larger are now planned abroad. In speed, our fighting-craft have been deliberately designed some two knots slower. We built for sixteen knots when other nations were seeking eighteen and are launching vessels of eighteen knots — taking the records as they go, when others are seeking twenty. In armor, we have kept short of the French and Italian extreme. Our tendency is toward a twelve-inch gun instead of thirteen or more, and our last cruisers of the Essex class follow the English example in an armament of six-inch guns only.

It is a tradition of the American navy to over-gun. Our frigates a century ago carried the guns of a ship of the line, and our sloops the guns of a frigate, — a circumstance omitted by most American, and noted by most English, historians of the War of 1812. The four battleships at Santiago carried on a displacement of 10,000 to 11,000 tons the armor and the four twelve or thirteen inch guns which

English designers have mounted on vessels of the Resolution class of 13,000 tons, though no more than the Nile and the Howe carry on the same tonnage. Our early gunboats were furnished with the ordnance of cruisers, and went through some queer and trying hours and "moments" in consequence. At least one cruiser had her military masts reduced in height and number to keep her stable with the armament of a small battleship behind her sponsons. Throughout our navy, the old American tradition of gun-fire has however been retained. This has had its perils. They have been surmounted. Stability is not only to be secured by a safe metacentric height — that is, a centre of mass above the centre of gravity — but by lines. Skill in the latter has made up for lack in the former. The early designs were criticised. Daring, they were. Experience has shown that our battleships combine, to a degree which wins admiration in proportion to one's knowledge, safety for the vessel, stability for the gun-platform, and the wise use of the last ounce of displacement to gain armor and guns well above the water line.

Shaved close, we have in these things, but after the American fashion, just inside of the line of safety. The American, after all, has always seemed more risky to others than to himself, for another man's risk is only the American's knowledge. For our policy in speed less is to be said. Speed with steam is all that the weather-gauge once was, and with occasional exceptions like our much bepraised and comparatively useless "commerce destroyers" — already outdated — our battleships and our cruisers are year by year short, tested by speed abroad. Russia counted on and got in the Varyag and Retvizan more speed than our vessels from the same yard had. But this also is a part of the moderation of our naval designers who sought efficiency rather than spectacular achievement. Something in the comparison is, of course, due to our speed trials being

more severe. The English and Continental speed test is a mile in smooth water, over whose familiar stretch a vessel speeds with forced draught, picked coal, trying it again and again, often with several breakdowns, until a fancy record is won. The American speed test is for forty miles in blue water, unsheltered, with service coal and service conditions. Failure from a break in machinery has been most rare. The allowance this difference calls for no one can give. It exists and modifies comparison. I confess to a sneaking fondness for sheer speed. If our fleet is ever engaged in some long chase, such as Villeneuve led Nelson, we shall gnash our teeth over every missing knot. But the plea for the policy of our navy is strong. Excessive speed can be purchased only at the sacrifice of coal capacity and guns. Of all qualities, it deteriorates most rapidly. An eighteen-knot vessel falls off to twelve — while a sixteen-knot cruiser can be kept to fourteen or even sixteen. The Oregon in her matchless voyage around South America under Admiral Clark, the one supreme feat of the war, averaged eleven knots, attaining 14.55 on one run of nine hours, far nearer its trial trip of 16.7 knots than is likely with the Centurion, begun in the same year, of the same tonnage, and 18.25 knots. This extra 1.55 knots too is gained by putting on four ten-inch instead of four thirteen-inch guns, and reducing the coal supply from 1940 tons in the Oregon to 1240 for the Centurion. Enough is known to render it at least probable, that while the trial speed of our vessels is in general less, their service speed, after five years' use, is relatively higher than with English or Continental craft of higher trial speed. In any case, the engines of a war vessel deteriorate far more rapidly than those of a "record-breaking" liner. They are less carefully tended. They are not overhauled by a shore crew of engineers at each voyage. They are not kept in the same condition. One trembles to

think what would be the result of a speed trial of the *Columbia* or *Minneapolis* to-day. Taking all things into consideration, while the tactical plea is all for high speed, it may be that here, as elsewhere, the refusal of our designers to go to extremes may have given better results than have been attained from engines with an indicated horse power keyed to eighteen knots twenty years ago, twenty knots ten years ago, and twenty-two knots or more now.

The American battleship or the American cruiser is therefore, more than any other, a balance between extremes, — of moderate size, eschewing extreme speed, of great power, of unusual stability, and of low but safe metacentric height, seeking an all-round fire and great weight of metal with a high muzzle velocity and diversified battery, but without guns of abnormal calibre or inordinate thickness of armor, — all limited by the shallow entrance of our harbors, which fixes the best draught at under twenty-five feet; though our later vessels reach the English limit of twenty-seven feet and an inch or two. No small share of this even balance of size, gun power, and speed, which make our navy list read like a homogeneous whole, is due to the counsel, the wisdom, the ability, and the experience of the one man connected with the growth of our new navy who laid down the vessels of the Civil War, yet whose active life as a shipbuilder spans the whole growth of modern naval construction — Charles H. Cramp.

Naval warfare from Salamis down has been an issue of men and not of ships. China and Spain have in the last decade again reminded all the world that the strength of a navy is not to be measured by tonnage, armor, or guns. Each on this total was stronger than the opponent of each. Our fecund faculty has coined into a proverb our confidence in the "men behind the guns." Their excellence is accepted as an American attribute. But the enrapturing suc-

cess with which that new complex machine, a modern battleship or cruiser, was first used in civilized warfare in 1898 was due not merely to the American birth of its officers, but to their special training. No nation provides a longer course of study in preparation for a naval career, or requires more assiduous attention to technical study from men on active duty. Our midshipmen begin with four years' more schooling than the English middies, and are kept studying two years longer. The English "gunnery," "ordnance," or "electrical" lieutenant implies a man the master of one special field, where our officers are expected to be trained in all fields. Only the Russians approach us in special training, and only the Germans in the years of patient study. Any man who has visited the ships of more than one flag is aware that it is under our own alone that every officer seems able to answer all questions. American public opinion does not usually lay stress on special training. Adaptability is the national feat and foible, but in our navy we have carried to its last limit the application of early and special preparation. Drawn from no class and democratic in original selection, — for while we have what are called "naval families," our naval heroes in each generation have a way of coming from the American mass, — the Naval Academy has for sixty years created the spirit and transmitted the tradition of an order. It colors the navy far more completely than West Point the army. No service makes it more difficult to rise from before the mast. Much may be said for the promotion to a commission of warrant officers, the highest point to which a seaman can rise, but the real issue is not whether the promoted seaman is not as good a man as the men in the messroom he joins, but whether it is possible at thirty to make an officer the equal to officers whose making began at fifteen. Yet in order to improve the level of men enlisting as

seamen, it is well that promotion should be in theory possible ; in fact difficult.

The national legislature of a country which beyond any other has required trained naval officers, after increasing its navy, refuses to increase its officers. In 1896 they were 715. In 1901 there were only 728, after the tonnage of the navy built and building had been doubled. The English navy in the same period of rapid naval expansion increased its officers from 1728 to 2085, Russia from 859 to 1096, and Germany from 723 to 974. The last nation, with wise prevision, increases its personnel with its ships, provides for twenty years to come an average annual addition of sixty officers and 1743 men, and will never build a ship, though it lays down three large vessels a year for sixteen years to come, for which it has not already provided the officers and men. Congress, instead of doubling the supply of officers, has added only one hundred new appointments at Annapolis, giving an average of sixteen more new officers yearly to sixty-five now graduated. Our total strength, officers and seamen, which was 13,460 in 1895, has been advanced to 25,000 by the last naval appropriation bill, but it remains 5000 short of that of Germany, 14,000 short of that of Russia, and just equal to the weaker navies of Italy and Japan.

This illustrates the one weak point in the public management of our navy. It was long since pointed out by a great English authority that it was our tendency to emphasize in our battleships gun power which could be talked about, and to forget factors as important and less visible to the vulgar. For battleships it has proved easy to win appropriations. But the modern navy has three factors for success, ships, officers with men (particularly officers), and equipment. Ships have been built as rapidly as needed. Officers are still inadequate in number. There remains the swarm of subsidiary naval aids, coaling stations, dockyards,

material, and a distributed store of ammunition. How scant this last was in the spring of 1898 will not be known for a generation. Two ships went into one of the two actions of the war with eighty-five rounds or so per five-inch gun when they should have had one hundred and twenty-five. Some thirty-five rounds won the fight. Suppose they had not? Without fortified bases in the West Indies, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the Philippines, and all needs of war on hand at home, our fleet at the critical moment may be like a boiler without steam. This third need Congress and Parliament both fail to meet.

Naval policy is dictated by national needs. England must preserve a fleet equal to any two in Europe, and now has it. France can never fall behind the joint power of the Triple Alliance, or be unequal to a defensive English campaign. Italy seeks to equal and often surpasses the French Mediterranean squadron. Germany once had a navy for defense. Its naval plan looks in twenty years to equal the existing English fleet by providing four squadrons of eight battleships each, two for foreign service, and two for reserve. The United States a decade ago looked on eighteen battleships as a sufficient complement. This provided squadrons for the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Pacific. Our needs face a larger problem. Pledged to protect the Western World against aggression, our force now and twenty years hence must be large enough to meet any power likely to desire colonies in South or Central America. But the instinct which without a plan has placed the United States fourth among naval powers should keep this station at all costs. To keep it, the United States must add to its nineteen first-class battleships as many more in the next sixteen years, or two by each Congress. If this is done, the United States will never have to resort to force to support the Monroe Doctrine.

Talcott Williams.

THE PLACE OF DARKNESS.

WHEN the melancholy old factory bell had started beating out the call for another day of work, and the still drowsy operatives, trooping from the tenement blocks into the half light of a dull blue November morning, came shuffling silently along the damp sidewalks toward the factory gate, it began to be known that a man had been found dead in the Irish tenements. Later they heard his name. It was Jerry the Priest. The oddest of all the odd forms of the factory town — the wretch who would have been a priest — would be seen no more upon their streets. Never again would the children follow him as he wandered down the sidewalk, a wavering, uncertain collection of rusty black clothes, or the boys jeer him from the street corners, or the young girls turn and call their shrill taunts after him. He had shuffled into the dingy door of his father's tenement, and disappeared forever.

Old Bart Sullivan had waked at the earliest rising bell and stepped unsteadily into the living-room of the tenement. The place was sick with the odor of a burnt-out lamp. By the first slaty light of the early morning from the windows he had seen the dark figure of his son, fallen face downward on his arms on the white oilcloth-covered table. He was not drunk this time, but dead. His hands and face were already cold. Beside him on the table lay a little empty vial.

In the Polish section men die as they have lived, like animals; in the French quarters dying is a passing event. But here, in the crowded Irish tenements, where life seems so sordid and monotonous and commonplace, death arrives in all its majesty and terror and impressiveness. In the mind of the Irish peasantry, huddled together in this little space, the most solemn ceremonials of

their ancient church, the half-heathen customs of a warlike and passionate past, — the wake, the candles, the semi-barbaric wailing of the women, traditions sent down in the blood from the childhood of the race, — all cluster about the end of life, and demand an honorable death for every individual, no matter how valueless his living.

Old Bart Sullivan tottered down the street to the undertaker's, muttering to himself. He was arguing against what they had told him at the house, — that an official must be called in before the boy could be buried, a doctor required by law, who should decide whether his boy had committed suicide. But every one could see at a glance it had all been accidental. What was the use of such fooling?

The undertaker sat lolling back in his chair when the old man entered. He was a tall, slender Irishman, dressed in the perennial garments of his profession, — a long, limp, black Prince Albert coat, left unbuttoned and hanging loosely from his shoulders, and a soiled and carelessly tied white lawn tie. Beneath his coat-skirts, after the manner of a person partly dressed for a masquerade, showed his coarse brown striped trousers and a pair of light yellow shoes.

"I've come to get you to bury the bye," said the caller monotonously. "He died this mornin' from takin' poison."

"They was just tellin' me, Bart," said the undertaker sympathetically. "I'm sorry for you. It's hard for yourself and the wife."

"It is. He was a good, koind bye. We'll be wantin' you to give him a good funeral. Will you come right over?" asked the father, a little anxiously.

"Yes; I'll be there later."

"What 's the rayson you can't come now?" asked the old man suspiciously.

"We 'll have to wait for the medical examiner, you know."

"What 's this about a midical examiner? What must we be waitin' for him for?"

"So 's to be sure he did n't kill himself."

"Kill himself!" repeated the father excitedly. "Who 's been tellin' you he 's killed himself?"

"Nobody has. Only the examiner 's got to see him. It 's the law."

"Kill himself?" argued the other. "Why should he kill himself, — a young mon loike thot? You know better than thot, Dan Healey."

At last, after the undertaker had repeatedly explained the matter, he went away, still muttering to himself. He had gone but a few steps when he returned.

"I 've always been good frinds with ye, Dan Healey "

"You have."

"Yis, and yer father before ye. I 've known ye, Dan, since ye was a little lod, no higher than me knee. If the mon should ask ye," he pleaded, "ye 'll say a good word for us. Ye 'll tell him he did n't kill himself, won't ye, now? 'Tis all foolishness, ye know thot. Ye 'll say so, won't ye, Dan?"

"I will," said the undertaker.

He stood in his doorway as the infirm figure shuffled away. Across on the outer edge of the sidewalk was Tim Mahoney, the tall, angular town policeman, lazily twirling his stick.

"The old man takes it hard," volunteered the officer.

The undertaker nodded. The two men watched the old figure passing slowly down the street.

"I saw Jerry last night," announced the policeman. "I was just comin' on the beat at twelve o'clock, when he come pokin' up the street. I says to meself then, ' We 'll be haulin' you out o' the canal one of these nights, me boy.' "

"You don't think he killed himself, do you?" asked the undertaker.

"No, I guess 't was accidental, all right. I was down there this mornin', and I guess prob'ly he took it by mistake."

"He was a queer boy, Jerry."

"You 're right, he was. To see him comin' up the street, mumblin' that Latin stuff to himself, you 'd think he was n't in his senses."

"But really, if you 'd speak to him, he was all right. He 'd been a smart feller if he could only 'a' left it alone."

"When you think about it, he did have a kind of look like a priest, after all."

"Yes, he did."

"Kind o' silent and dignified like, in spite of everything. He could n't ever give the idea of it up, either. You remember when he first come back, disgraced for life, you might say, he must get a job at Father Murphy's just so 's to be near the church. Then, after that, they had him in the church as janitor till that night he got drunk and come near blowin' up the steam heatin' boiler, and they had to let him go. Ever since then he 's been tryin' to get the job again, just the same. And every Sunday mornin' and evenin' you 'd see him goin' to church. Along toward the last of it, specially, you 'd never go there but you 'd see him sittin' there in one of the back seats. He was a good, pious feller when he was sober. And they say he could read Latin like a priest."

"That 's what he could; and speak it, too. I 've seen him down to Ash's gettin' it off in great shape. The gang down there used to get him to give it to 'em for the beer. He 'd do anything you 'd ask him for a drink. I remember one time they had him goin' through the mass for 'em. You must 'a' heard of it. 'Twas along in the evenin', and they was all of 'em pretty well loaded. They had him dressed up in one of them oilcloth covers for a billiard table, and

given him one of them patent beer bottles for a censer, and he was swingin' that and goin' through it in great shape. Just then Father Murphy goes along by the door and sees him. Say, you ought to been there that time. He don't wait a minute; he walks right into the place and hauls the cover off him right there. Say, but he was fierce. And it was that next Sunday" —

"Here he comes now," said the undertaker. "I'll bet he's goin' down there."

The two men went silent as the portly figure of the priest approached. "Good-mornin', sir," they said, touching their hats reverently as he passed composedly along.

"He's a strict man," said the policeman, when the clergyman was out of hearing. "If he made up his mind 't was a suicide, the old man won't be havin' his funeral."

"Well, I'll be goin' along up to the station," he continued, with a yawn. "It's time I was gettin' to bed."

The medical examiner himself was away; the active, sharp-faced young physician who took his place got the call for the case just before his breakfast. He ate his meal leisurely, then jumped into his waiting buggy, and drove briskly toward the factory town. Within half an hour more he stopped at the police station beneath the town hall, and entered the black walnut railing of the inclosure of the chief of police.

"Good-mornin', doctor," said the official, rising.

"Good-morning. You've got a suicide case here, have n't you?"

"Suicide or accident; they think now it was an accident."

"How'd it happen?"

"Well, it seems this feller, Jerry Sullivan, come along late last night after the saloons closed, with more or less drink in him, and this mornin', when the family got up, they found him dead in the kitchen, lyin' up against the ta-

ble. He must 'a' taken this poison at night and died there. But not one of 'em heard a thing all night. Now, the way they say it happened is like this: here were two bottles on a shelf, — one of 'em he had to gargle his throat with, and the other was some poison for a cat. And as far 's they can see, he just reached up when he was a little muddled with drink and got the wrong bottle. I had a man see the druggist where he got the stuff, and he says he sold it to him three days ago. So, if he'd really meant to kill himself, he'd done it before he did. That's the way we look at it."

"What was he, a laboring man?"

"No, one of these fellers 'round town. Half the time we'd have him here for drunkenness, and the other half he'd be hangin' 'round Tim Ash's place. Jerry the Priest, they called him. You must have seen him 'round here, — a little, thin feller, with a black derby hat on the back of his head and his chin down into his coat-collar; walked kind of loose and bent over, a feller about thirty-five, I should say. They trained him first for the priesthood, and then he took to drinkin', and ever since then he's been hangin' 'round here makin' trouble for us. He was quite high educated, too. He knew his Latin as well as anybody. When he was down at the jail they say he used to help the jailer's daughter with her lessons right along."

The doctor started to go.

"When you go along down," said the chief, having directed him, "you might stop at Healey's, the undertaker. He knows the family pretty well; he might tell you something more about it."

The undertaker, standing in front of his place, greeted the physician with indolent deference. He had little to add to the circumstances.

"I guess it was accidental," he said. "Everybody seems to think so. But even if there was a little chance of it, I'd give 'em the benefit of the doubt."

They 're pretty good clean kind of people, and that thing means a good deal to us Catholics, you know."

The young doctor did not know, but he did not consider it worth while to say so. He nodded and drove on.

As he approached the tenement of Bart Sullivan two small boys were playing before it.

"Come on away from here, Jimmy," the older one was saying; "there's a feller dead in there. We must n't play here to-day."

"Who's dead?" asked the other lagging behind.

"Jerry the Priest; he's took poison."

"What for?" asked the younger one blankly.

"He's killed himself."

"I would n't like to be him," added the elder in a hoarse and instructive whisper, "if he really meant to. He won't never go to heaven. That's what my mother says. Oh, here's the doctor that's come to see him now," he said, looking up and scampering toward the curbstone.

The two dirty children, forgetting their awe-stricken consideration of the suicide's fate, stood absorbed in the magnificence of the shining Goddard and the sleek-haunched bay while the doctor alighted.

As the physician approached the tenement there was the sound of some one leaving inside the doorway.

"Very well, if it is as you say," said an imperative voice, "there will be no trouble about it. Good-morning."

"God bliss you, your riverence," said another voice.

A large man, with a broad, severe face, dressed in the neat black garments of the priest, appeared in the doorway of the sordid hall, and walked deliberately down the outside steps of the block.

He accosted the doctor with urbane politeness. "Are you the medical examiner, sir?"

"I'm acting as such to-day."

"Oh yes." He paused a minute.

"Well, sir, I am the priest of this parish. I'm pleased to meet you, sir. In regard to the case of this young man here, there is some reason to believe he has taken his own life intentionally. Yet, on the whole, I am inclined to think his death was accidental. Now, will you do me a favor, sir? When you make your decision, will you be so kind as to leave it with Mr. Healey, the undertaker, as you're going by? It would be a great accommodation. You will? Thank you very much, sir. Good-morning."

The priest waved his hand in a dignified gesture of farewell, and passed on; the doctor entered the tenement.

A slight old man with a small and patient face and a pleasant-featured girl greeted him at the door. Beyond, ranged stiffly along the wall, were three large women with shawls about their heads.

"I am the medical examiner," the doctor stated simply.

"Oh, sor, will ye be sated," said the man, with the deep and instinctive courtesy of the Irish peasant. "Norah, take the gentleman's hat."

The shawled women rose together and silently and awkwardly filed out of the room.

"You're come to see the bye, I suppose, sor," said the old man when they were gone. "Ah, he was a foine bye, doctor. Always koind and plisant to his mother and me. Ah, sor, and the learnin' and education of him. This accidint thot's killed him's a bitter blow for us."

"Tell me how it happened."

"You see, to tell ye the truth, sor, the bye was a drinkin' mon. 'Twas somethin' thot come on him, sor, and he could n't help. But last noight he'd been havin' more 'n he should. And whin he come home, here stood the two bottles on the shelf, — wan of them was something he'd been takin' for his

throat, sor, and the other was somethin' he 'd got to kill a cat we had. And I suppose, sor, bein' muddled with the drink, and bein' in the dark so, he takes from the wrong bottle; and we never hears from him till we finds him in the mornin', lyin' there with his face to the tayble."

"Did he ever speak of killing himself?"

"Why should he spake of it, sor, if he niver felt loike it."

"Then you don't think he could possibly have meant to take it?"

"To kill himself, ye mane? Aw, no, sor, what rayson would he have to do thot? He was young and strong and full of loife loike yerself. You would n't be wantin' to kill yerself, would ye? True for you, ye would not. 'T was the same with him, sor. How old will you be, sor? Thirty-wan? Ah, now think of thot. Ye 're both the same age. Ah, yer father and mother are after bein' proud of ye, sor. Ye know thot, yerself. 'T was the same way with us.

"The bye was a grand student; 't was in him, sor. He had an oncle in the old country thot was a praste before him. From the toime he was a little lod, he had the look of the praste on him. He was so quiet and dignified loike. So thin we sint him to school to study for the prastehood. Ah, sor, we was thot proud of him. Whin he 'd come home from the school with his black suit and his foine hat, he was the admiraytion and invy of ivery wan in the tiniments. There was others had their byes studyin' to be lawyers and tachers, and the loike of thot, but none thot would be studyin' for the prastehood. And thin, sor, he took to the drink, as I told ye, and they had to sind him home. But whin he come back, sor, still he was the same — always radin' and recitin' in the Latin, loike the rale prastes at the altar. He niver gave up all hopes of it.

"Ye 're a scholar, yerself, sor. I

want to show ye somethin' so ye 'll see for yerself." The old man, rummaging around in his pockets, produced a piece of cheap, coarse, blue-lined letter paper. "Here it is, sor," he said, handing it to the doctor.

"Oh, father!" said the girl, rising quickly from her chair.

"Oh, don't be fussin', Norah; lit the doctor rade it. Maybe he might till us what it says.

"Ye see, sor," he continued, with a childish pride, "we found this on the tayble by him. 'T is somethin' he would be writin' whin the shtuff overcome him. Ye see, sor, what a scholar he was. 'T is in Latin he wrote it."

Across the top of the soiled and crumpled paper, sprawled in the large and broken hand of a man shaken with dissipation and despair, ran the writer's farewell, the last hoarse cry of a ruined life: —

"Miserere mei, Deus, miserere mei: quoniam in te confidit anima mea."

The doctor, reading it, knitted his brows and hesitated before he spoke.

"What does it say, sor?" asked the old man.

"It means something like this: 'Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me: for my soul trusteth in thee.'"

The quick-witted Irish girl, catching its significance immediately, bent down and started sobbing, with her face hidden in her apron. Her father stood dazed.

"Would ye be so koind, sor, as to say thot again?" he asked.

The doctor did so.

"I think I see, sor," said the father at last. "It manes he took the shtuff on purpose. And I showed ye the paper, meself!"

"I suppose, sor," he went on, after a strained silence, "you 'll have to be reportin' thot he killed himself?"

The physician nodded.

"But after all, sor," argued the other, rallying a little from the blow, "it don't prove it, does it? Ye can't

tell, sor. He might have been only writin', just as any other man — just for practice, sor."

The doctor shook his head.

"Ah, sor, but even if it did," pleaded the other, "why must you rayport it? What difference does it make to you, sor?"

The young doctor started to get up.

"Ah, sor, wan moment — sit down just wan moment. We 'll not be askin' you to do anything you can't rightly do; we 'll not be wantin' you to be actin' dishonorable to your duty. But ye can't be goin' to lave us this way, sor. Think of the bye, just your own age. Ye know how your own mother 'd feel with you a suicide, and your grave in The Place of Darkness."

"The place of darkness?"

"And sure and you 'll know of thot?"

"You 'll forgive my father," said the girl; "he forgets you 're not Irish like himself. 'T is the unconsecrated ground he manes, sor, — the part that 's just beyond the holy ground in the cimetry. It 's there they bury the lost, sor, — the poor little children that was never baptized, and them that left the holy church while livin', and them that killed themselves. The place of darkness they call it. For them that 'll be laid there will niver see the light. It 'll be only darkness for them forever, sor. For they 'll be buried in their sins."

"'T is a pitiful place, sor," broke in the old man, "behint a little hill, — a poor, dismal place, without gravestones mostly, or any of the dacincies of dyin'; nothin' but the drear graves of the little small children, and the poor did souls thot 'll niver be at rist."

"'T is specially hard for my mother, sor."

"Ah, sor, 't would not be so bad but for thot. Years ago, whin we were first in this country, our little baaby died, just wan or two days after it was born. And she bein' sick and me foolish, 't was niver baptized, and they put it there. Ah, sor, she 's niver forgot thot day.

"And thin the bye came, — a foine, bright lod he was. From the first she was plannin' for him. She 'd niver be satisfied till she saw him a praste, sayin' the mass at the altar. She would be workin' for him all the wake and prayin' for him all the Sundays. And now he 's lyin' there, and they 'll be puttin' him beside the baaby — and 't will kill her, unliiss — unliiss you 'll help us, sor."

The young doctor, with the weight of his delegated duty heavy upon him, rose abruptly from his chair.

"You ought not to have shown me this," he said.

"I know it, sor. 'T is all my fault. But now it 's done, sor, can't you help us? It 's for the wife I ask it."

"It 'd break her heart, sor," broke in the girl.

"She 's in there with the bye, now," continued the old man, "sittin' in a daze loike. She don't understand really what killed him. If you don't rayport it, sor, she 'll niver know."

"Ah, doctor," sobbed the daughter, "'t is disgrace and dishonor and sorrow for us, ye hold in yer hand. Destroy it, sor, for the love of God."

"The woife is old and fayble, now; she 's worked herself to dith for the bye, sor. Ye won't rayport it, sor; ye 'll say ye won't?"

"God bliss you, sor," said the girl, "you could n't do it; you could n't do it."

"Has any one but me seen the paper?" asked the doctor in a dry voice.

"No, sor," said both eagerly.

"Before I do anything I must see him," said the physician.

He passed out into the other room. An old woman, seamed and bent, grotesquely ugly even in her grief, rocked to and fro by the body of her son.

The examiner gazed a moment at the dead face; the cause of death was written plainly there. Then he returned into the other room and closed the door behind him.

He stood silent for a moment in the centre of the room, then reached his hand out toward the girl.

"Here is the paper," he said abruptly; "destroy it."

She took it eagerly and went into the other room; in a few moments she reappeared.

"What did you do with it?" he demanded.

"I burned it up, sor, in the kitchen foire; it's destroyed entirely."

"All this," said the physician impressively, "must never go outside this room."

"No, sor, niver," both answered earnestly.

"And not one word about this paper — ever."

"Niver wan word, sor; so God hilp us."

The visitor started to go.

"And you'll not rayport it?" faltered the old man, making himself doubly sure.

"No."

"God bliss you, sor; God bliss you; God bliss you."

The girl, relieved of the strain, broke out again into hysterical weeping; the old man caught eagerly at the doctor's hand.

He drew it away, hurried down the stairs, and drove quickly from the place, — from the sight of the mute old man in the doorway and the rosette of cheap crape beside him and the weeping of the girl inside. When he passed the undertaker's he signaled for him to come out.

"I've given them the benefit of the doubt," he said sharply. "Tell the priest I think it's all right. Good-day."

On his way home he noticed he was passing by the Catholic cemetery. Urged by a sombre curiosity he drove inside. Before him, across an open space, lay the great democracy of the dead, — a few ugly, pretentious granite monuments in front, but behind them,

in thick-sown squares, the simple resting places of the common people.

Beyond these, on the brow of a little declivity, white wooden crosses stretched their appealing arms over the graves of the very poor. Over their surface, irregularly disposed, appeared thick glasses, and broken pitchers, bowls and saucers of coarse white ware, full of withered remembrances of flowers; and occasionally a glass crucifix, leaning up against the wooden head-board, — the crude, cheap offerings of poverty living to poverty dead.

From here the side-hill dropped down to a damp corner of a little piece of woods. It was "The Place of Darkness." Halfway down the barren slope huddled in a little colony the outcasts of heaven and of earth, — poor, pathetic little graves of unnamed children, so small as scarcely to be seen; and beside and above them the great uncouth mounds of the unknown and wretched dead, who had outraged the kindness of God beyond forgiveness. No grass or flower had been planted in this place; only the melancholy succession of mounds appeared, with the naked earth upon them pitted and channeled and broken with the rain. There were no tokens of remembrance for these dead. At head and feet was their only claim to individual memory, — two wooden pegs stereotyped with a number. Over all the neglected place — the great graves and the small — brooded the monotony of hopelessness and the terror of a nameless death. Only, at the further end of the lines, one little mound of the fresh, yellow soil had been raised, evidently since the morning, and patted into an odd regularity with the spade, and at its top lay a meagre bunch of violets.

As he turned to go, his eye swept again across the resting places of the more fortunate dead, — the well-remembered grounds, the flowers on the graves, the tiny flags above the soldiers, the host of little marble stones with

their chiseled hopes of immortality. Here was peace and honor and hope. He turned once more to look down on the unconsecrated hillside, — there, dishonor and remorse and hopelessness. The wicked and unfortunate must not be punished in their life alone. Here the great, inscrutable, irresistible religious power reached out beyond the close of life and visited its judgments of banishment and terror and despair upon the offending dead before the

fearful vision of the living. He felt the influence himself. What a place for a despairing woman to leave her dead!

He called to his horse and drove along. As he passed slowly down the sandy road, musing on the events of the morning and the part he had taken in them, he nodded in silent self-approval. Then he straightened up, tucked the lap-robe around him, and drove sharply toward his office.

George Kibbe Turner.

THE HIGHLANDS, CAPE COD.

CROUCHED, tiger-wise, above the centuries' prey
Of ships and men, of merchantry and pelf,
It lures and broods beneath its sandy shelf
This piteous wreckage, crumbling to decay.
It sweeps the sea with sullen, half-mad eye
Dreaming of thundering waves and shrieking sky
And ships that shattered at its feet shall lie
Rent by the storm, as merciless as itself.

The shore rang loud with flood-tide yesternoon;
And I, who plodded in the heat and glare
Chanced on this piece of silver, lying bare
Upon the wimpling sands beneath the dune.
Square-shapen, battered, still it bore full plain
The three Herculean pillars of old Spain,
And straightway, working magic in my brain
The passing trade-ships melted into air;

Vanished the noon-tide — in the afterglow
Of purpling sunset, jeweled with a star,
Glided a caravel, with gleaming spar,
The carven prow advancing sure and slow.
The captain's warning tones rang loud and clear;
Paled, as he gazed, the roystering buccaneer;
The swart, rude sailors crossed themselves in fear,
And quaking, murmured, "Dios! Malabar!"

Annie Weld Edson Macy.

WHAT PUBLIC LIBRARIES ARE DOING FOR CHILDREN.

THE present may be called an age of child-study. Certainly never before were the needs of children receiving such conscientious attention, and yet only recently has the public library awakened to its responsibilities in this direction. A hundred and sixty years ago no books were written for the entertainment of children; only fifty years ago the first public, tax-supported library in the United States was founded in Boston; and less than a dozen years ago was opened the first children's room in a public library. To-day juvenile books flow from the press in a bewildering flood, while more than five thousand public libraries are scattered through the land, and most of the largest of these, together with several of the smaller ones, have within the last decade established special departments for children, — often implying one or more commodious rooms devoted to their use, and a staff of librarians especially trained to care for their needs. So rapid has been this development of work with children, and so considerable is the expenditure of time and money for the purpose, that the public may pertinently ask what has already been accomplished, and what amelioration is so much effort likely to effect.

One of the first to emphasize the importance of this branch of library work was Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who, in an address to the teachers of Quincy, impressed on them the danger of teaching children *how* to read and not *what* to read, and the consequent desirability of introducing pupils to literature through the use of library books in connection with their lessons. Shortly afterwards, in 1879, systematic coöperation between the public library and the schools was instituted at Worcester, Massachusetts. The librarian, Mr. S. S. Green, allowed each teacher to

borrow, besides half a dozen volumes for her own intellectual improvement, a much larger number of books for use by her pupils in school or at home; and through these privileges the teachers secured in profusion whatever books they needed to supplement textbooks and illustrate topics of study, — geography and history, of course, being particularly susceptible of such treatment.

A general adoption of new methods of teaching led the schools elsewhere to require like aid from the libraries, and as a result it is not uncommon for public schools to be liberally supplied with library books, which in some cases are selected and borrowed by the teacher, as in Worcester; while in other instances large collections numbering perhaps two or three hundred volumes are sent from the library, and placed in the school or classroom for six months or a year, to be used as school libraries.

The avidity with which even the most ignorant children seize such opportunities for reading I have seen strikingly illustrated in the poorest quarter of a populous city. In that experiment the pupils of a large grammar school were given library cards, and the library wagon twice a week delivered the books asked for by the children. Twenty-three different nationalities, the teacher told me, were represented. American children there were none, and few English or Irish; but Italians, German Jews, Poles, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians, and Armenians predominated. Some of the pupils, on entering the school, were unable to speak English, and by the time of graduation could read only very simple books. Yet a few months after the delivery was begun, those children were drawing — and presumably reading — one hundred, two hundred, sometimes even three and four hundred volumes a week.

A glimpse of work similar to this, which is being carried on in most of our large cities, furnishes convincing proof of children's receptivity of good literature. In Buffalo, for instance, Mr. H. L. Elmendorf, the librarian of the Public Library, characterizes the distribution of books through the schools as "the best work the library is doing," and his report shows that the school circulation in that city last year reached the astonishingly large figure of 233,102 volumes.

From the beginning, the books thus supplied to schools were not restricted to serious works or to those for use simply in connection with lessons. But good literature of all sorts, including fiction, reached the pupils; and as a not uncommon library regulation ten or fifteen years ago prohibited the borrowing of books by children under fourteen years of age, distribution through the schools early became an effective means, sometimes the only means, of furnishing books to children too young to hold library cards, and yet old enough to become eager and profitable readers.

But notwithstanding the benefits, the introduction of these methods was not without drawbacks. For frequently the knowledge necessary to choose books adapted to young children was lacking, — as in the case of the teacher who sent for Ibsen's *A Doll's House* under the impression that it was suitable for a little girl of doll-age. Then again, as has been justly remarked, teachers were not in the habit of regarding themselves as members of the leisure class; and they might ask, very pertinently, granting the importance of good reading in broadening and stimulating the youthful mind, and its immense influence in forming the child's ideals, why should the library shirk its function and shift the burden upon the school department?

To this question the library trustee could give no satisfactory reply, and the logical result was a very general lowering of the age limit for holding

library cards. In fact, there is now a growing tendency to make no restriction of this sort whatever, and to grant a card to any child able to read.

It would, however, be the height of folly to turn young people loose with unrestricted access to books many of which are entirely unsuited to childhood; and to select a library with a view to giving children absolutely equal privileges with adults would result in rendering it valueless to the latter. Indeed, due consideration for older readers should prevent the thronging of the delivery desk with the hordes of youngsters who sometimes compose from a third to a half of the library clientele; for, after all, the first duty of a library is to the adult, and its efforts for the child look not solely to the child's immediate good, but to the necessity of fitting him to profit by the use of the library in later years. The natural solution, therefore, was the establishment of the children's department, either in a separate room or in a railed-off space in the main hall of the library.

The first reading-room devoted exclusively to children, so far as I know, was opened by the Public Library of Brookline in 1890. In the larger libraries the children's department is now almost always placed in a separate room with special attendants; and even in the smaller buildings which are springing up all over the country as the fruit of generous benefactions the plans usually allot ample space for this purpose.

On entering one of these children's rooms the visitor is impressed with the air of cheerfulness and refinement. The diminutive tables and chairs are occupied by quiet readers, while interested borrowers are choosing books to take home from a wide range of diverting and instructive literature shelved in low cases about the walls. A bulletin board exhibits pictures and lists of books relating to the birds of the season, or perhaps to events of current or historical interest. A substantial, printed

catalogue of the children's books can usually be purchased for a few cents. The room is decorated with plants or flowers; and the walls are adorned with photographs or other reproductions of works of art, occasionally even with the originals, — although few libraries are so fortunate as that in Boston, where the children's rooms contain the paintings by Mr. Howard Pyle illustrating the life of Washington, and the ceiling is covered with frescoes by the English artist, Elliott. In this atmosphere of books and art rich and poor roam at will, — free to browse, or privileged to seek the assistance of a cultured and sympathetic attendant.

The far-reaching influence of books upon child-nature is hardly realized, in spite of all that has been written on the subject. My attention was recently directed to a boy of eleven who appeared dull and uninterested in anything. In school he was called stupid. One day, through his teacher, the boy got hold of Mr. Thompson-Seton's fascinating *Wild Animals I Have Known*. He read the book eagerly, and came to the library for others. So marked a change took place in the boy that his teachers expressed surprise at his sudden access of interest in lessons, and his mother came to the library for the express purpose of telling us of the great *awakening* which had come to her boy through books.

Great as is their power in broadening and stimulating the young intellect, books have a still stronger influence on the moral nature. For to the child there are three sources of infallibility, — parent, teacher, and printed book; and the standards of right and wrong pervading the books read go far toward forming youthful ideals. Examples of moral courage strengthen the pliable nature; even the time-worn rescue of the cat from the band of tormenting boys doubtless helps to create an abhorrence of cruelty, and the prodigious deeds of valor performed by many a

youthful hero may stouten the heart of the admiring reader. So, too, a boy may be quick to cry *fie* if in real life a playmate be guilty of meanness, but if in a book — as sometimes happens — trickiness and deceit are exhibited as excusable or "smart," his ideal of honor is exposed to serious injury.

Therefore, while two opinions may exist as to the propriety of censorship on the part of a library in dealing with adults, there can hardly be disagreement as to the importance of the utmost care in the choice of books purveyed to children. Too often the books owned by the average child, even in good circumstances, are acquired at Christmas, the gift of an indiscriminating uncle or an aunt whose eye has been caught by the illustrations at a bargain counter! The books frequently present neither good literature nor good morals. No such laxity can be charged to the conscientious children's librarian. She regards her work with due — the carping bibliographer says with undue — seriousness. For her the professional library schools have established a special course of training fitting her to work with children. Before admitting a book to the collection she examines it with scrupulous care, aiming to purchase for recreative reading only those which are entertaining, wholesome in tone, and decently well written. As to the interest of a book, she is not content with her own judgment solely, but often consults the opinions of the children themselves. So important is this matter of selection considered, that librarians are at work compiling a coöperative list of children's books which shall have the benefit of the criticism and experience of many experts.

Having gathered a suitable collection of books, the intelligent librarian studies her children individually, stimulates their interest, and by tactful suggestion and various devices strives to cultivate in them healthy tastes and the habit of systematic reading. To fur-

ther these aims the children are sometimes enrolled in a library league, as in Cleveland, one condition of membership being a pledge to respect and take good care of the books. In Pittsburg and elsewhere reading aloud and story-telling have been resorted to for inciting the children to read books containing the stories told. The bulletin board and exhibitions of pictures and objects are frequently used to arouse interest in special classes of books. Courses of reading are laid out, and various inducements to follow them are offered. But in all these efforts the books themselves, displayed in attractive bindings, are the strongest ally. For although it is frequently impossible to admit the public to the shelves in the main library, in the children's room the readers may almost invariably go directly to the books.

While the aim of the children's assistant is to lead them to read, she takes pains to send into the fresh air those too much inclined to stay indoors, and is the friend and counselor of all in many ways. In some few libraries the children's department has been extended to include social work of various sorts, such as illustrated lectures and talks, or games, even military drill, nature-study, music, gymnastics, and clubs. It may be a debatable question whether such diverse pursuits are wisely undertaken: conservative librarians have confined their activities to promoting library work proper.

It must not be supposed, however, that the somewhat elaborate provision for the needs of children commonly made by the larger libraries has in the least made unnecessary the use of the library by the schools. Rather has it intensified their community of interest. The importance of leading the children to the library itself is emphasized lest, if accustomed to receiving library books at the schools only, they cease their reading, as most of them drop all study by the end of the grammar-school course.

But the librarian can employ no truant officer: he can reach directly only the children who enter his doors. He needs the active aid of the teachers to reach • all the children of the community, most of whom, once tasting books, make permanent readers. He needs also the aid of the wise teacher who has perhaps the greatest opportunity to stimulate interest in the best books.

For a distinctly different purpose the library most depends on the coöperation of the schools; that is, for the prosecution of what, for lack of a better term, is called reference work with children. Much of the library activity described above is devoted to the single end of offering good books to children for the purpose of cultivating in them the so-called reading habit, — an offensive term suggestive of the opium habit or the alcohol habit, — let us rather say, of acquainting them with the pleasures of reading and fostering a refined taste. By reference work, on the other hand, is meant the effort to teach the use of books as sources of information. Thus, while in the former case we are concerned largely with “the literature of power,” in the latter we are dealing with “the literature of knowledge;” and in this direction lies a wide and rich field to be developed.

Unfortunately, not only to children, but to a large part of the adult community, the library often represents merely a storehouse of entertaining books, as is evinced by the fact that commonly some three fourths of the volumes borrowed are works of fiction. It is astonishing to discover what a trackless wilderness the library shelves beyond those containing fiction appear to some of the most frequent borrowers. A typical incident occurred recently when two intelligent, middle-aged borrowers were seen to be in difficulties before a card catalogue, and the attendant who went to their rescue found them patiently searching for books on plumbing under the caption “geometry.”

Such an incident is by no means unusual, for there are many habitués of a library who have learned to look for a novel in the catalogue under author or title, but have no comprehension of the meaning of the subject entries, have no familiarity with the commonest reference books except possibly the dictionary and encyclopædia, and are ignorant of the use of any bibliographical aids. Queries in literary or daily papers bear evidence of this. It is not their unfamiliarity with the means that is deplorable, but their ignorance of the end; for it never occurs to them to use the library for any purpose beyond recreative reading.

Yet surely the free public library has higher functions. If it existed merely to furnish elevating and refined amusement, the community might with equal propriety support a free public theatre. Even the thoughtfulness and mental quickening which may be assumed to result from imaginative reading do not entirely justify its existence. It must serve a directly educational purpose just as surely as the school or college.

Such a service, without doubt, it does now perform and in a high degree, but for the few. The scholarly part of the community values its indispensable aid. The women's clubs, which though sometimes reproached for superficiality are nevertheless a potent agency for encouraging study as an avocation, depend on its constant assistance. But only a comparatively small proportion even of the cultured classes use it systematically for studious purposes; and how many of the young men or ambitious boys and girls entitled to its privileges, for many of whom a grammar-school course completes formal education, realize that in the library — if they will use them — lie the means of self-education and self-help?

There are some, it is true. Any experienced librarian can cite cases of young men and boys especially, and sometimes girls too, who have followed

a special line of study and mastered not only the material bearing upon that subject in their own library, but also, if it be a small library, books which it has borrowed for their use from larger institutions. The subject may be a science followed purely for intellectual pleasure, or, as more often happens, the student is a young mechanic or artisan eager to perfect himself in a theoretical knowledge of his calling. In such cases a significant fact is the surprise frequently manifested by the inquirer when he discovers the ample opportunities afforded by the library.

If the public schools are to do more than give a course of instruction which is to stop abruptly at the end of nine or thirteen years, as the case may be, a part of the equipment of every boy and girl going out from them into the world must be not only a love of literature, but also some appreciation — as definite as may be — of the opportunities afforded by the library to continue their education through the wise and systematic use of books. To instill some recognition of this vital fact, as well as to give some facility in handling books as tools, is the aim of reference work with children.

One large factor in achieving this aim has been described already, and consists in employing in connection with school lessons collateral reading drawn from the library. In this way the pupil learns that the sum of knowledge is not contained in a single textbook, but that a whole literature may be found amplifying a subject and treating its many different aspects; he learns to compare statements and weigh evidence.

With the same end in view it is not uncommon for a teacher to conduct a class to the library for the purpose of examining all the resources of that institution, — books, pamphlets, maps, photographs, — everything which the librarian can gather to illustrate a special subject. So, again, the teacher constantly refers pupils individually to

the library to verify some fact by means of its reference books or to search for information on some topic of which they are later to present a résumé to the class. Thus they gain facility in hunting down a piece of information, in making notes, and in abstracting the essence from a book or article.

Such work is not unusual, but it is only recently that libraries have attempted to go beyond these simple measures and to experiment in the direction of more systematic instruction. The first reference department for children separate from their reading-room, I believe, was that opened by the Public Library of Boston in 1899.

By a unique arrangement the reference work with school children in Brookline, Massachusetts, is supported by a special appropriation asked for jointly by the trustees of the library and the school committee. The money is expended by the library trustees, but the books are selected with deference to the wishes of the school authorities. A large room is maintained called the school reference room, — quite distinct from the general children's reading-room, — and in it are shelved some three thousand volumes adapted to throw light on subjects taught in school and kept for the sole use of pupils at the library or in the classroom. A printed and annotated catalogue acquaints teachers with the character of the books and the number of copies of each available, as it is often found expedient to purchase numerous copies of the same book. In charge of the room is a special assistant of experience both in library work and in teaching, who is employed for this work alone. A private telephone connects the room with all the schools, so that a teacher, for instance, need only telephone in the morning for, say, twenty books illustrating the geography of India, suitable for seventh-grade pupils, and the books will be selected and delivered by express the same day. To this room the pupils resort individually, and

here they are brought in classes to be taught how to use a library.

One of the earliest experiments in giving systematic instruction to school children at the library was made in 1896 at Cardiff, Wales. There the pupils of all the elementary schools in and above the fourth standards — that is, roughly, children from ten to fourteen years of age — were taken once a year to the library, in parties numbering about forty, to receive an illustrated lesson from the librarian upon some definite subject. The topic chosen the first year was *The History of a Book*, and the proceedings cannot be better described than by extracts from an account read before the Library Association of the United Kingdom by the librarian, Mr. John Ballinger: —

"We did n't tell the children we were going to give them a lesson on the history of a book, or that we were going to give them a lesson at all. We started by saying that we were going to show them different kinds of books, and then beginning with a clay tablet, of which we had one genuine specimen (Babylonian) and one cast (Assyrian) made from an original in the British Museum, we proceeded to show how the book and the art of writing and reading had gradually developed. We explained to them the papyrus books of ancient Egypt, using as illustrations the beautiful reproductions of papyri published by the trustees of the British Museum. We explained to them also that there had been different kinds of letters used to denote sounds, showing them the difference between cuneiform writing and the picture writing of Egypt. We also dealt with books written upon vellum, using by way of illustration various MSS. and deeds belonging to the library. Passing from the written to the printed book, we explained a few elementary facts about the early history of printing and about early printing in England, using as illustrations four or five books printed before the year 1500, which we

happen to possess. Having introduced the subject of printing, we passed lightly over the interval between the early printed book and the modern book, explaining that the former had no title-page, no headlines, no pagination, no printer's name, no place of printing, and that the capital letters were omitted for the purpose of being put in by hand, and we showed them specimens of such capitals and also of books in which the capitals had never been inserted. To lead up from this point to the magnificent books of the present day was to give the children an object lesson in human progress which was not only instructive, but delightful. We showed them by the way the facsimile examples of the Horn Book from Mr. Tuer's interesting monograph on that subject. We also showed them books printed in Japan and other countries, books for the blind, and similar byways of the book world."

Commenting on the far-reaching results of these talks, — in many instances the parents being led to the library by hearing about it from their children, — Mr. Ballinger adds: —

"After giving thirty-nine lessons to a total of about sixteen hundred children, between January and July of the present year, I say, without hesitation, that nothing I have ever been able to do in the whole course of my life has been so full of satisfaction as the work which I have just attempted to describe."

In the half-dozen American libraries where like work has been attempted, it has usually been confined to more rigorously practical instruction regarding the use of books and the library. A brief description of the process of book-making is often given, showing how the sheets are printed and folded, sewed on bands, and the covers laced in. This matter is touched on because a knowledge of the mechanical make-up of a book leads to more respect and better care on the part of the borrower. Next

the attention of pupils is directed to the title-page, and they learn to understand the important facts contained in it, as well as the particulars of imprint and copyright entry. Then the children are shown the importance — often overlooked — of the introduction or preface as showing the point of view or aim of the author; and, finally, they are taught how to use the table of contents and the index. A later lesson perhaps deals more directly with the use of the library, the card catalogue, the periodical indexes, and the commoner reference books.

In at least two libraries bibliographical work of an elementary character is attempted. The pupils are assigned closely limited topics in history or literature, and are set to find and make lists of every book, article, chapter, every paragraph or note, in the volumes of the school collection which may bear upon their particular topics. This practice not only gives an idea of the resources of a library, but promotes the ability to find without difficulty the material relating to any subject in which the pupil may be interested.

The talks to children in classes are customarily given in school hours, while the bibliographical work is done after school closes, and is at least semi-voluntary. Bibliographical work of a like nature, though on a larger scale, is a feature of some college courses; but experience shows that children in the upper grades of the grammar school, of whom three fourths never enjoy a college or even a high-school course, are amply able to pursue such work with profit, and with pleasure.

What is to be the result of this widespread effort on the part of libraries and schools for the benefit of children? All of the work is recent, much of it has hardly passed the experimental stage. The largest section of the American Library Association is devoted expressly to studying these vital problems; while from the other side the same questions

are being considered by the Library Section of the National Education Association, composed of teachers and educators throughout the United States.

Results are already observable. The statistics show an enormous increase in the number of books read. This tendency is criticised in high quarters on the ground that with the increase in quantity there has been deterioration in the quality of the reading. This charge may or may not be true; but fifty years ago in the prospectus of a new periodical we find Lowell in the same way lamenting over "the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash" poured out by the magazines of that day; and fifty years ago books were hard to procure, reading was largely confined to the cultured and studious classes, while with the wonderful growth of free libraries and the cheapening of books reading is becoming universal among all classes. The solution of the problem lies not in

attempting to restrict the use of books, but in elevating the quality of the reading. This the library can accomplish in no other way than by improving the taste of the children. Boys and girls now read less fiction and a larger proportion of informing works than do their elders. While by reference work with children no sane librarian expects to produce a generation of scholars, he may at least hope to give every ambitious boy and girl a knowledge of the road to that self-education which lies open to them in the public library.

The author of *The Gospel of Wealth* has borne witness to the vast influence of books upon his early career, and has testified to his faith in their value by the gift of millions that others may enjoy like advantages. At the least we may hope that this work for children will contribute in some measure to the great democratic ideal, — equalization of opportunity.

Hiller C. Wellman.

WILLIAM BLACK.

THIRTY years ago — or, to be exact, in May, 1871 — a novel was published in England, which within a few weeks was being read and praised everywhere. In those days the *Saturday Review* could well-nigh make or break a literary reputation; and the *Saturday Review* praised *A Daughter of Heth* warmly and generously. The chorus was taken up quickly by other journals, and when the anonymous author was ready to avow himself he stepped at once into the full light of fame. For at least a decade everything that William Black wrote was read with avidity by an ever increasing public; and although Trollope, Reade, Collins, Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant were then at the height of their powers, he was perhaps the most popular of living nov-

elists — at least among cultivated readers — both in England and America. The turn of Mr. Hardy came a little later; but when Macleod of *Dare* and *The Return of the Native* were in course of serial publication together, it was a common subject of debate among such persons as believe that questions of the kind can be settled by weight of numbers whether Black or Hardy were better entitled, George Eliot being barred, to take the supreme place among the writers of fiction of the time.

There was certain to be a reaction from such praise as this. Macleod of *Dare* was the zenith of Black's fame no less than of his power. *Shandon Bells* was a later book; so was *Sunrise*; so was *In Far Lochaber*; and each has its

particular claim to admiration. Even in his last novel, *Wild Eelin*, written when the hand of death was visibly upon him, there are potent flashes of his old tragic fire. But it must be admitted that his yearly volume was not always quite worthy of him. Perhaps he could hardly have escaped some decline in vogue in any case. Popularity is a fickle goddess; new candidates for favor come in to crowd out the old. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that Black's work is a real contribution to literature, and that the best of it deserves to survive. Curious illustrations might be cited of the ebb and flow of opinion regarding every author whose place is not indisputably among the gods. We have seen in our own day revivals of half-forgotten celebrities. Among those very contemporaries of Black named above the operation of this principle may be noted. If it be Trollope to-day who is enjoying renewed reputation, it may be Reade to-morrow. Sir Wemyss Reid, in the interesting biography¹ recently published, says that at the last Black had more readers in this country than in his own; and certainly there must be many Americans who hold him in affectionate regard, and who will welcome a closer acquaintance with his character and career.

William Black was born in Glasgow on the 15th of November, 1841. But although he was thus geographically a Lowlander, he was temperamentally a Highlander; his family had come originally from the North, and the distinct Celtic strain in his blood manifested itself all his life through. "He had," says his biographer, "the romanticism of his race; its vivid imagination; its reticence (the necessary weapon of defense in the troublous times when a chance word might so easily have brought a household to ruin); its brooding contemplation of things unseen by the

natural eye; and its proneness to rare outbursts of high spirits." It is not surprising to learn that he was a shy, silent boy, or that he early showed characteristics which led his father to predict that he would be a great man. That father died when Black was only fourteen; and as the household was in narrow circumstances it became at once desirable that he should make his way in the world. There was a time when he wished to be an artist. "I labored away for a year or two at the Government School of Art," he says, "and presented my friends with the most horrible abominations in water color and oil." But at sixteen he was writing sketches for the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, and at twenty he had written his first novel,—a remarkable book, we are told, for so young a man, although, naturally enough, it met with no success, and was regarded by its author with contempt in after years. London was the obvious Mecca for Black, however, and at twenty-two he went thither, taking first a commercial position, but soon drifting into journalism. "Black wrote some sketches for the *Star*," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, who was then its editor, "in which we all saw, and could not fail to see, remarkable merit; and he received a regular engagement in one of the editorial departments." Thus he was able to make his living from the first, and had no special hardships to endure; but eight years were to pass before he won his great success with *A Daughter of Heth*, despite the touch of genius plainly evident in *Kilmeny*, and *In Silk Attire*. They were years of sorrow as well as of growth. Black married a young German girl in 1865, and lost her a year afterwards; and the son born to them died, too, at the age of five. Such episodes give a new and deeper note to life. Coquette's death could hardly have moved readers as it did had not the author experienced himself a poignant anguish. But of these things he never spoke, even to his

¹ *William Black, Novelist. A Biography.* By WEMYSS REID. \$2.25. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

intimates. Sir Wemyss Reid first met Black in 1866. What struck him then, he tells us, was Black's air of abstraction. "He seemed to have his thoughts absorbed by quite other things than those which were passing around him. His very eyes seemed to be fixed upon the future; and while he talked pleasantly enough on such small topics as our surroundings suggested, his mind was clearly occupied elsewhere. From some one or other — I know not from whom — I had heard that he either had written or was about to write a novel. I was at the time when one is most susceptible to the illusions and enthusiasms of youth; and I remember trying to weigh up my companion and forecast his chances as a novelist. It struck me, as it struck most persons when they first met him, that he was too hard, inelastic, and reticent to be successful as a writer of romance. I was no more able than other people were to penetrate through that mask of reserve which he wore so constantly, or to see the fires of sensitive emotion which burned within."

Reticence, indeed, was what few of his readers would have attributed to Black; judging him simply by his books his nature seemed expansive. And it was into them that he put his true self. His methods of composition show how intense was the life which he lived with the creatures of his brain. Who does not remember the postscript that he addressed to the characters in *Madcap Violet*, — the favorite, we are told, of all his literary offspring? "To me you are more real than most I know; what wonder then if I were to meet you on the threshold of the great unknown, you all shining with a new light on your face? Trembling I stretch out my hands to you, for your silence is awful, and there is sadness in your eyes; but the day may come when you will speak, and I shall hear — and understand." This passage, says Sir Wemyss Reid, was "no clever touch of art," but the real

expression of the author's passionate mood, "written, as it were, in his heart's blood." It is not surprising that the man capable of such an attitude to the shadows of his imagination never talked much about his work and required absolute isolation when he wrote. It is not surprising, either, that this work cost him dear, or that it made him prematurely old. The Highland nature fed too fierce a flame. Macleod of Dare, that wonderful romance which has in it something of the pity and the terror of a Greek drama, shook his own soul to its very foundations; the tragedy on the wild shores of Mull was as real to him as to his hero; he came through these experiences prostrated in mind and body.

But Black's novels are not all tragic, nor was his life without its sunny side. It will not be necessary here to give a catalogue of his books. Perhaps one that is not tragic, *A Princess of Thule*, has the greatest charm for the largest number of readers. This appeared two years after *A Daughter of Heth*, and won immediate popularity throughout the English-speaking world. Sheila is indeed one of the permanent additions to the still restricted gallery of really lovable heroines; but the impression she made might have been less but for the background to the picture. In taking us to the Hebrides Black introduces us to a world which when he first explored it was quite unknown. His sensitive appreciation of nature — a quality which drew praise from the critical Ruskin — fitted him peculiarly to convey the charm of those remote solitudes, and impose upon others something of that spell of the North which so possessed him. And yet, despite the glamour which he throws around her, Sheila is a very real and human person; while in old Mackenzie, in Frank Lavender, in Ingram, and the rest, his exact and luminous delineation of character might satisfy the sternest realist. Indeed, nothing is more noteworthy in Black's work than his power to combine

romantic fervor with absolute fidelity to the common details of life. His portrait of George Miller in *Madcap Violet* is a case in point. The modern young man, who is a good fellow, and perfectly honorable according to his lights, but who is utterly incapable of comprehending the finer ethics of renunciation, could not be more vividly presented. As to the minor persons in all Black's novels, they are remarkably clear and distinct. This is the case in an especial degree with his *Highlanders*. No previous writer had dealt at length with the Scottish Highlands. Scott ventured thither more than once, but in the main he preferred a scene nearer the Border. It was left for Black to become prose laureate of the land which binds to itself more closely than any other the hearts of those who know it. He wrote of Ireland in *Shandon Bells*, of Cornwall in *Three Feathers*, of London in other novels; but still, to paraphrase the exquisite quatrain, his heart was true, his heart was Highland, and he in dreams beheld the Hebrides.

In writing of the man and his inner life Sir Wemyss Reid has shown great discretion and good taste. Black married a second time in 1874, and his home life was happy thereafter. He had two daughters and a son, and some pleasant glimpses are given of his affection for them. Until 1878, when he went to Brighton, he lived at Camberwell Grove — much in the company at one time, as his biographer tells us, of Mr. James Drummond and Miss Violet North and other friends whom his readers know. At Brighton he had a most attractive house; and he left it only for his summer trips to Scotland or to the Mediterranean, and for his brief visits to London, where he had the rooms in Buckingham Street described in *Sunrise*. And here an extract from Sir Wemyss Reid's pages may well be quoted: —

"I think that Black was never seen by his friends to greater advantage than

on those nights in Buckingham Street. Certainly I never heard him talk better than in that familiar room, when the veil of reticence in which he was so commonly shrouded was rent, and he bared his heart to his friends. Under no other conditions could one so fully realize all that he was, — the poet, the thinker, the artist, the man of lofty ideals, the eager and untiring student of life, with its manifold unspeakable mysteries, its awful tragedies, and its glorious possibilities. Listening to him then, that which at other times seemed to be an insoluble puzzle was explained, and men knew how it was that he had created and endowed with life the rare and beautiful characters of many of his novels. No jarring note was ever struck in those long talks beneath the stars and above the river; no ungenerous word fell from his lips, no mean or sordid thought. And yet his mood would change with startling suddenness, passing from grave to gay, from deep speculations on those questions upon which human hopes and happiness depend, to the lightest and brightest of the topics which attracted him, the beauties of some spot seen once far away, or the glorious uncertainties of salmon-fishing on the Oykel, or the delights of yachting in the western seas. But whatever the theme, no one who was privileged to listen to him in these moments of complete unreserve could resist the spell that was cast over him, or fail to realize the fact that he was in the presence of a master. To all who took part in those midnight gatherings in Buckingham Street the memory of them will remain among the most cherished possessions of their lives."

Black's capacity for friendship and his devotion to those whom he loved were manifested in many ways, — never more strikingly, perhaps, than in his relations with William Barry, a young Irish journalist, an intimate of his early days in London. When Sir Wemyss Reid asked Black to become the London corre-

spondent of the Leeds Mercury, he at first accepted eagerly an offer greatly to his advantage; but a moment later he thought of Barry, then in failing health, and proposed that he should take the place, promising his own help when it was needed. "Barry's illness increased, and soon the bright young Irishman . . . was stretched upon his death-bed. Then the chivalrous kindness of Black's nature asserted itself. He was then in the fullness of his career as the most popular novelist of the day, and was able to command his own terms from the publishers, but he voluntarily undertook to do Barry's work as correspondent on condition that the latter continued to receive his salary. . . . Very touching it was during that time to visit the dying man, and to see the wistful tenderness of his gaze when his eyes rested upon Black. No one in the outer world would have believed that the silent, self-centred man, whose genius men admired, but whose real spirit was a mystery to them, — a mystery hidden behind a mask of stolid, unbroken reserve, — could inspire the love and gratitude which in those last sad days shone upon Barry's face." On another occasion, when Black found Charles Gibbon ill and in distress because he could not finish in time a novel upon which he was engaged, he got from his friend an outline of what he had intended to do, and postponed his own work until he had finished Gibbon's book. Barry, we are told, was the original of Willie Fitzgerald in that delightful novel, *Shandon Bells*, which Black wrote as a tribute to one whom he never forgot, and whose portrait always hung above his desk. Here is in truth the man whose real heart was revealed in his writings, and who could draw with supreme fidelity the most exquisite emotions of which our humanity is capable. No wonder that his heroines were loved, and that letters came from all over the world to their creator thanking him for the consolation he had bestowed in many a weary hour.

Black visited America in 1877, and afterwards he had many American friends; indeed, in his later years they were in the majority. There are agreeable glimpses in these pages of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey and Mr. Parsons, of Miss Mary Anderson, of Bret Harte, and of James R. Osgood, who was an especially congenial spirit. Miss Anderson was very intimate with the family during her stay in England; she was the Beautiful Wretch, — a name taken from one of Black's stories, — and he was the D. D. B. V., otherwise the Double-Dyed Black Villain. It is not difficult to see the shadow of Miss Anderson in the Peggy of the House-Boat party. There have been, it may be added, some absurd efforts to identify Black's characters with living persons. Like all artists he drew on experience as on imagination, and there were perforce in his portraits some characteristics of those he knew; but he was no copyist, and he was naturally annoyed when foolish persons tried to fit caps too closely. One of the most absurd legends was that which identified Sheila with the daughter of the innkeeper at Garra-na-hina. Gossip of this kind, as publicity of every kind, was particularly distasteful to Black; and it is not strange that except among his closest friends he was often misunderstood. Yet the picture which Sir Wemyss Reid gives of him is in every sense attractive. There have been authors who have suffered in the esteem of their readers by the indiscreet revelations of their biographers; but in this case there is no indiscretion, nor anything to conceal. Black's last years were clouded by physical pain, but he worked on bravely to the end, and bore his suffering with a cheerful face. He was only fifty-seven when he died.

Black's place may not be among the gods of literature; but surely when the last account of the century just ended is made up his name will not be forgotten. As in all such cases the world will select something to survive oblivion. Readers

to-day will differ with regard to that choice. It seems as if Macleod of Dare and A Princess of Thule, at least, must be included in any list; next to these, if the dangerous experiment of making predictions may be ventured upon, one might place A Daughter of Heth and Madcap Violet and In Far Lochaber; while Shandon Bells and Sunrise certainly stand

high among the successful novels. Let who will, however, pick and choose among so much that is admirable. Black's appeal to some of us is so strong that we can hardly exclude anything he wrote. In any case we must be grateful for an account of the man so interesting as Sir Wemyss Reid's, and so well calculated to enhance the affection we feel for him.

Edward Fuller.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

So many wise things have been said about American humor, there seems to be little occasion for saying anything else about it, unless humorously. *Absit omen!* that is not within the intention of the present remarks, which aim rather to offer some simple explanation of a familiar phenomenon, the "petering out" of the American humorist, and to point a moral.

I.

One difficulty in talking about humor lies in the indeterminate meaning of the word. The trouble is not so much that it has changed as that it has not made a thorough job of changing. We are inclined to give it a sense well-nigh the most profound before it has rid itself of a very trivial one. We brevet it on even terms with "imagination" while it is still trudging in the ranks beside such old irresponsible comrades as "whimsy" and "conceit;" and, worst of all, we too often allow it to be confounded with that vulgar civilian, "facetiousness." Mr. Budgell, according to Goldsmith, bore "the character of an humorist"—the name of an eccentric fellow. He is not at all a joking kind of man, and might perfectly well, for all this description tells us, lack what we call a "sense of humor." Cranks are notoriously defi-

cient in that sense, and the people who are hitting off Mr. Budgell as "an humorist" mean simply that he is a crank. Now I do not think we have quite outgrown this conception of the word's meaning, though we have added something to it. We like to think that our popular humorists are first of all queer fellows. Jesters like Bill Nye have not been slow to recognize this taste in their audience, and the absurd toggery of the clown has been deliberately employed to enhance the relish of their screamingness. In fact, our professional man of humor is a pretty close modern equivalent of the Old World Fool; a creature of motley who is admitted to have some sense about him, but must appear under a disguise if he wishes to be taken seriously. More than one of Shakespeare's Fools possess the illuminating kind of humor; but the jest is what they were valued for. It would not be very hard, perhaps, to show that in America this ideal of the silly-funny man has survived with especial distinctness, and that upon this survival the quality of our alleged American humor really depends.

II.

If we apply this supposition to the work of the man who is generally con-

ceded to be the foremost of American humorists, it will at first seem not to fit at all; for here is a personality so mellow and venerable as to be fairly above its task. It would be a mock-respect, however, which should feign to forget what that task was, or shrink from frankly recognizing it as in itself a respectable rather than venerable task — to perfect and to communicate the American joke.

In his prime Mark Twain was often more than merely funny, but rather against his method than by it. In whatever direction or company he at that time traveled, motley was his only wear. There is a good deal of information and not a little wisdom in *Innocents Abroad*, but this is not what the book was read for; indeed, much of the information and wisdom must have been discounted by uncertainty as to whether or not they were part of the fun. Later, partly perhaps because his eminence seemed to him an inferior if not a bad one, partly because no cruse of jokes can yield indefinitely, he has shown a disposition to adopt a soberer coat. The attempt has not been altogether successful; he has kept on being funny in the familiar way, almost in spite of himself. The anonymity of his historical romance was rendered nominal by the frequency with which his French followers of Jeanne deliver themselves of excellent American jokes, and seem to feel better for it. Since that was written, he has produced a considerable number of essays upon a variety of sober themes. His public has not known quite what to do with them. Its attention, granted respectfully enough, has been conscious of undergoing a sort of teetering process, now inclined to the sober philosophy of Mr. Clemens, now diverted by the sudden reverberation of some incontinent Mark Twain jest.

There would be nothing disturbing in this situation, or rather the situation would not exist, if the author, writing under whatever name or in whatever

mood, were essentially and first of all a humorist. But the fact seems to be that the humorist in Mark Twain is naturally subordinate to the jester. That he possesses this superior power the epical narrative of *Huckleberry Finn* would abundantly prove. But it has never been dominant; as the smiling interpreter of life his "genius is rebuked" by his superlative quality as a magician of jokes.

Readers will very likely differ as to whether *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*¹ is superior or inferior to classification, but they will hardly succeed in classifying it. The brutal crime with which it opens, and the mysterious power with which the avenger of that crime is endowed, might have yielded extraordinary results under the prestidigital manipulation of Poe, or the clairvoyant brooding of Hawthorne. But as it stands the net effect of the story fails of being an effect of tragic horror. The sombre note is not sustained enough for that, and the concise and businesslike style, very effective in the preliminary statement of the motive, is inadequate for its development. Indeed, not much can be said for the substance of its development. The villain is a person of melodramatic uncompromisingness, and the boy avenger is curiously unperturbed in the fulfillment of his painful office.

For humor in any sense the situation certainly affords the smallest possible opportunity. Yet what if not humor is to prevent uncertainty, the intrusion of false notes, and anything like half-heartedness in the treatment of such a theme? — to the artist so gross an error as to amount almost to sacrilege. The most characteristic thing in the book is the Sherlock Holmes episode which, as a piece of burlesque, is totally out of place. Elsewhere ingenuity rather than power is the noticeable characteristic. One is irresistibly convinced that the story can

¹ *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. By MARK TWAIN. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

have taken very little hold of the author himself.

In the work of the late Frank Stockton, a much more delicate humorist, a far more skillful artist than Mark Twain, the joke element was also dominant, though, as it happened, he cultivated the joke of situation rather than of phrase. But his demure manner does not prevent the delicious collocation of rubber boots and Mrs. Aleshine from entering into one's soul with all the poignancy of a well-aimed jest. Nor can it be denied that some of his later work showed signs of the same uncertainty of tone which we have just noticed in *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. Especially in the luckless Kate Bonnet, of which nobody can wish to speak lightly, one recognizes, however unwillingly, a lack of spontaneity and a tameress which it is hard to associate with the author of *Rudder Grange*.

A curious question suggests itself here. How does it happen that the later work of these two prominent American humorists should exhibit so marked a deficiency in the larger sort of humor? Are these to be taken as simple instances of decadence, or is there, after all, a screw loose in our vaunted American humor?

III.

To answer this question will be to state more baldly the fact suggested above: that we have been content to let the reputation of our humor stand or fall by the quality of the American joke. There is no doubt that we like our jokes better than other people's, and there is some excuse for us if we fancy that the gods like them better, though even that audience appears as a rule to have reserved its inextinguishable laughter for its own jokes. It is because the English type of set jest appears inferior to ours that we have always sneered at English humor, and particularly at its greatest repository, *Punch*.

But at its best the joke is not a very

high manifestation of humor. Luckily the Miller jest-book is now extinct as a literary form, just as drunkenness is extinct as a gentlemanly accomplishment. In one form or other the jest is bound to exist, but it cannot in this age well serve as a staple food for the cultivated sense of humor. This would not be a bad thing for us to bear in mind when we get to comparing our comic papers with *Punch*, which is both more and less than a comic paper. We may fairly consider the amazing number of genuine contributions to literature which have been made through the columns of *Punch*, and reflect whether our *Life*, with its little dabs of *Dolly-in-the-Conservatory* verse, its stunted though suggestive editorial matter, its not over-brilliant jokes about the mother-in-law and about the fiancée, and the overwhelming prettiness of its illustrations, can show much of a hand against its sturdy English contemporary. It may not be agreeable to our volatile national mind to concede something to English solidity even in the matter of humor, but it is simple justice.

We know very well, when we come to think of it, that some of the finest humorists have been indifferent jokers. We can hardly imagine Addison setting a table in a roar — or Goldsmith, unless by inadvertence. As for Dr. Holmes, our greatest legitimate humorist, his notion of a set joke was mainly restricted to the manhandling of the disreputable pun.

In the meantime the torch of jocosity is still being carried on by fresh and unpreoccupied hands; and if the line of eager spectators is now mainly at the level of the area windows, that is, perhaps, not the affair of the torch-bearer. A surprising number of persons above that level, it must be said, appear to take satisfaction in the quasi-humorous work of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. It is work which deserves consideration because it represents the *reductio ad absurdum*.

dum of "American humor." It consists in a sort of end-man volley of quips, manufactured and fired off for their own sake. A book produced by this method cannot be deeply humorous. It is not the outcome of an abiding sense of comedy value, and naturally bears much the same relation to a veritable work of humor that a bunch of fire-crackers in action bears to the sun. The true humorist cannot help concerning himself with some sort of interpretation of life: Mr. Bangs can. His folly is not a stalking-horse under the presentation of which he shoots his wit, but an end in itself. There could be no better illustration of the difference between the jocose and the humorous than a comparison of one of Mr. Bangs's farces with one of Mr. Howells's. That recent extravagance of the new adventures of Baron Munchausen¹ cuts no figure beside the classical because really humorous adventures of Alice: on the one hand, a series of meaningless whoppers strung into a narrative; on the other, a sustained *jeu d'esprit* which, absurd as it is, contains hardly more nonsense than philosophy. Of his latest book² it need only be said that it furnishes another installment of the Houseboat on the Styx business, much the sort of thing one might expect of a clever sophomore, with a thumbing acquaintance with the Classical Dictionary. The fact seems to be that Mr. Bangs represents the survival of a school of facetiousness, now happily moribund, which had some standing during the last century, in England as well as in America. Puns, elaborate ironies, fantastic paradoxes, all manner of facetiæ were good form from the early days of Christopher North to the end of the Dickens vogue. Nowadays the English jest has been for the most part remanded to its proper place as the servant and not the

divinity of the humorous machine. In our ears the English jest is no better than such as it is; which we do not believe of ours, so that we continue to give literary credit to a function which is merely human. We have a right to use Mr. Bangs for our private consumption, as a man may choose to smoke a brand of tobacco which he knows to be bad, and cannot recommend to his friends; but we may properly be careful, too, not to confound qualities, not to yield to mere facetiousness the honors which belong to humor.

IV.

It must be admitted that in this day of smiles across the sea the boundary line even between national methods of joking is not always indisputable. Jerome Jerome, for instance, belongs fairly to our school of jocoseness; and *Three Men in a Boat* was popular with us because he applied our method to English conditions. The village and seafaring tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs are more plainly insular in quality, but in the delicious and unlabored absurdity of his plots and the whimsicalness of his dialogue he strongly resembles Mr. Stockton. His latest story³ is hardly a favorable example of his work, which lies properly in the field of the short humorous story of situation. His characters and action are plainly more interesting to him than the details of his text; and the joking of which his tales are full comes naturally and inevitably from the mouths of his persons. Mr. Jacobs is nevertheless, judged by his work so far, to be ranked among the jokers rather than among the humorists.

So far as pure humor is concerned, there has never been the shadow of a boundary line between England and America. Different as they are in personality and in the total effect of their

¹ *The New Munchausen*. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Boston: Noyes, Platt & Co. 1902.

² *Olympian Nights*. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

³ *At Sunnwich Port*. By W. W. JACOBS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

work, what radical distinction in mere quality of humor is there between Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie? Was it not the same genial sense of the delicate alternating currents of the feminine temperament which produced both Jess and *Aurore Naucanon*? And is not Fielding's humor as much at home in America as Dr. Holmes's in England?

v.

But the domain of humor is not infrequently subdivided on other than national lines. If there is any distinction of sex upon which man prides himself, it is his superior sense of humor. When the matter comes to analysis, it may appear that the distinction is a somewhat narrow one; that the question of the jest is once more the real question in point. There is a certain sort of verbal nonsense, as there are forms of the practical joke, which induces a masculine hysteria while it commands only tolerance from the other sex. Repeated experimenting with Chimmie Fadden's joke about the way to catch a squirrel has shown pretty clearly that the unresponsiveness of his French auditor was due rather to a limitation of sex than of race. Yet among men it has been one of the jokes of the year. I think men are often unfair when after such experiments, painful enough (for what is more disheartening than to angle for laughter and catch civility), they accuse the woman of not seeing the joke. She does see it, but it does not appeal to her as the funniest thing in the world. She has heard other jokes, and is ignorant of the necessity for all this side-holding and slapping on the back. She therefore finishes her tea in quietude of spirit long before the last reminiscent detonations have ceased to echo in the masculine throat.

But it is a dull and hasty guess to hazard, that because of this difference in taste Miss Austen's sex is deficient in humor. There are women nowadays —

there have always been, one suspects, since new womanhood is as old as everything else under the sun — who have so far cultivated the masculine point of view as to have actually come into possession of the masculine sense of the joke. But, as George Marlow says in a very different connection, "they are of us." A true woman's sense of humor is ordinarily less spasmodic, probably less acute, than a man's, but (though a man may be a little ashamed of thinking so, as he might be of believing in woman's suffrage) hardly less real or less fruitful. A very large part of the work done in legitimate humor for the past few years by Americans has been done by women.

Unless in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or in that delightful classic of feminine humor, *Cranford*, one hardly knows where to look for so mellow and sympathetic a touch as characterizes the *Old Chester Tales of Mrs. Deland*. The central figure of Dr. Lavendar it seems hardly extravagant to class with or only a little beneath Dr. Primrose and Sir Roger, as a creature of pure humor. In *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*,¹ again, Miss Hegan has created a character which in spite of the utmost freedom of treatment entirely escapes the farcical. Mrs. Wiggs will not take her place among the eligible and decorative heroines of fiction, but she will have an abiding charm for unromantic lovers of human nature. In *Sonny*, Mrs. Stuart employed a somewhat broader method. Yet whatever farcical possibilities it may contain, it would be hard to conceive a more genuinely humorous situation than is afforded by the belated paternity of Mr. Deuteronomy Jones; a situation not altogether funny, but tempered by the little touch of pitifulness which belongs to the deeper effects of humor. In the work of Miss Daskam one discerns a sharper note, a little tendency to dig and

¹ *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. By ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN. New York: The Century Company. 1901.

fling, which now and then becomes too insistent. In her latest collection of stories, indeed, it becomes almost dominant. The initial story, *The Madness of Philip*, is at once a genial interpretation of child-nature and a pungent bit of satire against the wooden sentimentality of which the kindergarten method is capable. It neatly suggests that to the child-rights which the disciples of Froebel so eloquently champion should be added the right to exercise common sense as well as fancy, and the right to be spanked when the condition of the system calls for that tonic treatment. The story of *Ardelia in Arcady* is equally keen and sympathetic. We have been led to suppose that the country is the natural home of every child, so that the pathos of the city child stranded in the country is a new conception. Miss Daskam, however, makes it an intelligible one.

VI.

If there is a characteristic form in which the American's sense of humor is inclined to express itself, it is probably satire, the form which lies closest upon the borderland of wit. And our talent for satire is still further defined by our preference for the method of the interlocutor. The *Biglow Papers* established a sort of canon by which our work in this field will long be judged. We have done nothing of late in satirical verse, to be sure, while much has been done in England — if indeed this impression is not due to the fact that the newspaper provides our only market for such wares. But it can hardly escape notice that in other respects our recent successful experiments in satire have held to the method of Lowell and Artemus Ward: the expression of wisdom in dialect or in the vernacular.

The satire in the Chimmie Fadden books¹ deals mainly with class questions. In addition to the Bowery boy's own

¹ *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul*. New York: The Century Company. 1902.

acute remarks, we are given his report of the observations of Mr. Paul, a young society man whose somewhat tedious addiction to the "small bottle" does not interfere with his delivery of sententious comments upon life which doubtless gain much from Fadden's garbling Bowery version of them. The attempted thread of narrative does not seem to have been really worth while. There is no doubt that the book has been more considered than the early Chimmie Fadden papers. Perhaps for that reason it is tamer. Chimmie's lingo rolls from his lips less spontaneously. The old familiar expletives will be missed, the "sees" and "hully chees" and "wat t' ells" which endeared him to the public some years ago. And it must be admitted that the satire is of a thinner order.

But that is not at all remarkable. I do not think anything like justice has been done to the literary merit of the Dooley books.² This may be due to the copiousness with which the sage of Archey Road has poured forth his opinions; or, again, it may be due to the fact that so clean and acceptable a *vin du pays* has needed no bush. Critics, it may be supposed, are useful in pointing out excellences which most of us are not likely to perceive: but everybody understands Mr. Dooley. I am not so sure that the latter supposition is true. Much of the Dooley satire seems so good that it must, in part, escape the comprehension of many readers who are convulsed by the Dooley phraseology.

That phraseology in itself is a remarkable thing. Nothing is harder to catch than the Irish idiom, nothing harder to suggest on paper than the Irish brogue. We are only too familiar with the sham bedad and bejabers dialect, of some commercial value to writers of fiction, but not otherwise existent. Some readers will have noticed what painful work has been made of it lately by the inventor

² *Mr. Dooley's Opinions*. New York: R. H. Russell & Company. 1902.

of that unconvincing figure, Policeman Flynn. But Mr. Dooley — one can hardly elsewhere, unless from the mouth of Kipling's Mulvaney, hear so mellow and lilting a Hibernian voice as this. The papers must have been written with great care, although they have appeared very often. It is astonishing, in view of the great range of theme involved, and the periodicity of their publication, that there is so little unevenness in them. They are practically monologues, for the occasional introductory word is of the briefest, and the supernumerary Mr. Hennessey serves simply as the necessary concrete audience.

For several years now Mr. Dooley has been expressing himself in this manner upon the most serious themes, social, civil, and political. During the Spanish War his criticisms of army methods and of the general administrative policy were sharp and uncompromising. It has been said by a friend of McKinley's that the President followed the papers as they appeared in the press with the keenest amusement and attention. Certainly this was true of a great many of the American people. The reason for his vogue is obvious. With all his pure Irishness, he is pure American, too; and his commentary upon current events with its alternating simplicity and shrewdness, its avoidance of sentimentality, and its real patriotism, probably represents, very much as Hosea Biglow represented, the sober sense of the people. This union of individual and representative humor must be the basis of whatever claim can be made for the permanent value of Mr. Dooley.

But this is enough to give his creator a place among the humorists. A vein of jests is soon worked out, but humor is a perennial fount. The advance of years is too much for the cleverness of the funny man, while the humorist is fruitful to the end, and after.

H. W. Boynton.

In herself, Mary Boyle had most of the good gifts which bring happiness to their possessor, — a bright intelligence, warm affections, unflinching cheerfulness, a large capacity for giving and receiving pleasure, for making and retaining friends. And a kind fortune attended the circumstances of her life. Well-born in every sense, the love and good comradeship she found in her own household extended outward to an exceedingly large circle of agreeable kinsfolk whose houses were her "extra homes." "Mary Boyle is a cousin of mine," said Lord Carlisle to Dickens. "I suppose so," was the reply, "I have never yet met any one who was *not* her cousin." It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the variously accomplished men and women whom she met in her London life, in her visits to great country houses, or in her sojourns in Italy, a country she fell in love with, early in life. Lowell speaking of her as he knew her, in her little house in South Audley Street, when she was verging on fourscore, says: "No knock could surprise the modest door of what she called her *Bonbonnière*, for it has opened and still opens to let in as many distinguished persons, and, what is better, as many devoted friends, as any in London. However long Mary Boyle may live, hers can never be that most dismal of fates, to outlive her friends while cheerfulness, kindness, cleverness, contentedness, and all the other good nesses have anything to do with the making of them."

One gift she possessed in so remarkable a degree that under other circumstances she might have become famous as a comedian. "She is the very best actress I ever saw off the stage," wrote Dickens to Bulwer, "and immeasurably better than many I have seen on it." Her dramatic reminiscences — beginning with an amusing account of the "romantic and tragical" play she wrote at the age of seven, and successfully

performed, with the aid of two of her small brothers, before a large audience, parts being doubled or trebled, with lightning changes of costume — are among the most entertaining portions of her book.¹ A friend of Mary Boyle declares that her conversation had a charm that was indescribable and perhaps unique. It is not difficult to believe this. Her gifts were preëminently social, and she would give her best in talk rather than with the pen. But her recollections, though dictated in old age, and when blindness prevented her from revising, rearranging, or supplementing what had been written, are pleasant to read and to remember. They will assuredly add to the number of her friends, so attractive in its gay good humor, its sweetness, and sanity is the personality revealed in these sketches for an autobiography.

S. M. F.

FIVE Oxford men have written with **Some Brief Biographies.** knowledge as well as with excellent judgment and taste sketches of the lives of five princesses of the House of Stuart,² four of whom, by their close relationship, their connection with and influence upon the history of their time, can well be placed together in a single volume, their stories being in a way different portions of the same family chronicle. The first of these ladies is Elizabeth, only the Winter Queen of Bohemia, but always the Queen of Hearts, — no less so in the long years of exile, of ceaseless ill-fortune and calamity, than in her happy girlhood in the England still bright with the after-glow of the Elizabethan age. It was in the ominous year when she wore a crown that Wotton dedicated one of the loveliest of English lyrics to The Mistress, and in the evil time to come there were always those willing to devote life and fortune to her service with the ardor of

knights of romance. Her marriage had been the occasion of unexampled public rejoicings, she had left England with thousands acclaiming her; fifty years later she returned almost unnoticed to a world where all had changed, — returned only to die. Mr. Hodgkin tells her story admirably; history and personal biography are mingled in their just proportions, and the narrative is vivid and full of interest, notwithstanding the necessity for heroic condensation laid upon the author.

Not one of Elizabeth's children was dull or commonplace, and her youngest daughter, though perhaps not so exceptionally gifted as two of her elder sisters, was a woman of keen intelligence, quick-witted, humorous, tolerant, interested in many things, and always herself, whether in youth or age, a most interesting personage. It was a melancholy fatality that Sophia's eldest son should be the one of all her children least to resemble her. From his mother came his splendid regal inheritance, but scarcely a quality of person, mind, or spirit was transmitted to him from the brilliant Palatines. Could not the editor have allowed himself a little more space wherein to have expanded, to the still greater pleasure of his readers, his well-considered sketch of the Electress? The studies of the little known Mary of Orange and of Henrietta of Orleans, the theme of so many eloquent tongues and pens, are adequate, though in the first, biography is rather overweighted by history. Mr. Bridge is to be commended for his treatment of the fable regarding Henrietta's death, which Saint-Simon believed and perpetuated. The invincible ignorance of physicians like to those Molière drew naturally encouraged the growth of such fictions, but they should not be repeated to-day as facts. Far distant from these latter-day Stuarts seems the shadowy but ap-

¹ *Mary Boyle: Her Book.* Edited by Sir COURTENAY BOYLE, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

² *Five Stuart Princesses.* Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

pealing figure of Margaret, the beloved daughter of the poet-king James I., and the unloved wife of the Dauphin who was to be Louis XI. The pathetic story of the beautiful, sensitive girl, with her passion for poetry, — “She often spent the hours of the night in writing roundels, as many as twelve perchance, in the revolution of one day,” — who was so early done to death by slanderous tongues, has been sympathetically told by Mr. Butler, though as a conscientious historian he has been compelled to set aside some of the charming legends that have clustered about the young Dauphine’s memory, legends doubtless true in spirit if not in the letter.

The volume is made still more attractive by a number of well-selected portraits; but how, in so competently edited a book, does a reproduction of a picture by Vandyck — plainly of Mary of Orange, whom the artist painted so often, from her babyhood till she went a ten-year old bride to Holland, that her child face is a familiar one — appear as a portrait of Henrietta, who was not born till some years after Sir Anthony’s death?

The lady whose pen name is George Paston has already shown considerable skill in the not altogether easy task of giving in some sort the quintessence of certain more or less elaborate biographies, thus making the way easy for readers to obtain a good deal of entertainment and even enlightenment with the smallest possible expenditure of time and trouble. In her latest volume,¹ which mainly illustrates English literary and artistic life in the first half of the nineteenth century, the place of honor is given to Haydon, an extraordinary man, if not, as he passionately believed, a great painter. It is to be hoped that his *Journal* is still read in its entirety by some even of the larger

public, for not only is it one of the most complete self-revelations in English literature, and one of its most moving tragedies, but it is also the work of a man who read and thought, who could observe and describe. May George Paston’s clever sketch serve as a stepping-stone for adventurous readers. Lady Morgan is brightly, fairly, and sufficiently dealt with; but the study of Lady Hester Stanhope seems something like task-work, — an uncommon fault in this author. The Howitts are written of sympathetically, but it is rather painful to find these dearly beloved friends of one’s childhood relegated so completely to the past. Two aliens complete the group, Prince Pückler-Muskau and N. P. Willis, both on account of their pictures of English society in the twenties and thirties. The Prince who was, in no insignificant degree, soldier, sportsman, traveler, fashionable author, landscape gardener, dandy, Don Juan, unconscious humorist, and heiress hunter, visited England in the last capacity, and, his two years’ search being vain, revenged himself by publishing his travels. Willis, a decade later, was a more appreciative and better-tempered observer than the disappointed German. The lapse of time not only has rendered that early but shining example of “personal journalism,” *Pencilings by the Way*, innocuous, but has given to those graphic and readable letters a distinct and increasing value. Here, as elsewhere in this agreeable book, proper names are sometimes maltreated, as when the lady who became Mrs. Motley is called “Mary Benham,” and Willis’s biographer (to whom George Paston owes so much in this sketch that it is to be wished she had always followed his lead more carefully) appears as “Mr. De Beers.” There are slips too in dates, and less than justice is done to Willis on one sad occasion in his life by the confounding of one year with another. *S. M. F.*

¹ *Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century.* By GEORGE PASTON. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

RECENT RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.¹

AN American professor of psychology, an American preacher, and an English theologian each present to us a book on the subject of religion, and all three are noteworthy. Professor James speaks modestly of his ability to discuss this theme, but his published essay, entitled *The Will to Believe*, and his Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality show that it has long been in his mind. While he may not have the technical equipment expected of a writer on the history of religion, he nevertheless has observed widely in the field of religious phenomena, and he has also looked into history for illustrative material. The results of his study are embodied in the lectures which he delivered at the University of Edinburgh during the past year. Although less profound than several previous volumes in the same series, this one will compare favorably with any of them in genuine human interest. The author and his Harvard colleague, Professor Royce, enjoy the distinction of being the first Americans invited to lecture on the Gifford foundation. There is good reason to believe that they will not be the last.

Psychological considerations determine in advance the limits of Dr. James's treatment of his subject. He will deal not with any religious organization, whether pagan or Christian, but with personal religion, "the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude" (page 31). True to New England traditions, the author sets about his task as an individualist. Like Schleiermacher, he is bent on "rehabilitating the element of feeling in religion" (page 501);

but unlike Schleiermacher, his word is not spoken at the critical moment. For there is little danger in our day that religion will become too exclusively an affair of the intellect. Professor James draws his illustrations deliberately from extreme, rather than from normal types of religious experience, and anticipates adverse criticism by urging their unique value for his purpose, just as in medical science the abnormal case is often the most instructive for one who is attempting to formulate a theory of disease.

The sole novelty to which our author lays claim is in the wide range of phenomena passed under review. He finds that all religions agree in positing "an uneasiness and its solution" (page 508). There is something wrong about us, from which we are saved. The essentials of religion are few, but after these have been enumerated, there remains room for "over-beliefs," which enlarge the content of each one's faith. A distinction must be drawn between the respective spheres of psychology and religion. "Both admit that there are forces seemingly outside of the conscious individual that bring redemption into his life," but psychology "implies that they do not transcend the individual's personality," while Christianity "insists that they are direct supernatural operations of the Deity" (page 211). Within the mysterious domain of the "subliminal consciousness" Dr. James finds a possible point of contact between man and God. For when he refers any given phenomenon to the subliminal self as its source, he refuses thereby to exclude

¹ *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. A Study in Human Nature. The Gifford Lectures for 1901. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902, pp. xii, 534.

Through Science to Faith. Lowell Institute

Lectures, 1900-1901. By NEWMAN SMYTH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902, pp. x, 282.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902, pp. xxviii, 583.

the notion of the "direct presence of the Deity" (page 242). In attempting to set forth what this theory involves for religious faith, he concludes with the half-despairing comment, "I feel as if it must mean something, something like what the hegalian (*sic*) philosophy means, if one could only lay hold of it more clearly" (page 388). Another valuable distinction which the author draws is that between religion and ethics. Religion exhibits the "enthusiastic temper of espousal" where morality simply "acquiesces" (page 48).

It is characteristic of Professor James to discard the rationalistic method, which he regards as distinctly inferior to his adopted "pragmatism" (pages 73, 444). He will judge everything, religion included, by its utility, by the empiricist principle of its value "on the whole" (page 327). "The true is what works well" (page 458). One might query how far to go in applying this principle. Our author, for example, finds that "Stoic, Christian, and Buddhist saints are practically indistinguishable in their lives" (page 504). Shall we apply his test here, and argue the equal practical truth of Stoicism, Buddhism, and Christianity? However we may answer such questions as this, it is interesting to note that, in thus emphasizing the importance of *Werturteile*, Dr. James falls back on the Kantian principle so high in favor with the Ritschlian school of theologians. To be sure, he will have none of theology in any form. He pronounces it dead. Yet even while he is bidding it "a definitive good-by" (page 448), some of its most active supporters are putting forth their new system, based upon fundamental principles very like those of Dr. James himself!

Lectures IV. and V., entitled *The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness*, must have seemed especially fresh to the Scottish audience that heard them. Here are discussed the mind-cure and kindred themes, including Christian Science, all

of which make up "America's only decidedly original contribution to the systematic philosophy of life" (page 96). The unfavorable judgment finally pronounced upon Christian Science (that its denial of evil is "a bad speculative omission," page 107) is all the more severe because of Professor James's manifest desire to regard the movement sympathetically and seriously.

The English style of the book is vigorous, terse, and racy throughout. The reader chuckles over many a neat turn of expression and pointed anecdote. In referring to the theory of religion which makes it out to be the attitude one assumes toward the universe, Professor James relates a story of Margaret Fuller, who, in the genuine spirit of New England transcendentalism, once exclaimed, "I accept the universe." This being reported to Carlyle, he coolly remarked, "Gad! She'd better!" (page 41). The warrior chiefs of barbarism are likened to "beaked and taloned graspers of the world," while religious devotees are by comparison "herbivorous animals, tame and harmless barnyard poultry" (page 372). If mere "feeling good" were accepted as the criterion of truth "drunkenness would be the supremely valid human experience" (page 16). The difference which may exist between the various methods of approaching a problem is illustrated by the remark, "from the biological point of view, St. Paul was a failure, because he was beheaded" (page 376). But some other statements, while undeniably clever, strike the reader as a little too realistic. The man who has been to the confessional is said to have "exteriorized his rottenness" (page 462). St. Teresa's idea of religion is described as "an endless amatory flirtation" (page 347). The sallies of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche remind the author more than half the time of "the sick shriekings of two dying rats" (page 38).

But the most striking thing about this

book is that, after describing and classifying his observations, after attributing certain experiences to their sufficient physical causes, and after assigning to "the subliminal consciousness" its due part, Professor James confesses that the *how* and the *why* of it all are still unknown. There remains for religion a "vital meaning" (cf. pages 270, 364). The fact of definite and real religious experiences is amply demonstrated; the attempt to explain the cause remains the legitimate business of religion itself. And if religion cannot offer a sufficient hypothesis, nothing can. It is a pleasure to note that Professor James hopes to publish a second work, in which he will treat at length the more profound philosophical problems which the subject involves.

Our Harvard professor believes that science and religion are both genuine keys with which we may "unlock the world's treasure-house," and that, although at first sight the facts of science and the facts of religion may appear completely disjoined, yet the divorce between them may not prove so eternal as it seems. Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven is of the same opinion, only he would go much further. The title of his Lowell Lectures, *Through Science to Faith*, indicates at once his point of view and his method. His tone is distinctly modern. In fact, each of the three writers with whom we are concerned has opened his eyes and gazed with satisfaction at the world of to-day. They all find it hopeful. Of course their modes of dealing with their subjects differ, and the proportions in which religion and science mix in them are various. James has little if any theology, in the ordinary sense, but aims to be thoroughly scientific. Smyth frankly commits himself to accepting whatever science proves, yet he would remain a theologian still. Fairbairn (whose book will be reviewed below) is primarily a theologian, but his ears are not deaf to the voice of science. He only insists that

its conclusions shall submit themselves to philosophical examination and rational interpretation. Smyth and Fairbairn agree in seeking to discern the ultimate significance of the facts of nature. For them it is not enough simply to observe and to record; one must also interpret. *Things have a meaning*,—this is a fundamental axiom with them both.

Dr. Smyth is concerned to frame a new natural theology. We gain only hints of what his systematic theology would be, but we learn that it would involve some modification of older systems (page 9). Accepting the approved results of experimental science, he affirms the unity of nature, and, by applying the evolutionary hypothesis, he attempts to show that all nature reveals intelligent direction. Its revelation "increases as the capacity for perception of it grows" (page 42). The real problem of the universe does not lie in the question, "Is nature one?" but in the larger question, "How is it one?" (page 11). And this question is not mathematical or physical, but philosophical (page 79). Dr. Smyth finds indication of "an unknown, or mathematically immeasurable factor in evolution" (page 18), which affords reasonable ground for believing in a completion of things somewhere beyond the confines of our present experience. Whatever progress we may make toward this completion must lie along the line of a spiritual rather than of a material conception of the universe, since it is the former alone which discovers any idea, or intelligence, in nature (page 52). In the beautiful, for instance, we may see one aspect of intelligence and deity, "an expression of reason to reason" (page 154). In spite of all apparent hindrances and disasters, nature advances toward good results; nature therefore manifests moral character. The losses and retrogressions of the nature-process are more than equalized by compensating restorations, and thus evolution is seen to bear a teleological character

(page 232). The net outcome of what our author so happily calls "the prophetic value of unfinished nature" is pure optimism. In the application of his "principle of completion" he becomes personal, and touches closely our highest aspirations. What is it, he asks, which shows the highest "survival value" in this world of ours? *Men*, is the answer, — individual human beings, possessed of reason and of soul. The importance of the individual has at last outrun that of the species (page 189). Hence personal immortality becomes a reasonable expectation, as well as a fond religious hope. "The sure principle of natural prophecy is . . . that nature will not stop nor tarry till all her decrees of perfection shall be completed" (page 253).

Perhaps the most valuable contributions made by Dr. Smyth to the discussion of his subject are the emphasis placed upon "the sign of increasing vital value" (page 103), and, to a less degree, upon the "moral significance of the introduction of play as well as work into the animal kingdom," which receives interesting treatment (page 123). On the other hand, the place where one might most easily interpose an objection is in the sections treating of the moral character of nature. It is hard to see why the greater happiness of man, as compared with a monad, indicates that man's development is moral, or how natural beauty manifests a "moral aspect of nature" (pages 120, 157). But in spite of imperfections in detail, the book is interesting and valuable. It forms a convenient connecting link between the psychological lectures of Professor James and the theological essay of Dr. Fairbairn, to which we must now turn.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion is an able apology for the orthodox faith, from the pen of an expert dialectician. Dr. James has insisted that theology is dead, yet here we have it, in an elaborate treatise, wearing all the appearance of health and even of capacity for

useful service. The persistence of religion in clothing itself in philosophic dress is indeed noteworthy. Not long ago a professor in Leipzig called attention to the fact that the church originally knew nothing of ecclesiastical law, and that, in ideal, Christianity and legal institutions were incompatible. But he also pointed out how legalism entered the church, and there grew up into an extensive *corpus juris canonici*. Now a somewhat similar process went on in another department of the church's life. Although Christianity and metaphysics were far enough apart at first, circumstances led the new religion to come to terms with philosophy; to pour a new content into its ancient forms, and to give it fresh meaning and a vital function in the world, — whence proceeded dogma, which is nothing but doctrinal belief reduced to formal and official definition.

Professor James has said that in religion men *feel*, which is true, for religion deals primarily with experience. Dr. Fairbairn asserts that about religion men *think*, which is also true, for religion deals secondarily with thought. There never was a more foolish attempt to state a problem than to ask whether religion is "a dogma or a life," for with intelligent beings it must be both. Therefore each of the two modes of treatment, adopted the one by Professor James and the other by Dr. Fairbairn, is entirely valid, but it would be futile to claim exclusiveness for either of them.

One cannot resist the conviction that in Dr. Fairbairn's book we have a conscious effort to produce the "new Analogy," for which the author fondly yearns in his Preface, in calling to mind Bishop Butler. At any rate, the result is not unworthy of the aim. The thesis is thus stated: "The conception of Christ stands related to history as the idea of God is related to nature, that is, each is, in its own sphere, the factor of order, or the constitutive condition of a rational sys-

tem" (page 18). In view of the order of the world and the constitution of the human mind, we cannot conceive that nature is unintelligent or godless. And finding ourselves led to accept a rational universe, we are forced by the same logic to seek a rational cause for history (page 435). Thus the author extends the boundaries of the discussion followed in his earlier book, *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, for he now finds in the Incarnation a point of departure for interpreting the meaning of all history. He exalts "the extraordinary significance of Christ's person, which, till it was interpreted, was but the immanent possibility of a religion" (page 533). Of course he recognizes that the Incarnation presents peculiar problems, but he so develops his analogical principle as to enable him to maintain that "there is no problem raised by the idea of God manifest in the flesh, . . . which is not equally raised by the inter-relations of God and nature" (page 479). This thought is elaborated with great skill and cogency.

Some of Dr. Fairbairn's reasoning is so highly speculative as to provoke dissent, almost without regard to the validity of his conclusions, yet he frankly recognizes the final supremacy of ethical values in controlling our conclusions as to what is true. "There is indeed in all history," he says, "nothing more tragic than the fact that our heresies have been more speculative than ethical, more concerned with opinion than with conduct" (page 565). The book reproduces a few traditional opinions not very vigorously maintained in recent years, such as the statement that the Gospel miracles though "supernatural" are not "contra-natural" (page 336). This is like

the assertion that man is "more than a natural being" (page 68). But everything depends on what we mean by our terms. The first question is, What is nature? The more nearly we approach an adequate understanding of that, the less perhaps shall we feel disposed to emphasize the conventional distinction between "nature" and the "supernatural." Horace Bushnell wrote to Dr. Bartol, more than fifty years ago: "I hope it will some time or other be made to appear that there is a great deal more of supernaturalism in the management of this world than even orthodoxy has begun to suspect."

Formally considered, the book suffers from wearisome over-analysis. Dr. Fairbairn's readers are not so dull as to need the aid of all sorts of mechanical divisions and subdivisions. There is often more difficulty in understanding the classification than in following the thought. We prefer the under-analysis of Professor James, who has only lecture-division (and sometimes not even that). Less space devoted to refuting the views of other men would also have conduced to clarity, although we could ill spare such a fine bit of criticism as that relating to the philosophy of Hume. Typographical errors are more numerous than they should be. The author's English is highly rhetorical, and not a few passages show a rare poetic beauty. In this respect his book presents a decided contrast to that of Dr. James, whose style is simple, though never commonplace, and also to the straightforward writing of Dr. Smyth. On the whole, Dr. Fairbairn's book must be pronounced the most powerful defensive statement of the Christian faith that has recently appeared.

John Winthrop Platner.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT proved to be the last of many **A Walk with** good walks and talks with **Mr. Warner.** Mr. Warner was made especially memorable by so concise an account of his method of writing in general, and of his *Winter on the Nile* in particular, that it seems selfish not to attempt to share the pleasure received with the many loving admirers of his charming work.

It was during the last mile of a seven-mile tramp through the brilliant autumn foliage that lends a brief glory to every New England village; he had been talking of the joys of travel, and the joys of getting home again; the pleasure of prowling about in search of "things," and the final unpacking and bestowal of foreign treasures in the home they were to adorn, pausing from time to time, and leaning on his cane, to admire a yellow birch reflected in the blue lake, a flaming maple, or the scarlet cranberries in the dark purple bog. Suddenly he turned the conversation, and for the very first time during a long acquaintance, to his own way of working, and to his manner of strengthening the active memory required in his methods of writing.

I felt strongly at the time that it was meant, indirectly, to serve as a friendly, helpful lesson, and knowing now how near the end then was, I am confirmed in the thought that, in his simple, generous way, he meant to make the passing hour of more than ordinary value to one who had studied and cared for his work and had ventured to tell him so.

"I have always made a practice of remembering everything I listen to," he said. "Never mind how long the sermon, nor how great the number of heads into which it was divided, even as a boy I would follow every word, and at the close could write a synopsis of the whole discourse. It is only a ques-

tion of habit. The same was true in the case of the most trivial conversation." And is this not a key to the secret of one of Mr. Warner's greatest charms? Was it not really his keen, warm sympathy with all that was human which led him to listen to, to pay close heed to, the slightest expression of another's inner life?

"At one time," he continued, stopping short in his walk and driving his cane deep into the ground, as if the better to recall a pleasing vision of his youth, "I wrote newspaper reports of a whole course of lectures, taking no notes at the time. These reports were written in every case some days after the lectures were delivered, and it so chanced that they proved to be, in the course of time, of value to the man who had delivered the original lectures. And this was done with no conscious effort, but was the result of constant, unremitting concentration of thought.

"My book on the Nile was written at Venice, under ideal conditions for work, and some months after the journey was made, in a big, empty room, overlooking the Grand Canal. It was reached by several flights of marble stairs, guarded by an iron grating on the first floor, which flew open every morning on my ringing the bell. No one appeared except for a brief monthly settling of the terms of the lease, and thus the feeling of solitude was complete during the morning hours. The room was simply furnished with all that one needs, — a table, a chair, pen, ink, and paper, and — the view up and down the Canal! I had a tiny book of brief notes taken during the journey up the Nile, one book of reference, and a guide-book, — nothing more. As I wrote, all the sayings of our delightful dragoman came back to me, with the very intonations of his voice. The lights, the

atmosphere, the daily life of the river and the desert, the visits to the temples, all were vividly present again to my mind's eye, as if freshly drawn up from some well of memory." "And the novels? Yes. Many of the scenes are literally true to life, word for word, as experienced by actual workers and players in all classes of society."

The chilly close of a gray autumn afternoon, lit only by the waning lights of a crimson sunset, — the regretful arrangements for taking an early train the next morning because of an appointment with some "beginner," whose MSS. he had promised to read and pass judgment upon, — the pleasantly prompt letter received the day after his return home, full of quiet fun and plans for more work, graceful words of thanks for a hospitality we had felt it an honor and privilege to offer; — would that all last memories might prove equally precious and satisfying!

It is wonderful how often analysis proves our intuitive likes and dislikes to be correct. Now **The New Altruism.** I have always disliked philanthropists and altruists without knowing why, and yet the reason is one that should be instantly obvious to any thoughtful man. The trouble is that they lack subtlety, and that there is no excuse for their "I am holier than thou" attitude. Their altruism is all back end foremost, and that is why so many of them are regarded by a large section of the public as men who have not learned the difficult art of minding their own business. Instead of elevating those to whom they devote their attention, they make them feel mean and worthless, or else fill them with unholy wrath. Feeling that this was wrong, I investigated carefully and made the startling discovery that the true altruist helps his superiors rather than his inferiors.

Having a large and assorted collection of friends and acquaintances, I studied my relations with them, and found that

when I felt called upon to advise a struggling brother, and elevate him to my own high moral and intellectual plane, I always felt personally uplifted and more inclined to reverence myself as a man, as Goldsmith so wisely advises. On the other hand, when circumstances made me realize that I was only a "poor weak sister," and my superiors came to comfort me after the manner of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram, whose name was no worse than he deserved, I noticed that they immediately began to swell out their chests and to feel better. Having observed this, it was not long until I discovered the great truth I am now doing my utmost to apply in conduct. I found that I could get as fine a philanthropic glow from permitting myself to be advised, and watching the beneficial effect on my adviser, as ever I did from giving advice myself. Of course I found it hard at first to give up the luxury of advising my inferiors, and still harder to submit to being constantly advised, but the subtlety of the scheme appeals to my artistic sense, and I look forward confidently to a time when I can meekly submit to having my finer feelings clawed over by such of my superior friends as I wish to help, and get all the strength I need myself from the consciousness of good work well and secretly done. Indeed I have accomplished enough in this line already to spur me on to greater achievements. One superior friend, to whom I have often listened meekly when he felt that I needed moral homilies, already feels so uplifted that he is about to take orders; another who devoted himself to my financial affairs is looking forward to a successful career in Wall Street; and a third who has favored me with exhaustive literary criticisms has secured such a grasp on his art, and such confidence in himself, that he has already broken ground for what is to be *The Great American Novel*. If these men succeed, just think what a source

of secret joy it will be to me to know that I am the cause of it all, and if they fail — well, I shall at least have revenge for all they have made me endure.

As for my inferiors, I by no means neglect them, as a hasty consideration of my scheme might lead the reader to suppose. No, indeed. I am gradually getting them all to consider themselves my superiors, an easy thing to do, by the way, and many of them are now uplifting themselves by lavishing advice on me.

But besides my inferiors and rapidly growing list of superiors, I have a few friends who are so comfortably self-centred that I have been able to discuss my altruistic scheme with them, and they seem to fear that I shall get into trouble. They hold that unless I take the advice that is tendered, I shall offend and discourage my beneficiaries, while if I take one tenth of it I shall land in a sanitarium, and have trustees appointed to administer my liabilities. That shows their lack of insight. The man that has once contracted the advice habit simply advises for the self-confidence and pleasure it gives him, and then goes forth and straightway forgets what he advised. Knowing this I feel privileged to do the same. Of course that is probably what I would do in any case, but it is a great satisfaction to feel that I have a philosophical reason for doing it.

Having explained briefly the scope and effects of my altruistic methods, I would like in conclusion to offer some advice to such readers as feel tempted to give them a trial; but to do so would imply that I consider them inferiors, and for that reason I must refrain. If any readers, however, feel moved to advise me as to how I might improve and amplify my scheme I shall be meekly delighted, and I feel that I may depend upon the courteous editor to forward their letters.

Of the shelves in my library none is **My Friends' Bookshelf.** so dear to me as the one dedicated "to my friends' books." I do not mean by this that I am an un-

scrupulous borrower and non-returner of books, and that I keep them all on one shelf, a guilty witness. Who would be so rash as to concentrate his sins in one place? — for most of us they are bad enough scattered. No, I mean a shelf wherefrom my pride receives constant flattery in the consciousness that I have friends who "write books;" who are thoughtful enough of me to present them, with inscriptions, short or long; and sometimes, alas! lazy enough to send them with only the printed slip *With the Compliments of the Author*. There is excuse for this, understandable enough, — if the author sends in this way, all the trouble he has is to inclose a list of names to his publishers, and they tie up (how few authors know how to tie up), direct, stamp, and mail, — and the charge for all is made against the prospective royalty account.

"Prospective royalty!" — ah, pleasant hope! ah, sad reality! when, after the year goes by, the report comes: "There is no royalty," and all those presentation copies charged — at a reduced rate, to be sure — have to be paid for in cash! Then does the ebullient and generous author sigh that he had so many friends who "waited with interest" his *first* book — it is the first which circulates so freely to the waiting friends. And yet he has had his pleasure, and *his* vanity sops, as well as the recipients, — all those notes of thanks! He tries, in his depression, to renew the titillation of his vanity by re-reading them, and again he *almost* glows at the warm praises and the burning prophecies of success in his career. It palls a bit, this re-read flattery; and still it helps to pay with better grace the publisher's bill.

My pride receives falls from this shelf, too, as well as elation; for there are spaces in it which ought to be filled with presentation copies which are not. Some of these vacancies have corresponding "filleds" on the other shelves — books bought in the ordinary course,

because I really wanted them. But if I have to buy my friends' books they cannot take a place on the honored shelf.

I seem to hear an author say: "Yes, this is just like people! they expect their literary friends to *give* them their books; friends never buy. If an author depended on his friends to start a sale I wonder where we authors would be." Not so fast — that may be so in actual *buying*, but can an author know how much *talking* (and all publishers allow that talk is the best "advertising medium") the grateful recipient does? I do believe most of us ease our consciences for not buying by making up for it in talking of our friends' books. It is easy, the talking, and it soothes the conscience, and also it titillates the vanity by adding to one's reputation among non-"literary friends." It is impressive to say: "My friend Brown has just published this book, — gave it to me, — see what a pleasant inscription! I tell you, he's a man of taste and ability, — bound to have a successful 'literary career.'" One must always speak of a "literary career" to those without the pale. Yes, sir or madame, do not stop giving away your "works" to your friends — only don't, in the beginning, count too much on offsetting royalties. Give away as many books as you can afford to, it pays; of this I can assure you beyond all manner of doubt, from both sides, author's and publisher's; it pays, it pays. And if a "crush" comes, as sometimes happens, and "remainders" are advertised for sale, it is far better for pride and reputation to see announced "one hundred left out of an edition of five hundred" than "four hundred" even if *you* are conscious that the "give away" column on the publisher's records is long.

The discerning reader can see that I am not professional — not a reviewer, not connected with "the press;" that I have no specific way of helping "boom"

a book, else my friends' "shelf" would be "shelves," or "side of my room," or "library annex." No, I am just "a friend" of a few authors, mostly beginners; just enough "in" "literary circles" to receive occasionally, and to be pleased and flattered thereby, a few presentation copies: one who just wants a hearing for his fancy of keeping a "friends' bookshelf" — and to explain the mutual excellences of authors' copies.

And shall I, if the lurking ambition of all the "fringers" of the writing guild to "write a book" is ever gratified, take my own advice and give away widely? Indeed I promise "yes," for I know that the author's generosity is like the quality of mercy — it is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

I HAVE always found it a rather tantalizing thing that nothing ever happens to me, just as it ought to happen, for the demands of anecdote; nothing is quite as amusing as it might be made by a slight addition or alteration, a trifling turn or twist; nothing is dramatically complete. The children that I pet and play with come near saying deliciously quotable things, but they never exactly say them; though sometimes they come so very near that one can hardly resist the temptation of editing their remarks a little, and giving them to the world as authentic specimens of infantile brilliancy. Only last week I honestly believed that a little three year old nephew of mine had said something so amusing, so characteristically childlike, that it was worthy of print: and I forthwith sat down and wrote it off for a certain magazine; sealed, stamped, and mailed my letter. Then I mentioned to his mother what I had done, and found, of course, that I had simply misunderstood.

I thought this past summer that I should surely come into a fortune of racy stories. I have laughed so often at the experiences of a relative of mine off upon

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the Good
Story.

fishing excursions in remote mountain regions that this year I embraced an opportunity of going upon just such a trip, he being a member of the party. We took up our quarters in a fascinatingly unconventional hotel of virgin pine, adorned inside and out with a liberal sprinkling of brown knots; and so arranged that, roughly speaking, everybody had to go through everybody else's room, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition. The cuisine and table service had about them some eccentric features; the company was interestingly typical, and yet contained some strikingly individual figures; and the humbler mountaineers, who gave "human interest" to the glorious landscape, — especially the men, dust-colored of clothes and skin and hair, who stared at one artlessly out of beautiful, childlike, turquoise eyes, — were perfectly satisfactory — spectacularly. But nothing in particular happened; nobody summed himself up in any one characteristic act, and the natives obstinately refused to talk dialect, except in the most commonplace and unlocalized form. In a word, the spirit of the situation took no concrete shape in utterance or episode; and I came away without a single real windfall of incident.

The born story-teller, however, of whom I spoke brought back a wealth of good things, much funnier than reality, and at the same time more characteristic perhaps of the place than wholly un-

idealized fact. In his own mind I have no doubt the truth of fact and the truth of tendency and potentiality remain perfectly distinct. One, I fancy, may find in what he tells an indefinable note of caricature, of hyperbole, which forbids too literal credence. Yet, more and more convinced that fact is not malleable into anecdote without more or less alloy of fiction, I mean henceforth to eschew good stories, or borrow them, merely, ready-made, from my neighbors. My kinsman's stories no doubt may be said to be true, as an impressionist landscape is true, even though the real cows are not purple, and the real trees are not pink. But I am in bondage to the actual. I have not the idealism which makes his course possible. The only way that I might obtain freedom from the shackles of reality would be by cultivating, or allowing myself to fall into, the not uncommon habit of mind which may be called *Anecdotalage*; a condition resembling hypnotism, in which the subjective triumphs over the objective; and whatever is right (anecdotally) — *is*. "Which from myself far be it!" as honest Joe Gargery says. And so, on the whole, I repeat, I abandon anecdote. I have labored painfully to reconcile hard fact and dramatic fitness, and in so doing have never wholly escaped twinges of conscience, nor artistic regret. I will struggle no longer with the uncompromising Constitution of Things, which distinctly abhors the Good Story.